THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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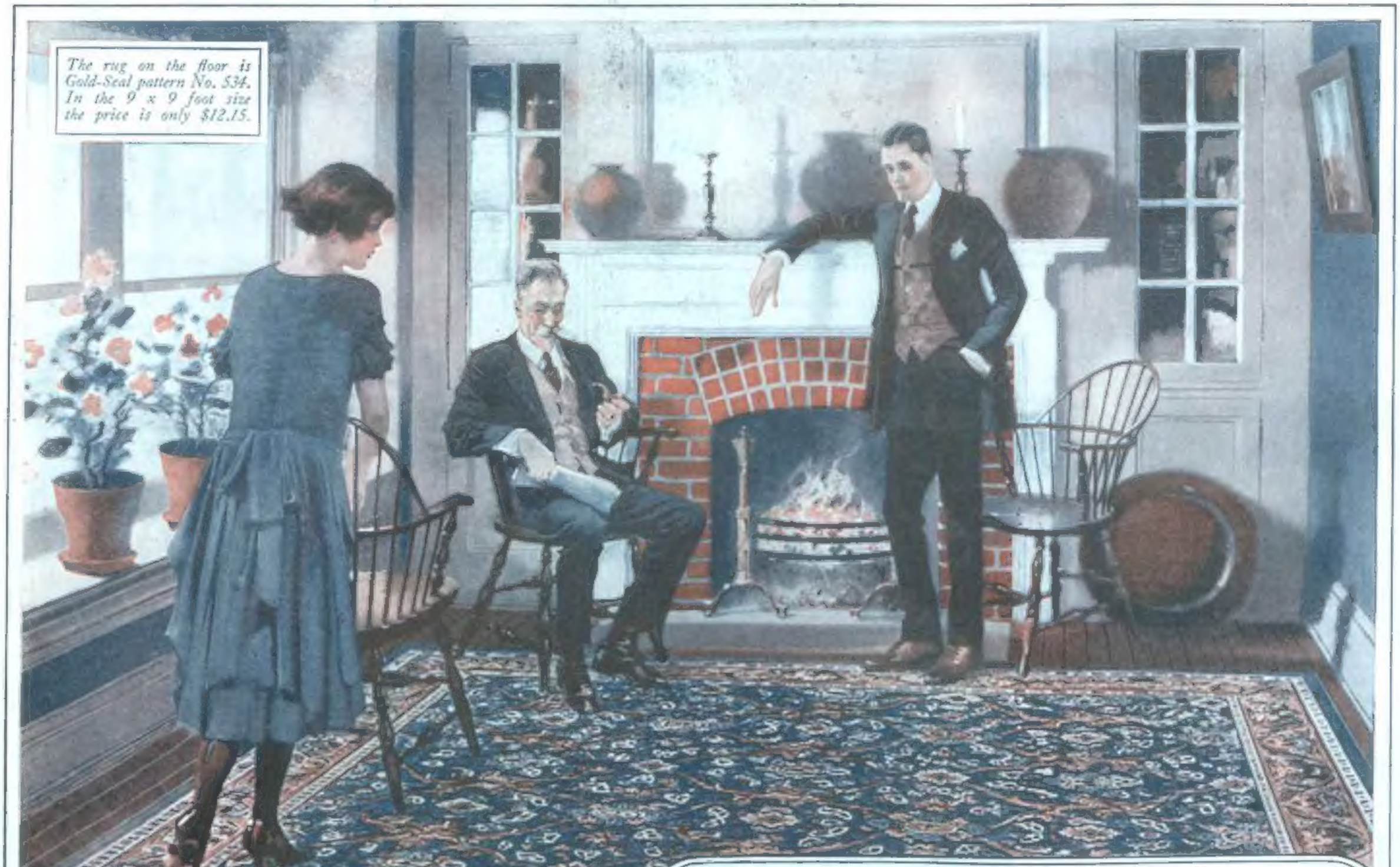
Sophie Kerr—Frank Ward O'Malley
Octavus Roy Cohen—Katharine Dayton
Alan Macdonald—Alonzo Englebert Taylor—David Friday



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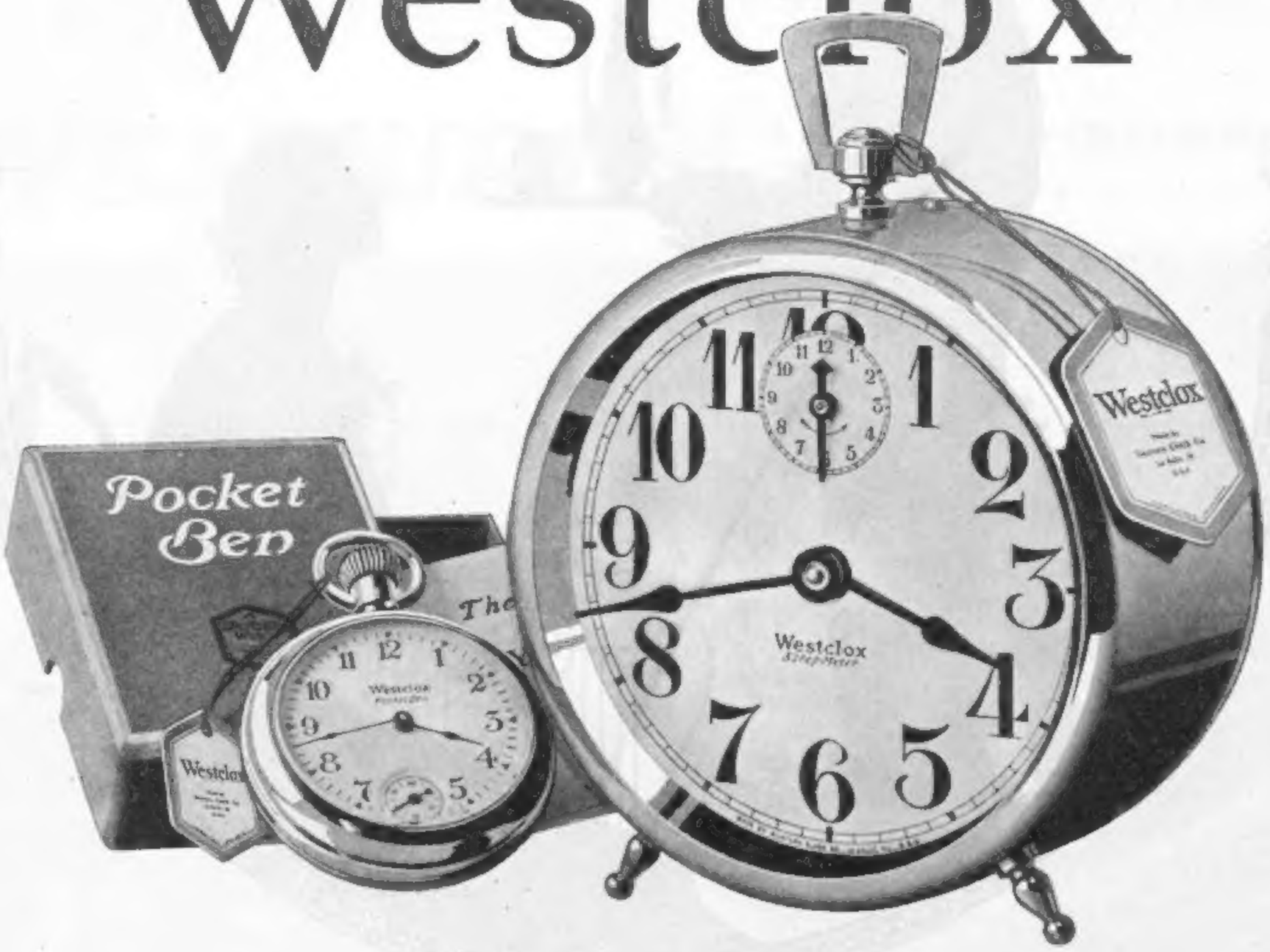

In the dead of night

"SCARCELY breathing, he watched the slight movement of the curtain. The cold stare of an automatic held his eye. In a flash—"

The clock on the stair booms the hour. Bedtime. But who is going to leave the hero in a fix like that?

On and on you and the hero pursue adventures, and round and round creep the hands of the clock.

When you do turn in, hours past your bedtime, put your confidence in the Westclox by your bedside.

Evening hours may pass unheeded by you and the hero. There's a morning hour that must not slip by unnoticed. So ask your trusty Westclox to call you on the dot.

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ADVENTURING

By Tristram Tupper

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

They Stay Until the Hold is Filled, Through Calm and Hurricane, or Else Go to the Bottom

THIS is a tale of two towns—Singleton and Beaufort. The first is inland, beneath the Blue Ridge, and the latter looks out on the sea. But more particularly, this is about a girl who was born near Beaufort and the man for whom Singleton was named. His name was Jay Singleton. And no one in all the valley of the Shenandoah can deny he made a lot of money—big round silver dollars that were good for nothing except for spending; made them himself before he was forty.

Jay Singleton owned a tannery and the town as well. Just a village, two or three hundred men and women and so many children that no one tried to count them—playing in the tanbark and catching rides on the tramcars that ran over low trestles to the Norfolk and Western siding. The trouble with Jay Singleton, down there in the valley of the Shenandoah, was this: No one could distinguish him from plain-so folk. He never wore riding breeches, never talked big: "This is my tannery. I, myself, built it from the foundation up. This is my town." Nothing like that. Did not know how to make commanding gestures. But he made fairly good leather. Used to conspire with his crabbed superintendent, "Lucy" Leach, and with his head foreman, Big Hal Semple, hairy as Hercules, to make about the best leather in the whole world, something the old U. S. A. would be proud of—coming from the valley of the Shenandoah.

"No use arguing," he used to say to his shrewd superintendent, whose gray face and pointed nose were forever in the way bills—"no use arguing, see to it that every piece is stamped 'Made in America' unless you find a flaw. In that case—well, Mr. Leach, use your own judgment."

"Hal"—this to his big hairy foreman down in the beam house—"right here in the Blue Ridge we got the finest chestnut oak in the world. Beats that bark from Normandy. Beats that stuff from France. Nothing can touch it. Look at this piece of sole leather! Look at the bloom! Say, Hal, look at the bloom of this piece of sole leather! That's Blue Ridge chestnut oak unmixed!"

Lucy Leach, with his ferretlike features, was always around the office; Hal Semple pulled his long mustache and mopped his brow in the beam house—seldom stuck his head outside; while Jay Singleton with overalls, and mighty little else, hovered motherlike over the lime pits, testing the live, the weak and the dead vats.

"Reckon no man knows it all. But start the hides right. That's something. Maybe half. Leather isn't made in the liming, but, Hal, a heap of it's ruined here. We're buying the best hides and skins in the world; we got the best bark. What's going to stop us from making the best leather?"

The smokestacks of the tannery with a purple cloud above them, the creeping tramcars weaving in and out, the crude red buildings—Pompeian red, sunken deep in the perennial green of the Blue Ridge—seemed vaguely to suggest a crater of some Vesuvius. But night changed all this.

Night floods the valley of the Shenandoah and, like a tide, slowly rises until the peaks of the mountains become submerged in darkness. And it was then, with the dusk, there sprang into being a different Singleton of Singleton, with a kind of lime fold between his brows.

The trouble with Jay Singleton, another trouble, was this: He was born in Virginia, and didn't go to the university. Only man in Christendom who, alone at night, ever learned his Greek and Latin, slapping mosquitoes when they nipped his bare chest. Thought it kind of fun to ponder baffling words, liked to look them up and make them into phrases there beneath the lamp on sweltering summer nights. A scholar was Singleton of Singleton; and oh, how he could sing! Used to chant Greek and Latin to the Little Calfpasture Creek as it hurried down to the Shenandoah; used to intone strange meters when the stars were swimming through the dark sky. Night in the Shenandoah! And the moan of the wind in the trees, and the murmur of the Little Calfpasture, and Jay Singleton alone on his narrow porch, twanging a guitar with the E string broken, and singing—sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Latin, and sometimes the songs that were made in America. Take a smarter man than Aristotle to understand Jay's pronunciation. Learned it himself—down in the valley of the Shenandoah.

And in the valley of the Shenandoah they will tell you he had a way of picking likely looking boys from round about the mountains and of sending them to school not so far from Singleton, and of sending them to college down at Charlottesville. Knew in his heart: "Other things in this old world than bark and lime and leather." And in this way, without going a stone's throw from the Little Calfpasture Creek, Jay Singleton of Singleton took some fifteen or twenty college degrees—by proxy.

The Little Calfpasture was just as good as any other creek—when the moon made it sparkle and the overhanging trees made it shadowy and deep, and the night concealed the red-brown stains that came from the tannery. Chatty little creek, for it had a way of saying, "I'm going to the sea." It had this way of talking, and it seemed to pause when Jay twanged his guitar, and it always joined in when he chanted songs from the old Greek song birds about the men who went adventuring.

On such a night Jay Singleton discovered the most beloved singer of all the ages. Not in the Lesbian starlit dusk, nor yet in the golden-sandaled dawn, but beneath a smoky lamp in the valley of the Shenandoah. Found her in a book. And he liked the cut of her verses—three pentameters followed by a dipody; and he liked the cut of her clothes—sort of loose and careless before the Christian era. "No use falling in love," said Jay Singleton to himself. "She sang her songs six hundred years B. C."

But he pored over another fragment, translated another quatrain, looked up each word, strung them together, made a kind of rime. In a word, Jay Singleton tried to improve a bit on the inimitable Sappho. And that night out on his porch where no one could hear, not even at the post office quarter of a mile away, he struck the strings of his guitar and he sang this surprising Sapphic:

Man is peer of gods in those moments after
Love has silenced song and has banished laughter;
Then—to her who smiles at him softly through tears—
He has no peers.

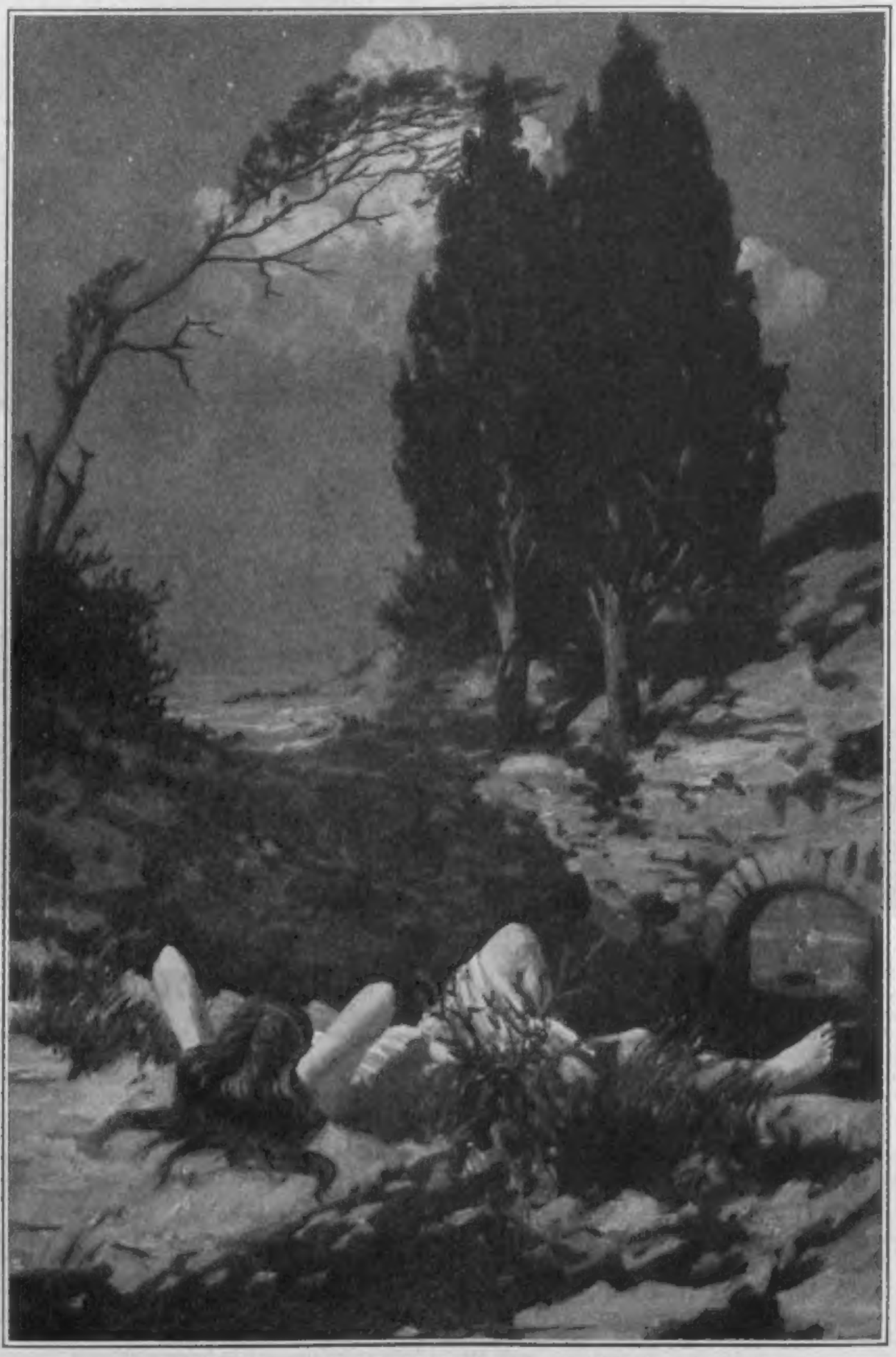
Sort of loose and careless before the Christian era.

He laid aside his guitar and lit his pipe, that made a pink glow in the darkness. He tried to form in his mind an image of Sappho and of her Isle of Lesbos, tried to wander back through the labyrinthine ages, ages misty with music, dusky with gold, red with wars, and blushing with roses—forgotten wars, faded roses mingling to form the perfume of the centuries. He pulled on his pipe. "Where is she now?" Easy enough to imagine Sappho with her ivory throat, her violet eyes and sandals of golden dawn, back in the golden dawn of poetry. For, overhead, these were her stars. But he wondered about the form her singing soul had taken after she had leaped into the Ionian Sea. Had the waters quenched the spark, or was her soul immortal—a flame that twenty-five hundred years had failed to extinguish? Again he asked: "Where are you now? Where in this, the most cluttered up of all the ages?" He tried to imagine her beside the Little Calfpasture—Sappho beside the Calfpasture Creek, sighing, laughing, singing her lyrics! "No use falling in love! Sang your songs twenty-five hundred years ago!"

But the night itself had become Sapphic in its darkness, its brilliancy, its warmth and its beauty; Sapphic stars and Sapphic shadows. And lo! the banks of the little stream suddenly seemed to blaze with oleander and wild pomegranate; the oaks and the pines had become murmuring olive groves; the valley of the Shenandoah, a tideless sea wherein bathers laughed through the dusk; and a mocking bird in a cypress tree had the throat of a hundred nightingales. "Lesbos!" murmured Jay Singleton.

"No use falling in love. No use not to."

He knocked out his pipe and listened to the murmuring stream. It was saying, "I'm on my way to the sea." He slapped a mosquito that nipped his bare chest where his pajamas had lost a button. He went inside the house, found the pen he had used to translate Sappho's song; and he went out into the night again, and dropped the pen into the Little Calfpasture, hoping it would reach the isles of Greece. Then, finding a needle and thread, he sewed the button on his pajamas.



The Throb of the Sea, its Soft Distant Cadence Pulsed With Her Pulse; the Shadows, the Mystery Seemed to Pervade Her Senses

II

"HAL," said Jay Singleton to his big foreman not so many weeks later, "I'm going to row around a bit. I got a little old tub of a boat, named Beatrice, down Norfolk way. Bought it outright. Going to row around a bit." He was gazing out of the odorous gloom of the beam house at a pile of fresh hides on the platform in the sunlight. Across a stretch of red-brown tanbark that absorbed and held the heat could be seen the low barnlike commissary building, painted red. Back of this was the Little Calfpasture, and beyond was the Blue Ridge. "Bought it outright. Just a little old tub. Hal, I'm going through the inland waterways down to the sea, adventuring."

Semple wiggled his drooping mustache and spat good-humoredly into a vat of tanning.

"You bought something else outright, Jay. You bought Black Iron Spring, house and all. Going to bring a girl back with you, Jay?"

"Nope." Jay Singleton continued to gaze at the pile of hides. "She's dead, Hal."

"Dead?"

"Dead."

"Say, Jay, I didn't know that. Say, Jay, I'm mighty sorry."

"Hal," declared Jay solemnly, "I'd give the tannery, town and all, to bring her back. But, Hal, she died twenty-five hundred years before I was born."

"I knew you was foolin'. What's her name, Jay?"

"Name's Sappho."

"Sounds familiar." Hal Semple wiped his brow. "Dead or no dead, bet you bring her back to Singleton."

"Nope." Jay shook his head positively and sighed a little. "Nope. Bought Black Iron Spring to get rid of the summer people, always falling into the Little Calfpasture, polluting the water." Big Hal grinned at this. "Say, Hal, wish you'd break the news to old Leach. When you hear the passenger train hollering about being flagged down, start for Leach's house. And when you hear her puffing to make the grade just say: 'Hey, Mr. Leach, hear that train? Know who's riding her this evening? Jay Singleton, that's who. Going down to Norfolk. Bought himself an old tub of a boat, named Beatrice. And he isn't coming back for a month, maybe two, maybe more.' Break it gentle like that. Hal, between me and you and that pile of hides out there, I'm afraid to tell old Leach. I got a superintendent that hasn't given me a vacation in fifteen years. I got a superintendent that has the notion money's coined specially to be put in banks and kept there. Don't you mention Black Iron Spring."

"Tight as the hair on a mule's hide," agreed Big Hal. "But say, Jay, he knows about the house you bought. Told me so heself. Says you ought to have a gardeen."

"I got two or three hundred," declared Jay Singleton lugubriously—"all the old women in these mountains, the Lord bless 'em!"

"Includin' Lucy Leach heself." Hal's laughter shook the beam house. "All the old women in the Blue Ridge, includin' Lucy Leach heself! But Jay, say, Jay, you got a right to go adventurin'. Say, Jay, don't stop at nothin'. Go the limit.

(Continued on Page 62)

RELATIVE VALUE

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Listen, Tavie. I Could Lend You the Money. He'd Never Know"

IT'S all right—you can go ahead and open it—no dynamite or poison candy. Just another of the colonel's paternalistic schemes. I got one too." Rachel Brady pointed reassuringly to the official red envelope that lay on the club editor's desk.

"I breathe again," said Octavia Lowden. "I heard him roaring in the City Room as I came past, so I knew he'd been firing somebody. He hates so to do it he always has a rage afterward." She sat down at her desk, switched on the shaded light and tackled her mail.

Rachel, on the other side of the little room, was picking up the telephone. The two women occupied a cramped dark space, exactly filled by two desks, three chairs, two typewriters, two wastebaskets, a clothes tree and a radiator. The extra chair was for the occasional caller who came to bring her own club or society items to the respective editors of those departments of the Daily Challenge.

"And if two ever came at once," Octavia Lowden had remarked, "we'd have to take the calendar off the wall and set the clothes tree outside to give her even standing room. As it is, Rachel, neither of us dare put on a pound of flesh—not in this office."

"No fear of our doing it," Rachel Brady had replied grimly; "during the season, at least."

Octavia opened the red envelope first. It was, as Rachel had described it, another of the colonel's paternalistic schemes. The colonel, otherwise Colonel Abraham Lincoln Spence, violent, powerful, generous millionaire owner and despot of the Challenge, was continually finding ways for his employes to save the liberal wages he paid them. Thrift was one of his shibboleths. The Challenge abounded in home-owning plans and baby-bond inducements.

But those were for his readers. With the people who worked for him the colonel went further. Octavia read this typical announcement in the colonel's unique style:

LISTEN HERE, BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE CHALLENGE STAFF!

I've bought a whale of a lot of the new city bond issue, and it's a triple-gilt-edged investment, as you probably know. They're 6 per cent, and they've already slid uphill three points. Now all of you who want to can go down to the cashier's office and make arrangements to take one or more of these bonds on small weekly payments deducted from your salary, and I'll sell them to you at 97, just as I bought them. Only—and here comes the catch—after you've got 'em you must promise not to sell 'em for ten years, unless you sell 'em back to me. If you get in a hole and need money I'll buy them back from you at what you paid for them. My sole idea in doing this is to get you a share in your own city's resources; there's no use letting the bankers and brokers hog it all. By Jimminy, let's show the world that we're citizens.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SPENCE.

"And he with the best classical education in the state! I'm surprised he didn't wave the American flag and make a face at the Democratic Party, the old dear," said Octavia, and threw the letter into the wastebasket. "Well, nothing doing so far as I'm concerned."

Rachel Brady looked around curiously. There was something about the tilt of Octavia's sleek little head that prevented her asking a question that had long teased her bump of curiosity—and Rachel, being Irish, had quite a protuberance at this particular point. "I know she gets more money that I do," she thought. "Does she have to spend it all on her family? It certainly doesn't go on her back. Not that she needs it there," she added, in fairness.

This was true. Octavia, in her worn blue twill, was far more definitely well-dressed than was Rachel in her new fall suit. She was an exquisite little thing, as finished, as elegant as a figurine of French porcelain.

"If I put on that old frock and that three-year-old-vintage hat I'd look a perfect dub," mused Rachel. "Even her color's her own." She recalled herself with a start, and went back to the telephone. She couldn't sit round all day and think about Octavia, with three débutante affairs imminent and Mrs. Wintringham's dinner dance, and the first of the Bachelors' Cotillons on, as well as the regular grist of society news. She was due to have a fight with the city editor for space.

Meanwhile Octavia, too, was busy. She cleaned up her rewrite, pasted her Sunday items, made a note of a special mention that must go into the Sunday lead, and looked over the day's calendar. Nothing very much on Tuesday: The Fortnightly; Le Cercle Français—which reminded her she must get a special photograph of Mlle. Dupranne—the old Browning Club; and a special meeting of the local chapter D. A. R. On this last Octavia wasted a wistful thought.

"Well, I could belong to it if I wanted to waste the money," she told herself defiantly. "I've got lots better ancestors than most of the people in it."

She ran into the art room and made arrangements with Simpson to send a photographer to get the picture of Mlle. Dupranne. "She'll be ready and waiting," promised Octavia. "That woman eats publicity. Get her to pose looking heroic, with the tricolor back of her—tell her I want to run it big on Sunday and that she must typify La Belle France."

Simpson nodded. "I'll send Bruce; he'll lay it on with a trowel."

So that was settled. Now she'd just go over to Harbor Avenue and get the Browning Club report from Mrs. Ober—for some reason the old lady wouldn't give up satisfactorily over the telephone.

Her own phone gave an imperative ring.

"Yes, Aunt Minnie—it's Octavia. . . . What? . . . You've had another attack? . . . Oh, dear, that's dreadful! . . . I'm so sorry. . . . Too bad. . . . Now I'll tell you—you go and lie down. . . . Please, dear! . . . And I'll come right out. . . . I'll bring Doctor Heustis with me. . . . Do exactly as I say. . . . I can come back down here perfectly well. . . . Yes, I'll hurry. Please lie down, dear, until I come."

She hung up the receiver and spoke to Rachel: "Aunt Minnie's sick and I'll have to run home before I go to Mrs. Ober's. I'll get Miss Crockett to take my calls, but if

anyone should come in will you see them? There's an angel."

"What's the matter with your Aunt Minnie?" asked Rachel.

"She has one of her bad dizzy spells—poor circulation, Doctor Heustis says."

"It's overeating and lack of exercise," said Rachel hardily. "I don't see why you pay Heustis five dollars a throw to tell you fancy lies. And I think you're perfectly silly to go all the way out to your apartment for that old hippo."

"I haven't got time to quarrel with you," returned Octavia, "but I'll just mention that you've got no heart and no family feeling and a shameless imagination of your own."

"And glad of it," cried Rachel, to Octavia at the door, and they exchanged a good-natured grin. Aunt Minnie's ailments were a red rag to Rachel's common sense.

Octavia hurried down the hall, past the City Room, where now the tornado of the colonel's wrath was over, stopped in a moment at the switchboard to tell Miss Crockett she was going, went on by the dramatic and literary editor's sanctum, the managing editor's lair and, nearest the elevators, the colonel's own cave of the winds, with its glass door bearing the legend in defiant caps:

THE DAILY CHALLENGE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN SPENCE
OWNER, PUBLISHER AND EDITOR

Down on the street the first thing to greet her eyes was a businesslike gray roadster, with Pritchett Spence, the colonel's well-beloved and liberally chastised nephew, at the wheel. When he saw her he jumped out as one who has found his quest.

"Thought you were going to work all afternoon," he observed gayly.

"Pritchett Spence, I wish you wouldn't hang around waiting for me on the chance that I'll come out. Why aren't you in your own office?"

"Cleaned up a nice little sale this morning, and being a good boy decided I deserved a few moments of pleasure. Whither bound, fair nymph?"

Octavia hesitated. "Since you're here," she said grudgingly, "you can take me out home. But I hope you realize that I'm making a convenience of you solely, and it's not for the pleasure of your society."

"Listen to our flyweight champion. Hop in, Pancho Villa; any reason is good enough to me, and I'm inured to your insults. What are you rushing home for this hour of the day? Forget your powder puff?"

"Yes, and my lip stick and my rouge and my hair dye and my wooden leg, smarty. And perhaps my glass eye and my false teeth."

"I always suspected your teeth were false," murmured Pritchett. "They're too good to be true. But your wooden leg—that's news."

Octavia regarded him darkly. "Stop at Doctor Heustis' office, a block below our flat, if you please. If he's in we'll take him along with us."

The calm content of Pritchett Spence's face was replaced by a look of real anxiety. "Now listen, Tavie—is Aunt Min malingering again? Is that why you're trailing all the way out home in the middle of the afternoon? If that isn't the limit! Thank the Lord I was hanging round to save you three-quarters of an hour in that drafty dirty trolley. Why do you pay any attention to the old fake? Why don't you let her die? Not that she would—she loves her victuals too well."

"Mind your own business, please! You and Rachel——"

"O-ho, Rachel was leaping on you too? Good girl, Rachel. And with the usual minimum effect—I can see that. As for minding my own business, Tavie, your business is my business."

"Since when?"

"Since the day I fell in love with you, which was, as well as I can remember, at the age of six. And some day, I warn you now, I'm going to poison Aunt Minnie and all the other grafters in your precious family who waste your time and your money and your strength, and prevent you from marrying me. You would marry me if it wasn't for them, Tavie."

"I certainly would not! You, with your red-headed temper, and your wild way of talking——"

"Of course, you've got no temper, Tavie darling. And you're not obstinate and pig-headed, and—oh, well, what's the use? I love you, and the worse you treat me the more I love you. But if I ever meet Aunt Minnie on a dark night, alone, and I've my trusty snickersnee with me, there'll be another unsolved murder mystery for the front page of Uncle Abe's paper. And that goes for your precious Brother Bob and your dear Niece Eloise, likewise, angel. And here we are at Doctor Heustis' office. Just a half second before you remark for the hundredth time that you'll never speak to me again as long as you live."

Octavia vouchsafed no reply but descended from the car with extreme dignity and vanished within the doctor's portal. Pritchett Spence sighed and lit a cigarette, twiddling absently with the automatic lighter. "The darling plucky little simp!" he said aloud. "If I could pick her up and run away with her!" No, he was not speaking about the lighter.

The doctor, one of those bland, greedy, youngish, fattish incompetents who disgrace a noble profession, followed Octavia back to the car and crowded in with them, not noticing Pritchett Spence's scowl and rude grunt of greeting—it was that and nothing more.

"Your aunty is very frail, very frail, Miss Lowden," he was fluting sympathetically. "I've never seen a constitution so characteristically fragile, yet organically sound, as it were."

"She eats too much," said Pritchett Spence hatefully. "That's all that ails her. And she's lazy."

The doctor and Octavia said nothing, though the doctor showed that he had heard by looking pained. He did not want to make an enemy of any member of the Spence family. He did not want to make an enemy of anybody. Doctor Heustis longed to be a little friend to all the world, especially those inhabitants of it who had chronic imaginary indispositions.

"I'll wait for you, Tavie," said Pritchett Spence as they reached the door of the shabby apartment house where Octavia lived with her aunt and niece.

"I'd rather you didn't," said Octavia.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. And I'm going to, whether you want me to or not."

He sat moodily in his car, thinking of the good old caveman days when marriage by capture was the fashion. If he could just wallop Octavia over the head with a club, fling her up on his shoulder and carry her off, how simple, how easy and delightful life would be. He even felt of his muscle to see if he could qualify for such an exploit. Yes, he'd be there.

But even his strength was not equal to carrying Octavia away while she was loaded down with such barnacles as Aunt Minnie, and Bob Lowden, her worthless brother, and Eloise Marsh, daughter of that lovely older sister of Octavia, whose flowerlike life was cut off untimely in the second year of marriage, and whose baby reverted to the Lowden family to care for, and at last to Octavia. Eloise did not resemble her mother—but took after the Marshes, her father's family.

"Which family," thought Pritchett bitterly, "is certainly *Rhus Toxicodendron*, poison ivy, known in the botany books as a vile pest, and truthfully so. Poor Octavia! She surely is infested with relatives."

Meanwhile, within, the doctor was bending tenderly over Aunt Minnie, who rolled pathetic eyes at him and extended feebly a plump hand that bore not the slightest mark of ever having been employed in useful labor. Octavia hovered anxiously near.

"I feel so exhausted, such frightful enervating fatigue," she moaned gently. "My heart flutters so!"

"The heart must not be overtaxed," sang the doctor mellifluously. "Yes, the pulse is undoubtedly—undoubtedly—not all that it should be. Now—a light diet—and a little stimulant——"

Aunt Minnie pricked up her ears. "I've taken all of that last pint," she announced hopefully.

"If you could only get a little good port wine—it's just what you need to build up your strength. I wonder——" The doctor simulated reverie. "I hardly like to introduce the word before ladies"—he gave a deprecating smile—"but I do know of a perfectly reliable bootlegger who has some. His prices, though, are staggering." The doctor sighed for the wicked profits of the hooch purveyor.

"If she needs it," put in Octavia, "I could surely afford a bottle or two."

"I don't believe he'll sell less than a case," said the doctor, "but I can find out and let you know. Now, Miss Minnie, remain very quiet for the rest of the day and take just a light dinner—a squab, a broiled bird or some trifle like that—and with this prescription—a teaspoonful after meals—you'll be quite yourself again in the morning. I'll drop in and see you—and then I'll be able to tell you about the wine. Keep up your courage, dear lady." He patted her hand.

Aunt Minnie's face, which would have been that of a rather handsome woman had it not been marred by two extraneous chins, lost its doleful lines at this delicate attention. Doctor Heustis had a way with the ladies.

"I've got to go back to the office," said Octavia. "But I'll bring a squab for you, Aunt Minnie, when I come home. Now do just as the doctor says, and I'll get home as early as I can and take care of you."

As they came out of the door Pritchett Spence heard Octavia say anxiously to the doctor, "But seventy dollars a case—I don't see how I can."

"Here," called Pritchett. "What kind of liquor do you want, Tavie? I can get it for you at decent prices."

"Doctor Heustis thinks Aunt Minnie ought to have port to strengthen her," explained Octavia, "and he knows a man who has some, but he won't sell less than a case. And it's seventy dollars."

"I know a man who'll sell you a bottle at a time, at a lot less," said Pritchett instantly. "Let me get it for you, Tavie."

Doctor Heustis gave the young man a peeved look. "The man I spoke of has authentic stuff—I couldn't guarantee the effect of any other."

"I can't guarantee the effect of the port I can get you," said Pritchett, "but I can guarantee its quality. Uncle Abe

"No Use Being a Tragedy Queen," She Told the Girl in the Mirror. "Lots of Other Folks Lose Their Jobs"

has the same in his cellars, and if anybody in town knows liquor it's Uncle Abe."

"That's true," said Octavia, brightening. "Then I won't bother you, doctor. And thank you, Pritchett."

The doctor made as if to enter the car again, but Pritchett coolly stopped him. "We're not going back your way, but it's only a step, so you won't mind walking. I don't believe you walk enough, doctor. You look a little overweight to me." The car swung away from the curb with this parting impertinence and left the doctor glaring angrily after it.

"Now why did you say that?" demanded Octavia. "You have the most tactless manner, Pritchett; though I suppose you don't mean it. Well, I won't nag you, for I am grateful to you for getting the port—I simply couldn't have spared seventy dollars unless I stood off the landlord."

"That wasn't tactlessness; that was intention," declared Pritchett. "I wanted to see if that flabby wham was a man or a sack of mush. Listen, Tavie—you don't let him tend you when you're sick, do you?"

"No; I still go to old Doctor Evarts. He doesn't charge so much, and I like him better."

"I should hope so! Don't you ever have Heustis. When I think of the possibility of that skunk putting his fat paws on you—well, there'd be murder done, that's all. See the dirty look he gave me when I said I'd get you the wine? He's standing in with the bootleggers."

"Why, Pritchett Spence, I wouldn't have your distrust of people for anything in the world! He wouldn't dare. No reputable doctor would do such a thing."

"There are a few doctors who aren't reputable, my dear, and 10 or 15 per cent on bootleggers' prices is just as good money to them as regular fees from regular patients."

"I don't believe it."

"All right, angel-pie. I suppose I wouldn't want you any different, but how you go through the world with your eyes shut and your mind closed to the obvious is a continual amazement to me. And you in the newspaper business, too, which is an education in disillusionment, as Uncle Abe says."

At that name Octavia fell suddenly silent. She was wondering how often she could get past the colonel's door without having him hail her and ask the number of city bonds she was going to take. It was a gloomy prospect, for she had had an awful set-to with him over his last thrift scheme, and he had been gruff with her for days thereafter. The colonel was an autocrat, albeit a well-intentioned, kindly one, and he could not brook that his boys and girls, as he jovially called them, should withstand his kindnesses.

"What's the matter?" asked Pritchett. "You worrying about something, Tavie?"

"Oh, no—I'm just a little tired." She evaded Pritchett's solicitude as she evaded the colonel's benevolence.

"I should think you would be. Look here, honey, I'll be up this evening with that port. Maybe you'd like to go for a little ride or out to Purdy's Inn for dinner."

"No, I can't leave Aunt Minnie when she's miserable. You don't mind if I ask how much that port will cost, do you, Pritchett? I've had some extra expense this month, and"—she paused, then more lightly added—"I'm in my usual state of penury until pay day."

Pritchett knew better than to tell her that the port would cost her nothing. That would have been to drive her straight back to Doctor Heustis and his bootlegger.

"I can get a very good port for three dollars a bottle," he said. "And a grade not so good for two and a half."

Octavia sighed again. Three dollars—and five for the doctor and the prescription—and then the squab and some fresh fruit—there was the annihilation of a ten-dollar bill. No help for it—she'd just have to lunch on malted milk at the drug store for a while, and go without the gloves she needed.

"If you'll get me a bottle of the three dollar, then," she said. "And thank you, Pritchett. You are good to me, though I don't deserve it. Why don't you go along and interest yourself in some really nice girl?"

"Can't be done. I've got the Octavia habit."

His grim look belied the gayety of his tone. It was an intolerable situation. He, who longed with all his heart to protect her slight strength, cherish her, give her the furs and jewels and silks she loved and could wear so well, must stand aside and watch her go shabby, starve herself, spend herself on selfish slugs who didn't appreciate her.

They had reached the office and Octavia hurried upstairs, thanking her stars that the colonel's door was still closed. Rachel had gone out news gathering; she had the little office to herself. Miss Crockett reported her calls. She settled to her work. It was a day like many others.

A little subcurrent of comment ran beneath her labors. This was not at all life as she had intended or expected it. "Here I'm twenty-six," murmured the subcurrent. "Here I'm twenty-six, and have been working seven years, and I don't seem to get anywhere or do anything. I used to love so well to dance—and I never get a chance to dance any more, even if I had an evening dress. I used to try to keep up my French and my Italian, but now I'm too dead tired at night to read anything but the evening paper. I wish Eloise took more interest in reading. I could help her so much and it would help me. I always wanted to travel, and I can't get enough ahead to do more than send Aunt Minnie and Eloise to the Lake and get out there for week-ends myself. I hate the Lake too. Stuffy old dowagers and silly young flappers and stodgy married men. Oh, well—Octavia, my dear, you'd better be thankful you've got a job and can carry on."

She silenced the subcurrent with this reflection, and concentrated on trying to get Mrs. Ober, of the Browning Club, to be intelligible over the telephone. There simply wasn't time to go all the way over there in person if she was going to stop on the way home for that squab for Aunt Minnie. They had no maid in the evenings; Clara, the colored factotum, was on half time and left immediately after luncheon. When Aunt Minnie was feeling well enough she would get dinner, but this was seldom, and Octavia did

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"Since You're Here, You Can Take Me Out Home. But I Hope You Realize That I'm Making a Convenience of You Solely"

An Agricultural Program for an Industrial State

By DAVID FRIDAY
PRESIDENT MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

A Jersey Herd and Dairy Barn in Georgia

IT NO longer interests people greatly to be told that the farmer is dissatisfied. That fact has been beat in upon the public mind during the last eighteen months through both the spoken and the written word, until we feel a little like an audience that has been listening to a snare-drum solo. The farmer has had abundant cause for dissatisfaction. His prices have fallen more than the average. He finds it difficult, therefore, to maintain his customary standard of living, to say nothing of meeting the debts he may have incurred in the optimistic days when Europe was ruining its monetary system and its financial standing to pay him, as well as other producers, fabulous prices for the things it wanted.

What the country wants to know now is how the farmer is to be got out of his present situation and restored to prosperity. Not the prosperity of wartime, for that comes only several times in a century, but a stable and dependable state of well-being such as he enjoyed from 1898 to the outbreak of the war in 1914. American agriculture suffered more seriously during the depression of 1894 to 1896 than during these last two years. Yet in the spring of 1900 Ray Stannard Baker, who knew the agricultural situation well, opened his book Our New Prosperity with these paragraphs:

> A witty Western writer, summing up the marvels of growth, expansion, and prosperity of the year 1899 in the United States, made this telling climax: "And every barn in Kansas and Nebraska has had a new coat of paint."
>
> To anyone who knew the great unpainted West of 1896 and 1897, with its bare, weather-stained houses, its dilapidated barns, its farm machinery standing out in the rain, its ruinous boom-towns, its discontented inhabitants crying out for legislation to relieve their distress, this bit of observation raises a picture of improvement and smiling comfort such as no array of figures, however convincing, could produce.

Nor did agricultural prosperity cease with 1900. During the next fifteen years the gross value of farm products more than doubled. In 1899 they amounted to $4,700,000,000; by 1914 they stood at $9,800,000,000. The number of people engaged in producing this product had increased by only 10 per cent, while the volume of farm products had increased by more than 30 per cent. Prices of farm products had risen more than 50 per cent, while the wholesale prices of other commodities had increased less than 30 per cent. If the farmer was prosperous in 1900 he must have been well off indeed by the outbreak of the European War. The problem that interests the public is how this march of agricultural prosperity can be restored.

The Farmer as Exporter

THERE are those who believe that agricultural improvement will come through political action. But the fact that the increase in well-being which preceded the fifteen years before the war came about without any political action whatever casts doubt upon the efficacy of the legislative measures that politicians have been willing to enact for the farmer's benefit. It is dawning upon the rural community that political relief can aid him but slightly. In the long run some benefits will undoubtedly accrue from the legislative measures that have been passed, but immediately they will avail the farmer little. Neither badgering speculators, nor regulating packers, nor providing credit facilities that enable the farmer to borrow money to be repaid in the far-distant future, will help him materially.

The root of the farmer's immediate difficulty is not to be found in the nature of our credit structure; nor in the speculative markets that have developed out of the experience of the past for the marketing of his produce; nor in the nature of the institutions that manufacture and distribute our meat products. His present trouble arises rather out of the disheveled industrial situation in those foreign countries that have bought his product heretofore. It was the foreign situation which brought about the fall in prices in 1920 and 1921. Almost simultaneously industrial depression struck our home industry. The consequent fall of productive activity and of purchasing power among our industrial groups accentuated the downward movement of agricultural prices.

Nor does production for the foreign market promise the farmer much for some years to come. In the disheveled state of European industry agricultural production is more nearly normal than are manufacturing and mining. Agriculture differs from other industries in one important respect: Business depression always reduces the output of manufactures, mines, industrial construction and building operations, but it has practically no effect upon the acreage of crops planted or upon the average yield. We have seen again during the last few years that the farmer does not lower either his acreage or his activity when prices are falling and times are hard. At such times he tries to make up through increased production for the fall in prices. Those of us who lived through the depression of the '90's as farmers flouted the idea so commonly put forth during the winter of 1920–21 that agricultural acreage and output would be reduced because of the price decline. Nothing of the sort happened; it never does.

European agriculture is not different from ours in this respect. The farmers there returned after the war and proceeded, with their families, and with their sons who had returned from the armies and from the disturbed industrial centers, to till their fields. These were not so fertile as they had been in 1913 and 1914; the work animals were poorer; the quality of the seed had deteriorated; but the farmer proceeded to utilize his labor and resources to the full. The result is a more nearly normal state of production in agriculture than in other lines of industry. Europe is not so well supplied with agricultural products as she was before the war or as she would like to be. But she is better supplied with these products than with the manufactures she must send us in payment if she is to buy farm produce in America. Europe is in no position to buy large quantities of American agricultural products at high prices. We produce a surplus for export which must be sold on the European market, and that portion of the product sold at home will not bring a higher price than that which goes abroad.

In view of this situation, one of the means for getting the farmer out of trouble is to take him as far as possible off the international market. For though the home market suffered from the business depression that extended from the latter part of 1920 to the spring of 1922, the purchasing power of the people has now been restored with the revival of industry. Never before has the nation had such activity in the building trades as during the past year. This bids fair to continue for another twelve months. The production of automobiles defeats all previous records, and industry generally is enjoying a revival of prosperity. Though this may slacken somewhat after the building boom has spent itself, there can be no question of its existence at present. Large production, complete employment of labor, rising profits, wages and prices are the order of the day. The best evidence available indicates that the total wages and salaries paid by Government and by industries other than agriculture amounted to $38,000,000,000 for the year 1920. They fell in 1921 to $30,000,000,000. They cannot be less than $33,000,000,000 for the year 1922, and will probably be larger in 1923. It is doubtful whether these payments were ever as large as $18,000,000,000 in any prewar year. The purchasing power of the inhabitants of our cities and towns is, therefore, adequate to absorb a large volume of agricultural products at prices materially higher than those of the prewar period.

Purchasing Power of Home Markets

NOR do wages and salaries constitute the entire income of the people living in cities and towns who buy and consume the products of our farms. They are less than three-quarters of that income. Rents, interest and profits make up another $12,000,000,000 of income for the urban dwellers. When this is added to the wages and salaries we have a total spending power in our cities and towns of $45,000,000,000 for 1922. If prosperity continues for 1923 it will amount to even more. As a consequence of this revival of purchasing power among our people the gross value of the farmers' product will be almost fifteen billion dollars for 1922, as against twelve and one-third billions in 1921, and less than ten billions in 1914.

Our town dwellers have, therefore, $7000 of spending power for each of the six and a half million farms in the United States. No other agricultural population in the world has within its own nation any market remotely comparable with this in purchasing power. In states like Michigan, which have become predominantly industrial during the last decade, the urban purchasing power is even larger. Though the United States as a whole has two and one-third persons living in town for every one on the farm, Michigan has three and one-third. The townspeople of that state have a net income which amounts to more than $11,000 for every one of its 196,000 farms. Besides this they have access to an urban population of 3,000,000 people in Illinois and Wisconsin through the cheap transportation by water. The total income which the farmer of Michigan may tap by venturing less than 100 miles outside the boundaries of his state is adequate to consume his entire product at prices that would make him prosperous.

The problem of getting the Michigan farmer out of difficulty and establishing him once more in a state of prosperity has for its setting this disparity between urban and rural population in the state and this growth of purchasing power among our industrial population. Neither the foreign

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THE WORLD DO MOVE

By Frank Ward O'Malley

DURING the week or more I gave recently to a thorough study of the royal job of kinging and queening in England and similar quaint old customs that still survive there, I learned that there is still retained on the royal pay roll an official called the king's remembrancer. The remembrancer's job, I take it—this is just a shrewd American guess of mine—is to try to remember why, where, when and how the present-day Londoner shall continue to observe the many ages-old ceremonials and customs that were ancient back in the days of Boadicea the Bootlegger.

"De worl' do move!" cried the Southern darky dominie of immortal memory. He based his discovery, however, on observations made in a newer land, where the radio fan already looks upon his ancient telephone as a museum piece, interesting but an antique.

I'll lay even money that even the royal remembrancer doesn't remember why English drivers feel they must turn to the left, thus violently ending their lives banging into a whole world that passes to the right. I know he couldn't answer when I asked him why aged women on every Good Friday still try to find sixpences on a certain tomb in a London graveyard; why present-day Oxford students always raise their hats when passing an unmarked stretch of blank wall of Oriel College—the students themselves don't know why; why a humble woman of the London of 1922 inherits the right to pasture a cow, rent free, on a strip of St. James's Park, almost in the shadow of Westminster Abbey and literally within sight of the rear windows of Number 10 Downing Street—yes, and successfully resisted within recent months an effort to oust her from her family's centuries-old holding; why the cover-fire curfew is rung and, a few London squares away, the hourly calls through the night of a venerable town crier still are heard every night above the not distant groans of modern newspaper presses in near-by Fleet Street.

Personal Impressions of Royalty

STROLL along High Holborn to Ely Place, in the heart of London any night and hear the town crier, shambling along with lantern and staff, hourly call the time, the weather and the daily news.

"Ten o'clock! Weather rynie! Eyteen Irishmen killed in the Four Courts and a-a-all's wel-l-l!"

I stopped old Crier John in front of St. Ethelbert's Church at midnight and asked him whether the neighbors kicked about his vocalizations.

"I 'ave to cry loud, sir," he explained, "so those as is asleep can 'ear me. It's been the custom for centuries, sir."

"And why do you still keep it up?"

"I just hexplained, sir; it's the custom in this street."

And there is that!

Naturally I had no more than begun to look into England's present-day ancient customs when it occurred to me that the most mellow, old, surviving custom of all—next to unique in these days of playing the political game without the face cards—was that of keeping a king. As good a place as any, I decided, to look into the daily manifestations of this ancient institution of royalty was Buckingham Palace itself. As soon as I could get round to it I dropped in at the palace one morning and made a little call.

Early as it was, the Windsors were all out. It was just as well. I mean to say that with the king, queen and the boys scattered about London on their various jobs I could chat with a certain member of the royal household staff without being annoyed by small-talk interruptions by the folks

They like their king, the English do. I grew to like him myself. Unfortunately for both of us I was so rushed with engagements during my month or so in London that I was able to be with the king only twice. The first time was when the royal flivver—they've turned in the old touring car, by the way, for a sedan with a self-starter and everything—passed me at the corner of London Street and Praed Street on its way into Paddington Station to meet the Prince of Wales upon his return from the Orient. The second time was when the royal flivver passed me, a few minutes later, coming out of the station.

Later I remembered that someone had been sitting with Queen Mary in the car. From the evening newspapers I learned that the person seated with Queen Mary was none other than the king. Little as I saw his majesty, however, I grew real fond of him. He impressed me as being a gentleman.

Before I called on the king and queen on the day they were out I had a vague American notion that the royal family began their day by coming into the breakfast room after the fashion of the victorious Rhadames entering Memphis in the second act of Aïda. There would be trumpeters, I imagined, in the lead, followed by a brass band of one hundred pieces; and then would follow father, mother and the children wearing brimless bowler hats of solid gold, heavily studded with cracked ice, and decked in crimson velours portières trimmed with ermine and kolinsky.

Maybe on jolly mornings when Queen Mary wasn't round, the king might jestingly cover his stack of wheat cakes with his gold hat and put the silver toast cover on his head to get a laugh out of the kids. Beyond an occasional comic unbending of this sort, however, I pictured the royal day as one of unbroken pomp and glitter. The nightly procession to the royal dinner, I fancied, would, by comparison, make the grand entry of the Ringling circus look as sad and drab as the annual parade of Columbia University professors making their New Year's call on Nicholas Murray Butler.

Not so. The lack of color or dramatic happenings in the family life in Buckingham Palace is so pronounced that any royal day could be described by one of our young American realists in a novel of less than six hundred pages.

The moment I entered a vestibule of the palace I gathered from the emptiness of the royal umbrella stand that Queen Mary was out. I don't mean that it was raining. Rain had not fallen in or near London for weeks, and the parks were parched; but, as American readers familiar with published snapshots of the queen well know, Queen Mary would no more think of going out on a cloudless day without the royal umbrella than a Greenwich Village poet would face the world without his shell-rimmed cheaters And unearthly though the hour, the king and the boys also were on the job

The Trick Lift at the Palace

"ALWAYS remember," said the Buckingham Palace official who gave me a close-up of royal domesticity, "that the royal family is the hardest-working family in England."

To break right into the domestic life in the palace, all that was necessary, I was surprised to learn, was an ordinary reportorial lack of all sense of shame, plus a certain amount of bravery. Bravery comes into play when an American, accustomed to elevators—slang for lifts—that are manned by starters and chauffeurs, finds that the palace eleva -lift is one of those little trick affairs which the passenger runs himself by pressing a button.

Then, too, I had to explain to a red-coated hired hand at the front door that the exalted personage I sought was so close to me that only the day before we had split a case of Bass at the Savoy. Next a second hired man wanted to know all about the Bass The only royal red about this second hand was his complexion, the rest of his tall young handsome figure being incased in formal black early morning swallow-tailed evening clothes, the somber black relieved only by a hard-boiled shirt and two long rows of brilliant military service ribbons across the left breast.

"Up all night, brother?" I asked jocosely before being passed on to a third red-coated hired man who was to conduct me to the trick lift. Maybe my question wronged him. Probably he was starting out on a date to take a gal living somewhere east of Barking that evening to the big Palais de Danse, somewhere west of 'Ammersmith.

The King and Queen of England in Their Flivver

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THE BUBBLE'S SUBSTANCE

By Alan Macdonald

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

IF YOU were a good newspaper man and continually on search for the apt, widely understood and vivid phrase you probably would say, on first thought, that Christopher Jopp built his house of life on a mountain of sand. And with that as the backbone of a beginning you would then be able to tell in racy, nervous style how the sands, grain by grain, slipped from beneath the structure until it sagged and tilted and at last collapsed on Christopher and all his chattels and dreams. Then, as a final fillip, you might set forth in one staccato sentence what Christopher saved from the wreckage and, if you were writing it all into a feature story, might picture Christopher, in the end, leaving the ruins of his house behind him and marching away with content in his eyes into the opal light of a new day.

At any rate, Christopher Jopp's life had in it the stuff that makes newspaper stories, the stuff that is the heart of all stories that ever were told, whether in the vital and incisive way of the daily page or in the measured and more philosophical mood of the well-made novel. It had point and counterpoint; it encompassed failures that produced riches, half failures that fathered sorry self-distrust, and one triumph over an old weakness within—a victory that gave him riches beyond any he had possessed in all his life.

Consider Christopher Jopp at the particular moment when the shifting of one more grain of sand would cause his house to begin to sag and tilt, and when the slipping of a number more would destroy it, as the movement of the key log brings down the jam; consider him, if you please, in the initial minutes of his supreme hour of crisis.

He stood on the small balcony off the ballroom on the second floor of the Manneringe' home. It was a balcony that seemed to be suspended by the vines which covered the walls behind it and almost hid its gray stone from view, a sheltered nook that even the moonbeams had difficulty in finding. Through the open door behind him floated the strains of dance music, a medley of conversation, an occasional laugh. It was on a starlit night of spring, and perfume of flowers came to the balcony from the gardens and the boscage of the wide lawns beneath. A gleam of yellow light, in which the shadows of dancers moved, spread out from the ballroom door.

"But How Soon, Sheila? You Haven't Told Me When"

Christopher Jopp was very happy and elated, for Sheila Mannering had stepped into the circle of his arms a moment before, and he was looking down upon her young, beautiful, upturned face. He had been hoping for some years to marry Sheila Mannering. He bent to kiss her parted, yielding lips. It was a long kiss, and neither of them noticed the young man—years younger than Chris Jopp—who appeared in the ballroom door, and who stood there for several minutes in silence, giving himself up to disappointment, and unable in spite of himself to do the courteous and kindly thing of turning around and tiptoeing away.

"Oh, I beg pardon," he said tentatively.

Christopher Jopp looked up composedly enough. He was a man schooled in poise by years and responsibility.

Sheila drew away from him with a quick little laugh, and together they faced the young discoverer. Sheila, tucking a strand of her bright hair into place, flushed. His arm still around her, Christopher smiled and said, "Well, Leland, greet the happiest man. Sheila has just agreed to marry me."

Leland, his back to the light, took Christopher's hand rather slowly.

"Well," he replied in a voice that betrayed things his shaded face did not, "we couldn't all marry Sheila, and since I can't have her myself I'd as soon she should marry you, I think. But—does this cheat me out of my dance? This was my dance, you know; the only one Sheila had left when I arrived."

The dance was nearly done.

Sheila laughed and Christopher Jopp smiled. He caught the slight undercurrent of dislike in the younger man's voice, but it did not disturb him. It was true, he thought, that he was years older than Sheila, and that this attitude of youth was a natural one. Ancient tribesmen probably felt much the same toward a member of an enemy clan who won the heart of their reigning beauty. In this pause Sheila looked quickly at Jopp, then she caught young Leland's arm.

"Come, Lee," she exclaimed gayly. "I'll have heaps of time to dance with Chris Jopp, and somebody soon will be marrying you, and—and let's dance."

Jopp detained her only a moment. He could not resist a desire to reduce the nebulous wonder of her promise to some solidity of dates and details. He had hoped so long to marry Sheila, had so intimately related her in his mind with all his plans and achievements, that her agreement had been like a great seal of success.

"But how soon, Sheila? You haven't told me when."

The music of her voice and laughter floated back to him over a gleaming and gracefully tilted shoulder as young Leland whirled her away in his arms.

"I'll write you tonight," she called back to him. "We'll talk it all over tomorrow."

Christopher Jopp, a tall, straight and somewhat portly figure, bowed lightly and gracefully enough, and waved his hand. Then he turned his back on the ballroom, lit a cigarette, and looked up at the stars. Perhaps he had chosen a rather unfortunate time to propose to Sheila—at a dance where a younger man was her accepted partner, and where the ardent Leland was sure to pop up—but there on the balcony, in the perfume of spring and the moonlight, the perfect moment had arrived, and he had refused to let it slip away. He smiled a little in the dark, and rocked softly back and forth with his hands held loosely together behind him. Sometimes he wondered at the way all his dreams had come true.

II

HE WAS thirty-nine the night he stood on the Manneringe' balcony; he owned one of those gold mines one finds everywhere in the factory sections of American cities, and was well content with his life. His gold mine was in reality not a mine but a machine, into doors of which went raw steel and other material, and the brains and brawn and courage of good workmen, to come out through other doors in the form of mechanical appliances in use on every railroad in the country, and designed to make the life of the hurried traveler several degrees more comfortable than it otherwise could be. It was a well-oiled machine, and it ran without friction under the calm and watchful eye of its owner, who was in fact its dynamo, its vital source of power to go on; in a way, its *sine qua non*. Christopher Jopp honestly liked his workmen, and most of them liked him. He was genial and friendly with everyone, and he could afford to be. The gold mine was one of the best industrial properties, owned by a single man, that Christopher Jopp, well informed as to such things, knew anything about.

And he himself had developed the Henry Morgan Manufacturing Company, as his property was called, of that day, had fostered and guided it. He had come to its first and now late lamented owner in his early twenties on a hunt for work, and he had found it. Old Henry Morgan, standing in his two-room second-floor factory and machine shop, where he did such repair work as he could obtain, had needed a cheap worker to sort a few good washers from the rusty pile of old metal disks that had accumulated in a dusty corner. Looking over his eternally glazed, nickel-framed spectacles, he had appraised the stalwart and erect young applicant, had weighed keenly the probable import of the exceptionally clear gray eyes which looked out from under heavy and slightly curved dark eyebrows with a peculiar and fascinating steadiness, the straight, normally full mouth lines, and the square, cleft chin. And he had decided that here was a sapling destined to become quite a tree.

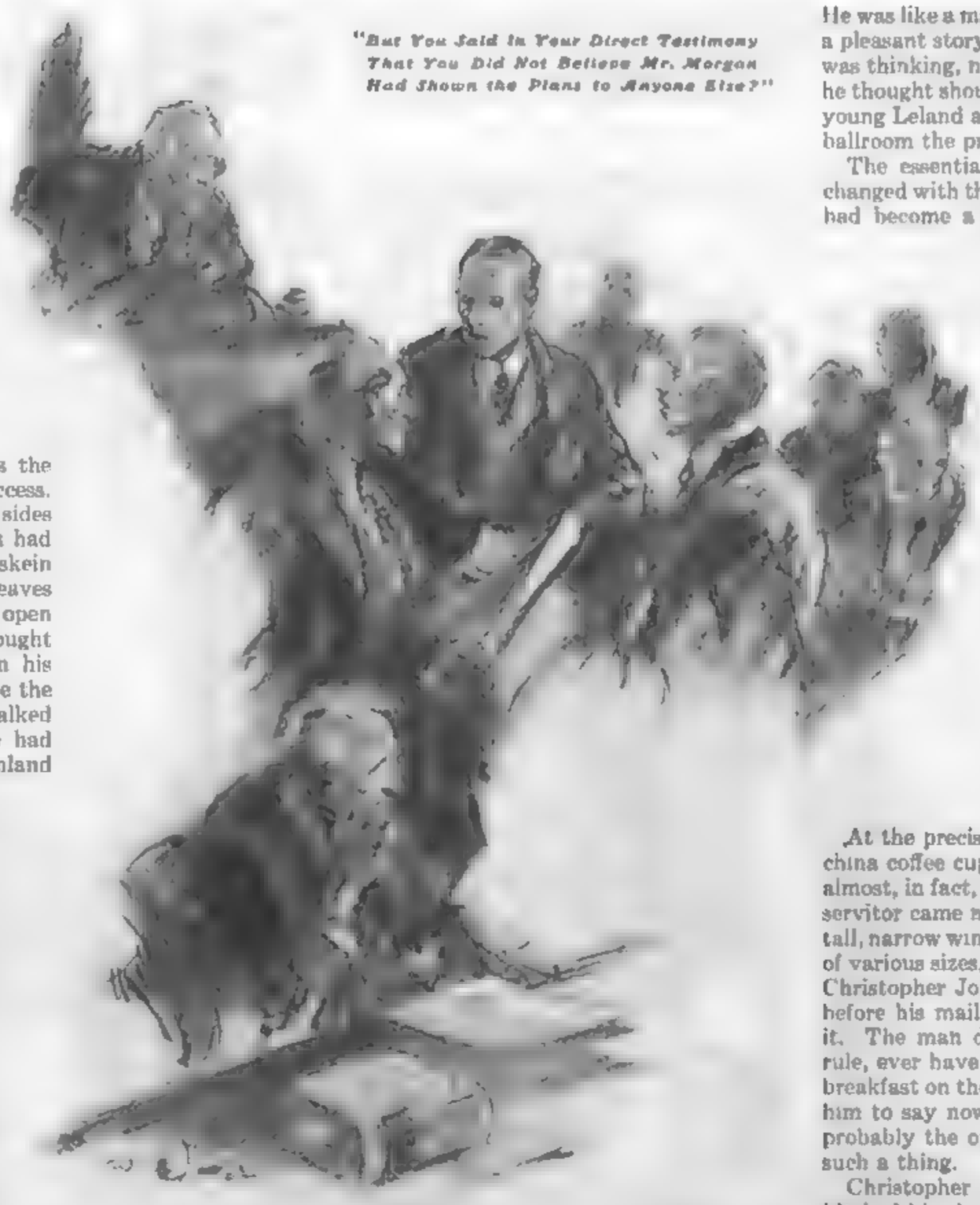
Then, too, Henry Morgan had lived most of his own early life on a farm, and practically all of what might be called the middle and later parts of it in the confines of his two-room shop; and of late, as years of comparative failure appeared to be drawing toward their inevitable climax, he had begun to long for the open green spaces of the land where he was born—a land of wide fields, of orchards and lumber patches and rolling hills. Over his spectacles he looked at Christopher Jopp, and saw that his applicant came from similar country, for, truth to tell, Christopher Jopp had all the outward appearance of the farmer he was—then.

"Take off your coat," said Henry Morgan, laying down the piece of greasy mechanism he had in hand.

Christopher removed the rusty-colored garment with alacrity; he had been walking the streets for two days, hoping to hear just that command. Young, strong and eager, he stood before the old man in the leathern apron, whose aging facial skin had taken on something of the dull glow of the heated iron with which he worked. Christopher was ready. But Henry Morgan had seated himself on an upturned soap box.

"Boy," he said, looking out the window where he could see spring trying bravely to make a show by decking tender green garlands on the meager stunted trees of the neighborhood, "tell me a little about the country." And then, as Christopher Jopp looked at him with a puzzled squint: "Anything—just a little gossip about the farms."

Of course this was incredible to Christopher. To him the acrid smells of the littered, greasy, smudgy little shop were



"But You Said In Your Direct Testimony That You Did Not Believe Mr. Morgan Had Shown the Plans to Anyone Else?"

like a challenge, a call to some glittering, sunlit, far heights of romance. To him the place was the beginning of a climb to places of the city symbolized by the sunlight on the white-tile towers and minarets of the tall, needlelike building he had observed for the first time early the morning he came from the farm. And here was a little, stooped, dim-eyed old man who wanted him to put away his eagerness and for the moment, at least, turn his broad back on his visions. It was unbelievable; it was uncitylike. But Christopher Jopp was Christopher Jopp. The old man's desire did not seem sentimental or even like foolish whimsy of "lean and slippered pantaloon." The odd request was there, was something to be considered and dealt with; it was the first toll at the first gate on the road to success.

He sat down on an old iron anvil, whose sides were incrusted with a delicate and, if you had time to examine them closely, a beautiful skein of rust. The fresh, pale green of new leaves brightened the gray trees outside the open windows; birds twittered busily. With thought of nothing but the task in hand, and in his curiously flat-toned voice—which was none the less a nervous and incisive voice—he talked earnestly and fairly of the country he had thought dull and oppressive, of the farmland he had gladly left behind. And that had been the beginning of his long upward climb.

III

THERE was something of this same unchanging newness of spring in the world the morning after the Mannerings' ball, when Christopher Jopp came downstairs in his home to breakfast a few minutes before nine o'clock on the wide, low-balustraded porch that snuggled in a little angle of the walls near the northeast corner of his simply palatial stone residence on Lafayette Avenue. Jopp, when the day was clear and warm, usually had his breakfast on this porch.

The small, perfectly appointed table had been placed lengthwise on the narrow veranda, and over its linen and thin cream-tinted china Jopp, as he sat down, looked beyond the balustrade to rolling soft vistas of carefully groomed, velvet green lawns, generously and artistically set with shrubs of many and varied forms and colors, and shaded here and there by great aged elms planted by aristocrats of a former day. A fountain tossed its silvery spray into the morning sun, making tiny rainbows. An old wolfhound, much the hue of the fountain spray had that substance been falling against a background of pure white, ambled sedately into the picture from somewhere in the white stone house, and crouching as immobile as a statue calmly surveyed the morning.

Green trellised vines twined upon the white walls on either side of the porch, climbing, thrusting their pale, verdant tendrils toward the sea-green tiles of the overhanging eaves. Tall latticed French windows stood half open behind the master of the house, and in the comparatively shadowy interior a single servitor moved, now and then coming out on the veranda at the beck of Christopher Jopp. The erstwhile seeker after fortune had become an epicure, but by no means a sybarite; his breakfast, taken in the midst of the inspiring environment he had provided for himself and for those who in life might be intimately associated with him, was a frugal one: eggs, toast, some imported marmalade of which he was very fond, and, of course, coffee, with neither cream nor sweetening.

He ate quietly, almost methodically, but his eyes were bright with suppressed excitement. From time to time he smiled and twitched his head, and regarded his manservant as if about to speak to him, but remained silent. He was like a man considering and trying to keep concealed a pleasant story about himself, one that amused him. He was thinking, naturally, of Sheila, and of her letter, which he thought should be even then in his morning mail, and of young Leland as he had looked standing in the door of the ballroom the previous night.

The essential thing about Christopher Jopp had not changed with the passing years. His sturdy muscular body had become a little thinner, slightly more refined; the bulging muscles of that first day in Henry Morgan's shop had smoothed down, somehow, until their possessor had come into a certain heavy grace. It is difficult, of course, to say how much of this change was due to the difference in the habits of his early and his later years, and how much to Christopher Jopp's discovery of the purpose of good tailors. His flat-toned voice, though still nervous and incisive, had taken on a suggestion of color, had softened and deepened. His hands, with the breadth acquired in days of exacting manual labor, were white and well cared for. But the exceptionally clear gray eyes, quiet and keen, those of the philosopher endowed with dynamic qualities, mirrors of his character, were still the same, and today they looked over his estate, over these emblems of riches, with the same fearlessness that marked his glance the morning old Henry Morgan first assayed it.

At the precise moment when Christopher Jopp put the china coffee cup back upon its saucer for the last time—almost, in fact, before the faint tinkle had died—the single servitor came noiselessly from the cool interior behind the tall, narrow windows and soundlessly laid several envelopes of various sizes, shapes and hues at his right hand. It was Christopher Jopp's order that his breakfast should come before his mail, and never was there any deviation from it. The man did not fear his affairs, nor did they, as a rule, ever have the power to make him anxious. And his breakfast on the porch was a thing he loved, and it amused him to say now and again to himself that the earth was probably the only place in the universe where they have such a thing.

Christopher Jopp smiled boyishly. Quite eagerly he hitched his chair nearer the table, and with a finger and thumb carefully raised the upper part of the pile of envelopes by catching the corner of one which protruded beyond the others. He did it with a light artistry of which one would scarcely have thought him capable, but which was in consonance with his smile and his mood. For Christopher Jopp was about to put the keystone in the arch of his dreams. The fine home in which he lived was about to have a mistress, a mistress who would bring to it all that Christopher knew in his heart that he wanted—the finesse of life, the lightness, the gayety, the young people, the laughter, and human colorful beings to move across the wonderful lawns, to sprinkle with life and love the tennis courts down near the fountain, and the fine wide rooms of the house. He had come now to the point where he could define the things he wanted, the same things that he had desired vaguely and without power to name or describe in his early discontented days.

The long, narrow, cream-white envelope which he so adroitly extracted from the pile was, as he knew, from Sheila. Christopher Jopp opened it neatly. It deserved care, for it was a delicate thing. Inside its cream exterior

(Continued on Page 20

He Saw Morgan Leap Upward and Forward, Gasping as If for Breath

FAR BETTER THAN WORSE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MRS. DIANER MATHEWS waddled aggressively across the room and proclaimed her departure by an emphatic bang of the front door. Mr. Camphor Sprott sighed with relief, lighted a slightly shopworn cigar and bestowed a pathetic glance upon his wife. "Floral," said he, "ev'y time I sees yo' mother I gits regretful that you wasn't born an orphan."

Floral agreed sadly. "She does kinder protrude all over the house, don't she, Camphor?"

"Golly! She's the protrudinest lady I ever did see. Her an' Mistuh Trouble must be fust cousins."

Mrs. Sprott nodded in sympathy. Even her daughterly affection had been taxed almost to the breaking point and only a sense of duty deterred her from openly allying herself against the militant third member of the household.

"Befo' she come to live with us," mused Camphor bitterly as he blew a cloud of rancid smoke across the room, "this heah house useter be kinder happy, but now misery is the one thing we ain't got nothin' else but."

"You hadn't ought to talk that way about ma."

"I reckon I can talk about her any way I want. Ain't I s'portin' her? An' ain't she been givin' me hell ever sence she come heah? B'lieve me, Floral, gratitude is one thing yo' ma ain't got none of. She's the ungratitudinousest woman in the whole world. In fac', s'far's I been able to see, they ain't nothin' to recommend her to nobody no time."

Floral languidly essayed a rather pallid defense. "If'n it hadn't of be'n fo' ma where would I be at?"

"Huh! That ain't the question at all. If yo' ma keeps on I know where you is gwine be at: It's gwine be a fun'ral, an' Ise the corp' what is gwine be gittin' patted in the face with a spade."

"Ma ain't so terrible as all that."

"You're right she ain't. She's wuss. All she does is to go snoopin' round raisin' thunder. She finds out 'bout ev'ything I does an' a heap of things I don't do. Befo' she come here we never fit on'y once in a while. Now we is fightin' all the time. Ise tellin' you now, honey, does yo' ma continue to keep on livin' with us somethin' is gwine happen."

"Meanin' which?"

"Meanin' Ise gwine bust loose."

"An' do what?"

"Ise gwine to——" He paused and shook his head in melancholy fashion. "Dawggone if I know. The mo' madder I gits the happier it makes yo' ma. An' heah I sit when I know good an' well she's over gossipin' with Sis Callie Flukers this ve'y minute tryin' to find out somethin' which I has been up to."

Floral's wifely eyes narrowed speculatively. "What has you been up to, Camphor?"

"Nothin'."

"Then she ain't gwine find nothin' out"

"You don't know yo' ma like I does" Memory seared him. "F'r all I know she's li'ble to come back heah an' say I was out joyridin' last night with some gal instid of bein' down to The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise Hall like I said I was."

"Is she?"

"Uh-huh. She sho'ly is. But when she tells you that, honey, the thing fo' you to do is to preten' to b'lieve it."

"I will," said Floral. "An' it won't take much pretendin', neither."

Camphor swung wrathfully to his feet. "You ain't meanin' to 'sinuate ——"

"I ain't 'sinuatin' nothin', Camphor Sprott. But if'n it should turn out that you wasn't down to the I Will Arise Hall last night when you said you was down there, an' ——"

"Who said I wasn't?"

"You did."

"I di'n't. I said yo' ma might find out somethin' fum Sis Callie which would make her think I wasn't."

"How come you to think she'd hear that pretickeler thing?"

"Ain't no reason. I was jes' guessin'."

"Hmph! You is a pow'ful queer guesser. An' Ise tellin' you right heah an' now, Mistuh Sprott—I is lucky to have ma livin' with us so's I can git to learn how unfaithless you is. Tha's why you ain't lovin' ma none—you is skeered of her. You don't know what a swell woman ma is."

Camphor's fists were clenched belligerently. "You says words, Floral—but they don't mean nothin'. Yo' ma ain't wuth nothin'—or even less than that. Big fat woman. But it ain't her size, it's the len'th of her tongue. Ev'y time she opens her mouth calamity oozes out. Befo' she had be'n heah th'ee days I knowed that my middle name was Hahd Luck an' I had been born twins. Ise stood all I inten's to, an' I ain't gwine stan' no mo'. Ise thoo. Ise tellin' you right now, yo' ma is gwine 'scover that it's a long worm which ain't got no turnin'."

"Mis' Mathews, Was You to Look Any Prettier Somebody Would Pick You fo' a Flower"

Floral's ire was plenteously aroused. "I ain't gwine stan' heah an' let you straduce my ma."

"Git out then! Git out! They ain't nobody stoppin' you, is they? Ise got my 'pinion of yo' ma an' I is expressin' same. Sence she come heah she ain't never done nothin' an' ev'y day she does it a li'l' harder. On'y way I can esplain that woman is that the Lawd must of made her on the eighth day."

"I refuses to listen at you ——"

"An' I refuses twice as hahd to listen at yo' ma. Woman which has got a loose tongue like hers oughter be elexecuted. Ise pronouncin' right now that does I an' she bofe stay in this house one of us gits out."

Floral smiled sweetly. "Where is you aimin' to stay at after you leaves?"

"Woman! Does you know what you is sayin' with yo' mouf? Standin' up against yo' husban' ——"

"A gal has on'y got one mother," retorted Floral logically, "but she c'n git as many husban's as she wants."

"I reckon," snapped Camphor, "that you wants yo' ma to keep on livin' with us."

"I ain't said so."

"You ain't said not."

"I ain't said nothin' neither way."

"I asts you, then: Does you not or does you do?"

"S'long's you keep on actin' like you has be'n doin' I ain't decided. But I ain't gwine do nothin' to ma which ain't respe'tful an' polite."

"No. An' neither is I. 'Cept maybe fondle her on the haid with an ax."

There was a patter of footsteps from the front walk. Apprehension smote Mr. Sprott. He grabbed his hat and ducked for the exit.

But just as he started out Mrs. Dianer Mathews entered. She transfixed the cringing Camphor with an accusing glare.

"Mistuh Sprott," she sizzled, "I requests to know where was you at last night?"

Camphor flung a wildly appealing glance in his wife's direction: "Didn't I done tol' you, sweetness, she was gwine begin castin' them 'spersions right away she come back? You remember what I said—jes' treat all of her 'sinuations with puffec' ignorance."

The front door slammed behind him and he made a great deal of haste in his journey down Twenty-third Street. His ambition of the moment was to place a maximum of space between himself and his home in an irreducible minimum of time. Not until he had reached Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor and ensconced himself in a corner seat did he allow himself the luxury of a deep breath.

"Somebody was in a jokin' humor when they let Dianer Mathews git born. An' the joke is on me."

Camphor believed that Fate had played him a scurvy trick. The mother-in-law's advent, several months since, had been accompanied by a premonition of disaster, but Camphor Sprott now knew that fact had outpaced riotous imagination.

A passively nagging mother-in-law might have been bearable, but there was nothing of passivity about Dianer Mathews. She was aggressive, assertive and antagonistic. She possessed the well-defined philosophy that her child owed her more than she could ever pay, and it was her duty to collect.

Failing in that effort she directed her energies toward the astounded and helpless Camphor.

Camphor Sprott was no better or worse than the average husband. He had long periods of discretion and briefer ones that were not so dully discreet. Up to the hour of Dianer's arrival the latter had been very well concealed from the delectable Floral; partly, perhaps, because Floral was a wise young wife who did not attempt to learn those details of her husband's life which were calculated to interrupt the serene course of their matrimonial bark. But Floral discovered that it was one thing to ignore the checkered sections of her husband's career and quite another to remain protestless when proof positive was brought home to her.

Camphor was fond of poker, he was skillful in the manipulation of certain cube-shaped portions of elephant tusk, he occasionally wagered a trifle on his expertness with a pool cue, he was known to have imbibed potions more stimulating than ginger ale. These were failings of which Floral had not been unaware but which had never been discussed in the sanctuary of the homestead. When, however, through the kindly offices of Sis Callie Flukers, Dianer was informed of these weaknesses she let her daughter understand that no self-respecting woman should permit her husband to get away with it.

Floral offered feeble opposition to her mother's interference; she also voiced weak objections to Camphor's pleasures. Camphor traced trouble to its source and acquired a great detestation of Dianer. It would have been quite all right had Dianer been other than a liability, but she was most distinctly not. She permitted her son-in-law to support her, and in return she gave nothing but misery. "Durned ol' hen buzzard; go bitin' the han' which scratches her."

Camphor knew that Dianer must be ejected from his home—words easily uttered and a desire less easily accomplished. Dianer had no intention whatever of departing

"Dianer Ain't the Fondest Passion Ise of—an' Tha's a Fact"

pompous and inclined to sneer at his neighbors, particularly Camphor Sprott. More than once in the past Robert had been in a position to do favors for Camphor, and he had never done them. More than once he had detoured to bring embarrassment to Mr. Sprott. Camphor's hatred for the bombastic Mr. Crump was passionate and keen and active.

Robert Crump was a citizen of rather doubtful worth. Possessed of undeniable ability, he had yet been content to let his talents stagnate. He never amounted to anything because it was too much trouble; he existed from day to day, wending his cynical, trouble-making way through the colored community as he quested eternally for a soft spot on which to fall.

He was, by instinct and temperament, a fitting mate for the widowed Dianer Mathews; as fitting a complement to her acrid disposition as a spark to gunpowder.

The following morning Camphor labored mightily to make his peace with Floral. She was at first a trifle weepy and then she softened. Circumstances were propitious, for only that morning she had been the victim of a maternal tongue lashing. She listened patiently—even eagerly—to the elaborate plan unfolded by her husband, and at its conclusion heaved a hopeful sigh.

"Oh! Camphor, if you on'y could. But Mistuh Crump has got too many brains in his haid to make ma'iage with a woman like ma."

"Suttinly he has—if he uses 'em. But Ise gwine fix things so they ain't gwine he'p him."

"How you aims to fix it?"

He lowered his voice. "Ise gwine make Robert think yo' ma is rich."

"Shuh! That ain't no kind of a plan. Nobody coul'n't look at ma an' think no such of a thing."

"Tha's where you is wrong, sugarlump. They know me an' they must think they is some reason why yo' ma has lived with us this long 'thout doin' no work or nothin'. They must think yo' pa lef' her some money when he went an' passed out. Else why should I go on lettin' her eat th'ee meals a day in my house? An' Robert Crump has been co'tin' ev'y rich gal in this town; ev'y single blessed one of 'em. All what he is lookin' fo' in life is to make ma'iage with some gal which has got enough money so he won't never have to wuk no mo'. Minute he b'lieves that yo' ma has got somethin' he's gwine be hot on the trail to git it. You watch."

"Ise watchin'," she responded, "an' I hope it wuks, but it ain't."

"How come you to be so pestimistic?"

"It's too good to be true, Camphor. Co'se I love my ma an' I woul'n't never turn her out n'r nothin'. But if she was to ma'y a nice feller like that rotten Robert Crump which she could make him wuk hard all the time, it would kinder relieve me a heap."

This was an alliance which surprised and delighted Camphor. It simplified things tremendously. And the prospect of Robert Crump married to Dianer Mathews was delicious. In the first place there was the delight of envisioning Mr. Crump's post-marital awakening when he discovered that the supposed wealthy widow was barren of lucre, and the further wallop of learning that she was a positive and dominant female who would see that he worked steadily and hard.

And Robert would kick. Oh, how bitterly he would protest! Dianer would leave the Sprott home and fight her battles in the privacy of the Crump establishment. Peace would come once again to the Sprotts, and Camphor could revel in the knowledge that his vengeance, however long deferred, was epic in its perfection.

The following morning Camphor trailed his victim to Bud Peaglar's. At the lunch counter he joined that gentleman, being careful not to display too great delight at the encounter.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Crump."

"Mawnin', Mistuh Sprott. How you is?"

"Tol'able, thank you. How 'bout eatin' a barbecue san'wich with me?"

Robert was vastly surprised. "Says which?"

"How 'bout eatin' a san'wich an' a cup of coffee with me?"

"Is you gwine pay fo' it?"

"Suttinly. I never offers to treat nobody less'n Ise willin' to pay. See heah." Camphor plunged a hand into his trousers pocket and extracted a new, crisp ten-dollar note. "Ise got the money this mawnin'. That ma-in-law of mine give it to me."

Robert Crump was surprised. "Never knowed Dianer Mathews give you nothin' 'cept hell."

Camphor shrugged. "Oh, she's pretty good. Co'se, they ain't no ma-in-law which don't cause trouble to a feller, but I has saw wuss ones than Dianer. She cusses me out an' then she gits sorry an' slips me five or ten. Sometimes as much as twenty-five. Tha's how come I never to kick about the trouble she raises."

Bud Peaglar limped forward and they ordered sandwiches of barbecued pork, coffee and apple pie. Camphor cleverly changed the subject—as though the generosity of one's mother-in-law was a matter to be taken for granted. But Mr. Crump keened to the scent.

"I never thought yo' ma-in-law had money."

(Continued on Page 46)

soon—or ever. Camphor was afraid to take a too positive stand lest Floral might be influenced unduly by her female progenitor and accompany that person in the exodus. Camphor was fond of Floral.

Stealth, then, was the answer to his problem—stealth and guile. "All I has to do is to think of a accident an' then make it happen to her." That was all. Camphor shook his head. "When I don't need ideas they comes so fast I gits a headache. When I craves 'em they is out visitin'."

Upon one course he was determined: Dianer must go. She must go alone—and she must go peacefully. Nor did the frigidity of the reception accorded him by Floral when he sneaked in late that night detract one whit from his bitterness. Dianer had taken pains to assure Floral that her husband was inclined to be a gay Lothario and that he had been out lotharioing the previous night when he pretended to be attending a meeting of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Floral was aggrieved; ma had told her she should be, and she was nothing if not an obedient daughter. Just before creeping into the arms of Morpheus, Camphor emitted a tremendous sigh.

"I never knowed your pa, Floral—an' where he lives at sence he died I ain't got any idea. But one thing I does say about him—even if he ain't nothin' now on'y a cinder, I bet he's happy. I woul'n't wish my wust enemy on yo' ma—nosuh, not even a feller like Robert Crump."

He dozed off into a delicious dream wherein Dianer Mathews was bound to Robert Crump with shackles of steel.

Camphor waked and found himself chuckling. Then, as the fog of drowsiness cleared, he sat bolt upright in bed and slapped his right fist into the palm of his left hand. An expression of undiluted beatitude crossed his high-brown features.

"Hot dam!" he murmured softly. "That's the sweetest dream a man ever had."

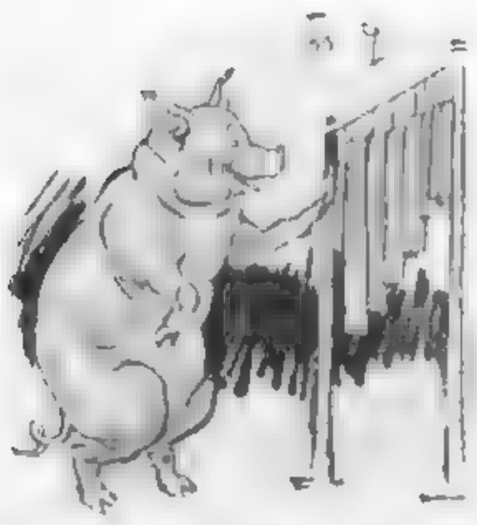
He conjured up a picture of Robert Crump; a picture fairly accurate but tinged with the bilious yellow of distaste. Mr. Crump was in the neighborhood of fifty years of age. He was portly and

"You-All Is Sayin' Much Words, But They Don't Tell Nobody Nothin'"

THE HOODOO

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



I OFTEN drop into Mike's at Sixty-third and Halsted, not only to evade those quaint regulations of which occasionally you still can hear comical rumors, but because it soothes me to find the same old tables worn smooth by countless glasses, the same untroubled twilight, the same brooding calm and repose; the same soft-spoken, suave dignitary behind the same long, dully polished bar; and standing there before the same mirror, imperturbably reflecting the just and unjust alike, with the same old elbow on the same old spot, I find the same old Finnigan drinking the same old—well, I find Finnigan, the manager of the Criterion—hot-and-cold vaudeville at all hours—and in Finnigan I find a satisfying companion, a mellow friend and a story-teller of whimsical charm and invariable absolute unreliability.

We often sit at one of these delectably dark polished tables, do Finnigan and I, for together we hold that in the hard glittering ice-cream parlor of today there is a brazen air of carnality and vice which one does not find in the cool, cathedral calm of a mellowed barroom. And as our white-aproned Ganymede goes to and fro in response to an almost imperceptible flicker of Finnigan's eyebrow, Finnigan regales me with curious recitals of the stage, the ring, the diamond, the gridiron and the police court, for in his sixty years down here Finnigan has been around, on or in them all.

This particular evening I had dropped in to forget, if possible, the incredible sufferings of a movie mother who was writhing her way through five agonizing reels in Finnigan's temple of continuous vaudeville next door.

"You look depressed," says Finnigan. "Were you in to see the show?"

"Yes—worse luck," says I. "I can stand the tonsil tenors doing tremolo tributes to mammy and mammy's mammy, and so on, back to the fourth or fifth generation, and I don't cringe any more when they want to go back, they want to go back, they want to go back to Nebraska, or Louisiana or Hawaii; and as for the ventriloquists who get paid for talking like dummies and who always make good, they don't bother me, either, nor the gentlemen acrobats who come in reading papers upside down and then start swinging from the electric-light fixtures—I bet they'd puzzle Bryan, who denies the Darwinian theory—no, I can stand them, even if they have one community hand wipe which they toss back and forth all evening. But the thing that gets me are those sad movie mothers in pictures like that one tonight, Why Boys Leave Home."

"It's moral, ain't it?" says Finnigan.

"It's moron," says I, "that movie. Gosh, if I had a mother mooning around the house all the time, kissing things and spilling glycerin tears all over the furniture and royal Wiltons the way these movie mothers do I'd leave home myself. How do they ever figure out all the hard luck they hand these movie mothers?"

"Hard luck?" drawls Finnigan. "I could tell you things about hard luck that no scenario writer ever dreamed of 'Course, you've heard that saying, 'If it was raining soup I'd be in a cellar with a fork.' Well, I don't know who originated it, but I knew a couple of troupers who could have made it into a coat of arms for themselves, initialed it on their handkerchiefs and used it as a laundry mark."

"They had it tough, did they?"

"Tough! They were the original gold-bricked twins. Yes, sir; a bookie would have described them as by Calamity out of Catastrophe—the Two McNultys." Finnigan shook his head sadly. "J'ever hear of 'em?"

I never had.

"McNultys and their Perspicacious Porcine in Preternatural Performances—that was them. A circus act originally. Tom McNulty and his wife, Mazie, and a trained pig they called Abigail. After a girl friend of Mazie's, she told me, although Abigail was not a girl pig. But the intention was good. You know how it is sometimes, with some people."

I knew how it was.

"The other circus performers used to call the pig the Ham Actor, but McNulty didn't care what they called Abigail so long as the act went over, which it did—big. Yes, sir, the kids at every performance used to think Abigail's handstand on her nose was a wow, and when she sat upon her hairspring of a tail and played on a set of chimes all the kids on the top tiers would fall through the seats in their excitement. Yes, sir, Abigail was just about what the doctor ordered. Children cried for it.

"In view of which you'd naturally think they'd still be kicking up the sawdust on the lot, wouldn't you?"

"I'd Tell You to Jump in the River, Only You're So Fat I Know You'd Float"

I said I would.

"Well, and so they would, except right about here is where hard luck gets a cue to walk on. It was a warm day and the circus was in St. Louis; and as anybody can tell you, a warm day in St. Louis is warmer by one hundred degrees than anywhere else in the world. Next to the McNulty tent was the tent inhabited by the fat lady, upon whose disposition the temperature was having anything but a pleasant effect. Besides, the fat lady is more than ordinarily miserable because she never gets the satisfaction other fat ladies get when they occasionally see some lady fatter than they are. And besides all that, the fatter a fat lady gets the more sensitive she gets—the nerves are right under the skin, you know, not under the fat. Had you ever thought of that?"

I hadn't, but I thought of something else, for which, when it arrived, Finnigan was duly grateful.

"Well, it seems," says Finnigan, wiping the foam off his mustache, "that the fat lady had a keen proboscis and the zephyrs wafting from Abigail's boudoir did not jibe with her refined sensibilities. So she calls on the McNultys and she says to Mr. McNulty, 'That's an intelligent pig you have there'; and Tom says, 'He is that; wonderfully smart pig. Smarter than I ever was,' and he laughed in a friendly way.

"'Yes,' says the fat lady, 'I can believe it. Or ever will be. But just the same, I don't care for its atmosphere, its aura, so to speak, if you know what I mean.'

"'Aura,' says Tom. 'Waddye mean—aura?'

"'Its aroma,' says the fat lady.

"'Aroma,' says Tom. 'You talk like a cigarette ad.'

"'It's like this,' says the fat lady. 'I was raised back o' the yards in Chicago,' she says, 'and the perfume of that Abigail pig of yours makes me plumb homesick. It ain't the heat,' she says sadly; 'it's the—what you call it—humidity.'

"'Oh,' says Tom.

"'Yes,' says she; 'and if you don't take her or him or whatever it is about five miles away from here and anoint it with chloride of lime I'll call the health department.'

"Well, you can believe me that all the friendliness oozed right out of Tom when he heard that.

"'Mrs. Approximately A. Ton,' says Tom, and the malice just drips off his words, 'I'd tell you to jump in the river, only you're so fat I know you'd float. As it is, if you don't like Abigail you can go where it's even hotter'n St. Louis, if you know what I mean.'

"'No circus punk what's getting by on a pig's reputation can allude at me in any such terms,' retorts the fat lady with some heat. 'I may be fat, but us fat ladies has feelings. And besides, thank Gawd, I'm refined.'

"'You'd stand a lot of refining yet,' says Tom. 'The Standard Oil would give plenty for the concession.'

"'You're a roach,' says the fat lady. 'I have a notion to step on you.'

"'Watch your step!' says Tom.

"After which they exchanged some more pleasantries; and then Mazie came up and chipped in her dime's worth, and what she told the fat lady would make a brand-new vocabulary of hard words. And when the brawl was at its height, who should come along but the Old Man himself. By this time Tom and Mazie were seeing red and talking purple, so when the Old Man eased himself into the discussion and took the part of the fat lady the Two McNultys clouded up and rained down all over him. And then things happened fast. Only they all happened to the McNultys, the result being that American Can Common went up about three points as Tom, Mazie and Abigail went off the lot, rattling the tinware. Evening saw them out in a cruel and jobless world.

"Now, in spite of what some people may think, there are such things as marriage licenses in the profession, though most of them do seem to be more in the nature of round-trip tickets with stop-over privileges at any point of interest along the line. At any rate, the McNultys had a license which entitled Mrs. McNulty to as much of Tom's salary as she could get, which wasn't much, Tom being a light sleeper.

"And since they loved each other as much as married people can who have to see each other every morning at breakfast, a little thing like looking for a job didn't bother them much.

"'We'll go into vaudeville,' says Tom to Mazie as they sat in their hotel room planning things a few hours later. 'A trained pig ought to be a riot in vaudeville. It'll be something the audience can understand.'

"'And if it comes to that, I can sing a little to help the act,' chirped in Mazie.

"'I hope it'll never come to that,' thought Tom to himself; but aloud he said, 'That's fine, girlie.' You see, people who think twice before speaking are married.

"'And I can dance some, too,' says Mazie; 'and so can you, and together we ought to get up a swell act. First, you and I will open with a song in one and then full stage for Abigail; then we'll close with another song and maybe I'll put on a dance.'

"'Maybe is good,' thought Tom; but aloud he said, 'I'll go out and rustle around and see if I can't get booked somewhere.'

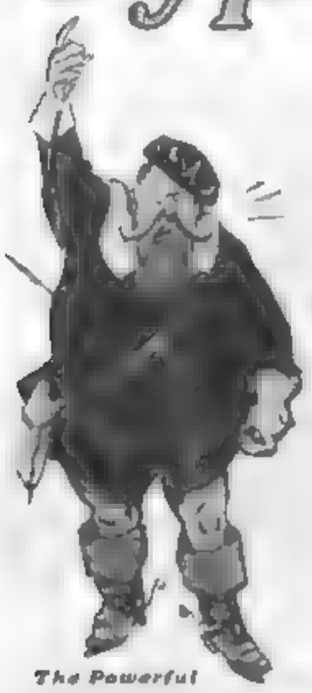
"He must have been a punk rustler, for it was weeks before they even got a chance. Finally they got on in a little house on Lucas Avenue, and came back to their hotel that night after work only to find

(Continued on Page 42)

Gypsies, Nobles, Peasants, Etc.

By KATHARINE DAYTON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



The Powerful Pilsner—Basso

THERE are certain things that everybody knows about grand opera. Even the man in the street—that amœba of our intellectual and artistic life who is always being invoked by the statisticians and writers of advertisements—can tell you most if not all of the great fundamental principles that govern it.

Roughly speaking—as the man in the street is so apt to be when the subject under discussion is grand opera—he knows that, no matter how much of a moron he may be musically, there are certain things connected with this king of indoor winter sports that nobody could fool him on. As, for instance, that:

1. A coloratura soprano is any lady weighing one hundred and eighty-seven pounds or over, regardless of height, who sings no notes lower than the Ace, King, Queen and Jack, and has a quaint habit of wandering around the stage in her nightgown with her hair hanging down her back. Somewhere along in Act III you are perfectly safe in giving odds that she will go mad and start crying for a flute accompaniment. If the management is wise it will give it to her at once, for she simply won't be happy till she gets it!

The Highest Note in the World

2. A contralto, on the other hand, though tipping the scales, as the saying is, almost completely over, never goes mad and, no matter where she may be or what the provocation, she is never accompanied by a flute. It simply isn't done. The contralto's mission in grand opera may be one of two things: She may be either a true friend or a false friend to the soprano. In the first case she will not have to sing much, but she will have a lot of heavy—oh, very heavy!—chaperoning to do. For example, when the soprano—whose name, let us say, is Eldorado—meets her tenor lover Alfredo at midnight in the garden of Manrico's castle near the Piazza della Piccolo, it is up to the contralto to see that the course of true love is not rudely interrupted by Edgardo, who has been warned by the jealous Pinucchi that there is to be dirty work that night at the crossroads. This entails a great deal of running back and forth, listening in the wings, peeking into the bushes, et cetera—to say nothing of registering alarm, fright, pity, caution, and the various other emotions that are required of an operatic chaperon. In addition to all this the contralto must catch the soprano whenever she swoons or is stabbed—which, as these little contretemps occur anywhere from eight to eleven times in the course of a really grand opera, makes the existence of a life guard at Atlantic City during the rush season appear a comparatively happy one.

Mortality Statistics of Grand Opera

THE alternative for the contralto, the rôle of false friend, requires infinitely more voice, but the action is confined principally to giving the soprano dirty looks and poison.

3. Unhappy endings are, of course, *de rigueur*. A grand opera cannot have a happy ending—unless you consider it a happy ending when all the characters are too dead to sing any longer. Some do.

Ninety-eight and seven-tenths per cent of the deaths in grand opera can be traced to only three causes—suicide, murder and *opera mortuis*. The majority of operatic suicides are to be found among tenors, according to the best available vocational suicide statistics. This is not so deplorable a condition as it may appear at first sight, when one takes into consideration the fact that if there were fewer tenors who commit suicide there would probably be more murders, with the final result practically the same.

Opera mortuis takes the heaviest toll. This disease will attack the healthiest of singers during the last act of any opera. For instance, Raimundo—a barytone apparently in the pink of condition—is walking along by the glue factory on the outskirts of Sienna when he trips over the body of the beautiful Maddelena, who has been murdered by Rodolfo, Raimundo's step-brother on his mother's side, in the belief that she is Esmeralda, who had been abandoned by a band of gypsies in their flight from Umbria at the close of the war. Raimundo, overcome by his grief, falls upon the body, rolls over and, after coming up twice for arias, dies. Just like that!

A bare one-half of one per cent of operatic villains and villainesses—which is to say, bassos and contraltos—die of remorse. The accepted theory is that in their frequent gnashing of teeth and biting of nails, bits of enamel are swallowed, which irritate the delicate lining of the intestines, with satisfactorily fatal results.

Giving the Soprano Dirty Looks and Poison

4. German opera may be readily distinguished by the merest tyro by the number of poor relations occupying the boxes. In a way, this is the easiest kind of opera to follow because everything in it, whether sung or merely barked in the quaint Wagnerian manner, is repeated at least three times. This custom probably owes its origin to the fact that the majority of German operas were composed, oddly enough, for the German people. The thing distinctly has its advantages. It's rather a satisfaction, in a way, to feel that in a world where things happen as swiftly as they do in ours nowadays, one can snatch one's forty winks while Wolfram von Edelweiss is defying the Goddess Helga at the entrance to her cave in the Forest of Thuringia, secure in the knowledge that twenty minutes later one may awake greatly refreshed to find one hasn't missed a thing—for there stands Wolfram in exactly the same spot on the stage, and still defying away through his beard like anything!

Wandering Around in Her Nightgown

The operas of Wagner are especially easily grasped by the layman—as we sometimes affectionately refer to the man in the street—due to the use of the motif. A motif is the particular noise made by the orchestra to denote the different characters, their entrances and exits, their emotions, and even, sometimes, their little personal belongings. As, for instance, when you hear things happening in the stringed instruments that sound as if something had got itself caught in the swing door you may be sure that the lady entering at the right, snugly wrapped against the chill of the night air in about three dozen white automobile veils, is Umlaut, Princess of Zweibach—soprano—who has forgotten her last name and has come to ask the powerful god Pilsner—basso—what it is. A blow-out in the horns gives us the motif Umlaut's Last Name; a back-firing among the bass viols denotes the pink transfer given to Umlaut by Bertha—contralto—which she has lost on her way hither; while the entire orchestra joins in an imitation of New Year's Eve at Times Square for the magnificent and soul-stirring theme of Pilsner's Anger at Being Given the Wrong Number.

One Can Snatch One's Forty Winks

Although it is very nice to be familiar with the various motifs in these operas it is not strictly necessary, for there is almost certain to be a lady in the row ahead, or somewhere adjacent, who will be explaining them loudly to her husband.

5. Italian opera—well, your nose knows! The minute you enter the opera house and see the standees are six deep, and it comes over you suddenly that seven-tenths of the audience had garlic for dinner and enjoyed it thoroughly, you know you are going to have a good time. You know you are going to hear a lot of corking songs you really know—oh, not personally, of course, but phonographically—and that you won't be able to resist the prevailing enthusiasm, and will applaud a great deal, and perhaps shout "*Bis*" and be ashamed of it afterwards, when the tenor leaves the rest of the cast flat and comes running down to the footlights to fling the highest note in the world right at you—well, it's just what you'd call really grand opera!

So much for the things that everybody knows. But what about the things that everybody doesn't? Which brings us right at the start to that noble, though nameless, company of Gypsies, Nobles, Peasants, Friends, Guests, Etc., with which this article is chiefly concerned, and which is so casually dismissed by the average operagoer as the chorus.

Essential Etceteras

WITHOUT this brave band of etceteras, grand opera, as such, could not be given; nor, perhaps we may add, forgiven. Can you think of Aida without its Priests, Soldiers, Ethiopian Slaves, Prisoners, Egyptians, Etc.—and their march? How much would you give to see Faust without the Soldiers' Chorus? Or Trovatore without its Gypsies and their anvils? Think of all the operas you have ever heard, as well as of all those you haven't, and try to imagine them without their full quota of Monks, Bandits, Guards, Courtiers, Matadores, Villagers, and—above all—Etc. It's unthinkable! Yet do we ever give them any credit? Do we ever even give them any applause? Personally we admit with shame that, let the tenor blat no matter how sharp a B flat, or the prima donna shrill no matter how flat a C sharp, our response has always

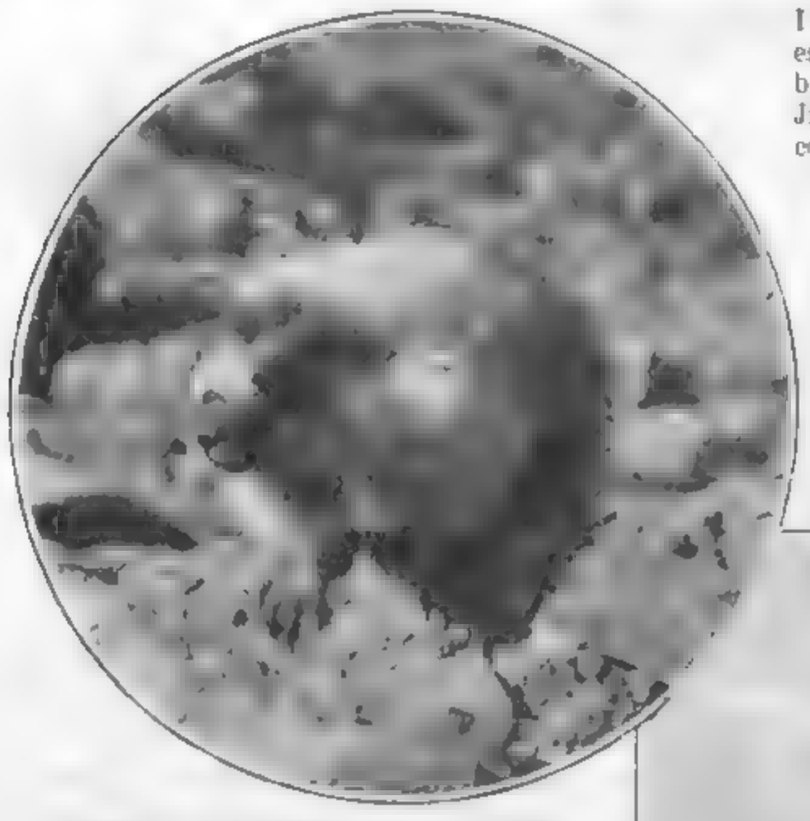
(Continued on Page 60)

He Trips Over the Body of Maddelena

They Certainly Were Off—'Way Off

THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS

By Hal G. Evarts



"Hundreds of Glacial Marmots Whistled on All Sides. One Old Fellow Peered Over a Rock and Inspected Me"

MANY GLACIERS HOTEL, though quite modern in every respect, is of rustic design both inside and out, harmonizing perfectly with its surroundings. It stands on the point of Lake McDermott, which nestles among the snow-crowned peaks that stand guard over the head of the Swift Current Valley. As the car whirled us toward Many Glaciers we passed the once beautiful Sherburne Lakes, beautiful no longer, for the lakes have been dammed and the lower Swift Current Valley flooded. The valley slopes are abrupt, and there are but few timbered flats opening out of the bottoms, so the raising and lowering of the water has not brought about the desolation of standing dead trees, slimy mud flats and decaying ricks of down timber to the extent that is typical of most mountain reservoir sites. Even so, there is still sufficient of all these to make rather an unsightly mess of the valley, which is to be regretted, since it is the only gateway to one of the most wonderful spots in the park; still more to be regretted, since we were given to understand that the cost of the water is so excessive that a considerable percentage of the acreage available for irrigation under the ditch has not yet been occupied by settlers.

In Swift Current Valley

THE hotel was full, and the personnel of the guests furnished additional evidence that Glacier is the all-around park with both room and variety to suit all comers. There were many whose time limit permitted them to cover only such points as could be reached by automobile; others who, with an extra day or two at their disposal, lingered to take some of the half dozen one-day saddle-horse trips. A few hours' ride from Many Glaciers carries one back into some of the most magnificent country in the world, up among the glacier-capped ranges and blue, ice-fringed lakes. Here, too, the outdoor element was in the ascendancy, and riding togs and hiking rigs were much in evidence. There were not less than two hundred girls in their early twenties; some taking the one-day rides to Iceberg Lake and other adjacent points; some boating on the lake or fishing the near-by streams; dozens setting forth for a few days' ride or hike into the interior of the park, stopping overnight at the chalets; and several parties were outfitting for more or less extended camping trips into the more isolated districts.

A day at Many Glaciers, and we were off once more to follow the trails. A lofty wall boxes in the head of Swift Current Valley, and the trail tacks dizzily about on its face. One could flip a pebble from the saddle and watch it pass beyond a half dozen switchbacks in the trail below. Swift Current is a favorite range of the bighorn sheep. I had asked Brooks for his estimate on the number of bighorns in the park, but Jim is not one to voice a surmise. He had made an actual count of two hundred and eighty-three head of sheep in Swift Current, but declined to make any sort of estimate as to the number that ranged in other parts of the park. Estimates given by other rangers strike an average at six hundred sheep and twelve hundred goats within the boundaries of Glacier. Discount that figure 80 per cent and it still leaves far more of both these rare animals than could be found ranging in any other area of similar size in the United States. The pass crosses the Continental Divide, and the sun had dropped behind it before we attained the crest.

"Beyond Our Noonday Point (on Gunsight Pass) There Were Great Snowdrifts Banked Across the Trail"

It is given to but few men to look upon a picture such as greeted us when within a short distance of the top. An overhanging point of rock jutted out a hundred yards above, and an ancient goat stepped out upon this dizzy perch. Deep shadows claimed our side of the range, but the last rays of the setting sun slanted up from the far side and centered upon the animal on the rock, touching its shaggy white coat with burnished silver and holding it in bold relief against the darkening sky. Of all the backgrounds I have ever seen, even where game ranged out across white snow fields in bands of hundreds, I can recall no other setting such as this—the bearded patriarch held in glistening silhouette on the great divide of a continent, his head drooping below the peak of his shoulders as he cast a brooding eye down toward the gorge that yawned at his very feet.

There is no immediate drop such as one would expect on the far side of Swift Current Pass. Instead a mighty point sweeps out, a rocky promontory putting forth alone; and on its very tip, overlooking the basin that drops away on three sides of it, stand the Granite Chalets. The little buildings are all of stone, not of hewn and polished masonry but of native rock, with the rough, uneven edges showing, lending a time-worn air, as if the group had weathered all the bitter storms of a century instead of but a few.

The chalets in Granite Park were full, as, indeed, we had found the most of them. There were always parties riding or hiking over the trails in sufficient numbers to tax the capacity of the chalets. Granite Park is hemmed in by lofty mountain ranges, and most of the prominent peaks of the park are visible from the chalets, rising in tiers for as far as the eye can reach, the more distant ones looming through the breaks in the first series of encircling snow caps.

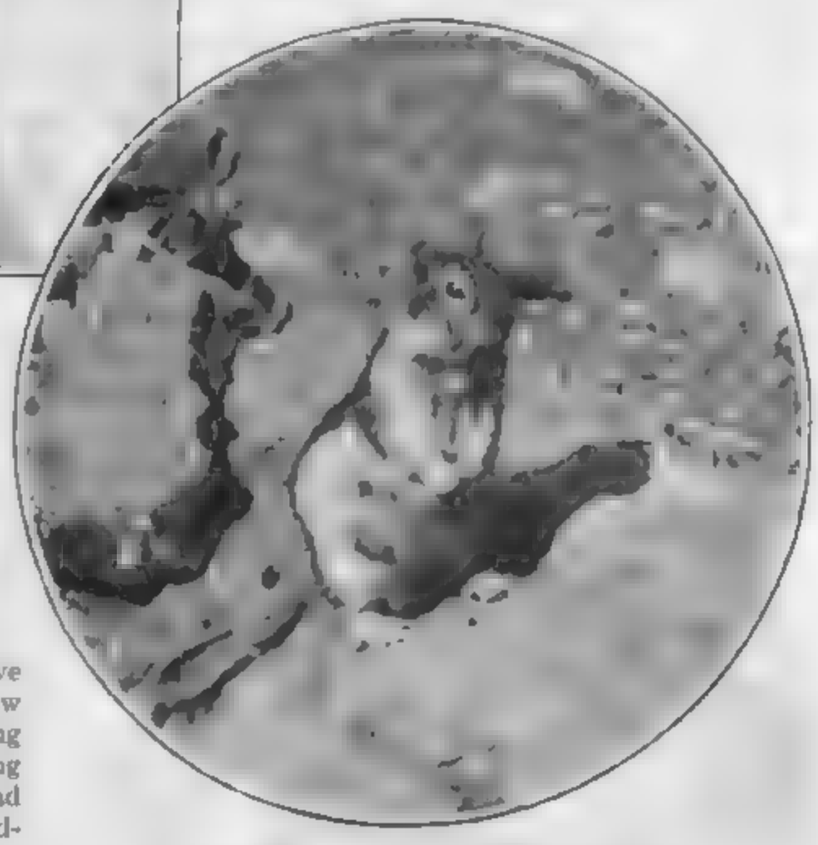
In the early dusk a half dozen young girls sat in the tiny flat space before the chalets—wrapped in their sweaters and leather jackets, for even in late July the nights are very cold in the high country of Glacier—and crooned their various college songs. During a five-minute lull in the singing a band of does grazed out into an opening on the abrupt slope scarcely twenty yards below the songsters. One of the girls suggested that the lovely creatures had been lured from their woodland haunts by the siren strains of music from the young throats there assembled, so the chorus essayed another burst of close harmony. The does evidently found this last rendition less seductive, for they leaped for cover, their white flags flashing jerkily in the dusk.

The Garden Wall Trail

WHEN we set forth at dawn we found a dozen big blue grouse parading in the little open meadow behind the chalets. They showed little fear of us and allowed me to approach within ten feet.

There is a general similarity between high mountain passes: the long hard climb to the top, a wonderful view and a tedious descent. But each of the main passes of Glacier Park possesses a certain individuality of its own, some striking feature that marks it apart from all others. Cut Bank and Red Gap, Triple Divide, Swift Current and Indian Pass, each is so distinctive in its way that it leaves its own indelible imprint upon the minds of all who view it, a sharp and clear-cut picture. And the memory of the Garden Wall Trail, which leads from Granite Park to Logan Pass, is one to be filed away with those others.

It follows just under the crest of the Continental Divide, yet is perhaps the most level



"There Was a Sprinkling of Chipmunks and Mantled Ground Squirrels, But the Most of Them Were the Columbia Squirrels"

of all mountain trails, for it runs almost on grade for miles at a stretch, and without the customary steep climbs and abrupt descents. It is well named, for there is both the garden and the wall—a wall that towers sheer above the trail on one side and drops hundreds of feet on the other; and the garden is everywhere, hundreds of varieties of flowers banked in every crevice and carpeting every open shoulder. Most of the main ranges and peaks in the park are visible from this lofty trail, and the transmountain highway will traverse parts of the Garden Wall and cross through the Logan Pass, opening up this vast panorama of scenery for the automobile tourists.

The ragged peaks that shroud the head of the Belly River show up as clearly from this trail as they do from any point on the Canadian slope. A gap in the range to the south and west afforded a view of the heavily timbered country round Lake McDonald on the west side of the park, the route by which the road will wind its way to the high country. Both Swift Current Glacier and Grinnell Glacier top the Continental Divide above the Garden Wall Trail, but their pitch is such that their waters flow down the east slope and supply Cataract and Swift Current creeks. However, there was sufficient snow lingering in sheltered spots on the west dip of the range to furnish water for a hundred little streams that trickled down the face of the Garden Wall. A party of hikers was ascending a foot trail that led to the crest of the divide and the upper edge of the glaciers.

An Inquisitive Marmot

GAME was everywhere in evidence. Hundreds of big glacial marmots whistled on all sides and thrust their grizzled heads from crevices in the rocks to watch our passing. Repeated attempts to film them met with consistent failure. They refused to pose within reasonable distance of the camera. Then one old fellow peered over a rock and inspected me as I stood in the trail. His curiosity mounted as I remained motionless, and he crept forward an inch at a time. Then, alarmed at his own temerity, he whistled shrilly and raced for the safety of the rocks, only to reappear and repeat the maneuver. He mounted the top of a flat rock and advanced cautiously. At six feet the camera snapped and he fell from the rock in an awful panic, but returned almost instantly and crept to within three feet of my face, from which point he whistled repeatedly, completed his inspection and scurried down the rock slide.

"We Were the First to Cross Through the Pass Between Chief and Goble Mountains and the Drifts Had Not Been Broken Out"

Taking cover behind a ridge, I climbed to the base of the mountain and came back round the slide rock, the little camera set at a hundred feet; but upon peering from behind a bowlder I dropped hastily back under its cover and changed the distance, for there, within thirty feet of me, the monarch of all rams was napping on a point of rocks. He had gained his feet and stood facing me, the curl of his massive horns outlined against the sky as I rose from behind the rock and tripped the shutter on one of the best bighorn pictures ever filmed. With one exception I had never been so close to a mountain sheep before. Years ago I came out upon a rim rock and discovered a young ram bedded on a ledge some ten feet below me.

Friendly Squirrels

THE other sheep were not disturbed by the flight of the old ram, and some ten minutes later I rounded a point and snapped the two young rams on the rock at a distance of thirty yards. Even then they seemed undecided whether to flee or to hold their ground, but presently trotted off, only to stop and look back after putting a hundred yards of rock slide between us.

We saw other sheep, many of them, and one old ram met us in the trail. He elected to scale the cliff rather than to turn back, and we passed fifty yards below him. A party of tourists that had passed during my climb counted thirty-odd rams on Haystack Butte. This seemed our banner day for game at close range, but the end was not yet.

After crossing through Logan Pass and descending the first series of switchbacks, we dismounted at a little creek for lunch. This was a favorite lunching spot for parties riding through the pass, and squirrels had acquired the habit of congregating here to feast upon the fragments left behind. There were mysterious rustlings in the brush all round us; bright eyes peered at the lunch spread there on the ground. They grew bolder and whisked out of cover to retrieve any scrap or crumb. There was a sprinkling of chipmunks and mantled ground squirrels, but most of them were the Columbia squirrels, big fellows that attain the size of the red fox squirrels of the hardwood belt.

Their confidence in our good intentions increased with each handful of crumbs, and a dozen advanced to within six feet, darting back to cover whenever one of the party made a quick move. Within ten minutes one was feeding from my hand, another perched on my shoe and a dozen others scurried round within easy reach.

The trail led down to the lower country through a wonderful forest carpeted with nodding ferns, and terminated at the cluster of log chalets on the point of St. Mary Lake at the base of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain.

This peak derives its name from an ancient legend. Great adversity visited the Blackfeet nation. The squaws had lost the secrets of preserving food in times of plenty and storing it for the lean days ahead; gone was their skill in the fashioning of everyday utensils, and their buckskin was of the lowest quality, the moccasins shapeless and poorly made. The warriors had lost the art of fashioning the tools of war and the chase, and the Great Spirit was troubled by the distress of his chosen people.

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"Garden Wall Trail is Well Named, for There is Both the Garden and the Wall—a Wall That Towers Sheer Above the Trail, and the Garden is Everywhere." Above—"Within Ten Minutes One of the Squirrels Was Feeding From My Hand"

Two bucks crossed the trail a few yards ahead, and as we turned to look up the gorge from which they had emerged we observed four rams feeding on a shoulder high above the trail. I climbed the gorge, intending to get above them and wait for them to feed up toward the main mountain; but it required nearly half an hour to make the climb, and they had moved back past the neck where I had hoped to wait for them.

They ascended the bare slide rock at the base of the cliff and prepared to bed down for the day. The two younger rams had selected a rock that was thrust forth from the rest of the slide, and one of them pawed the loose gravel from its point; but just as he bent his knees preparatory to reclining upon this cleared surface his fellow ram administered a warning butt, as if to rebuke him for appropriating too great a share of the bed, whereupon they locked heads and shoved each other about upon the rock.

It had been my belief that rams fought only in the rutting season, and of course this was merely a quarrel, or it may have been wholly in play, for after a couple of such tentative skirmishes they bedded down side by side.

THE SILENT PARTNER

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"Oh, Come Now, Lisa, Gertie Swears She's Got the Goods on You This Time"

IV

A LIFE like this, in its hurried hourly scramble for money, easy wealth, is calculated to have its effect on any character; and to this Lisa Coburn was no exception. Callous as she was, though, and careless of consequences, the dinner tonight—that and what went with it—was something that even she would remember.

For five years now she and Coburn had gone on treading thin ice. Of its thinness no one knew better than herself. She had no illusions, at any rate, as to the methods by which Coburn got his money. Perhaps even better than he, she realized the hazard in the game he played; and the luck at any moment might change. When it did, too, she had no illusion as to the result, the consequences. Finis was what would be written as far as the arrangements between her and Coburn were concerned—or so one might think. To do Lisa justice, though, as long as the luck held it was evidently her intention to play the game, play it straight besides; and with that "Hush," the warning she gave Coombes, she drew her hand sharply from his.

At that instant Coburn breezed into the room. His recent sulkiness evidently had left him.

"Hullo, Coombes!" he boomed; "glad to see you, old man!" Energetically pump-handling the guest, his former employer, he looked him over jovially. "You seem just the same, old top. Same old bag of tricks, eh?"

"That so?" Coombes mumbled briefly.

He seemed engulfed by Coburn's bigness. He seemed, too, for some reason, equally engulfed by his host's rousing welcome. Perhaps he had not yet forgotten that five years before he had given Coburn his walking papers. If so, however, Coburn for his part affected to bear him no ill will; and still grasping Coombes' hand, he gave the guest's elbow a jocund squeeze.

"Been hearing about you, old dear," he announced confidentially; "things have been coming your way, they tell me."

A smile faintly comic leaped into Lisa's eyes. She could have laughed aloud at the little comedy, the spectacle of her husband patronizing his former employer. Coombes was studying his host, his face filled with the look of one who wonders suspiciously if he's being joshed. Then he smiled dryly.

"Looks as if they've been coming your way too," he remarked, his glance sweeping the room suggestively.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," Coburn responded airily.

The manservant appeared at the door. The other guests had begun to arrive. The Bentons were the first.

"Hullo, Jenny! Hullo, Steve!" vociferated Coburn.

To boom and to be breezy; to know, too, the world by its first name, seemed first nature to the host. That he was a mixer of the thirty-third degree few would doubt; and from the background Coombes looked on curiously, a dry smile still twisting his lips. He was no mixer; that was clear. He made no pretense of being one.

The Bentons sauntered into the room, the man slow and deliberate, his wife a tall, lithe woman, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a set of flashing good looks and a vivid, alluring manner.

She gave Coburn's arm a playful tap.

"Greetings, baby boy!" she cooed to him.

"Same to you, cunning," he replied.

The Nesbits followed them in. To these, however, Coburn's greeting was more formal.

"Evening, Mrs. Nesbit," he saluted, saying deferently to the husband, "How are you, Nesbit? How's the chief?"

The chief, yes. Nesbit was president and general manager of the Three Cities Steel concern; and it was in the common stock of the company, it happened, that Coburn was a frequent and heavy plunger. As he grasped Nesbit's hand he lowered his voice guardedly.

"Any news, chief?"

His voice was vaguely anxious; but Nesbit shook his head, one would have thought indifferently. Coburn gave his collar a nervous twitch.

"You saw the market's close, didn't you? You know what happened!"

"Oh, yes," drawled Nesbit. Then, his eye lighting on Coombes, with no apology he turned his back on Coburn and sauntered across the room. "Why, hullo, Coombes! Didn't expect to see you here," he remarked.

Coburn was still gazing after him when the butler reappeared. "Mr. and Mrs. Harker," he announced.

In echo, Gertie Harker propelled her plump, blond person into the room. Her voice preceded her shrilly.

"Hullo, Lisa and George! Hullo, everyone!" she chirped, her husband, a lean-faced, saturnine individual, straggling at her heels. "For the Lord's sake, Gertie," he growled, "stop rattling, can't you?" Apparently she couldn't; and still reverberating, she pounced on the hostess. "You're a nice one, you are, Lisa!" she proclaimed. "I suppose you forgot utterly you had a date with me. You left me flat, waiting a whole hour at the Ritz; and I had a bridge at ——" She broke off sharply with a shrill chirp, a cry, its lilt Alpinelike. "Oh, I say, just see what Lisa's got!" It was the pearls she had spied. "Lisa, what perfectly marvelous darlings! Oh, see, they're matched, besides!"

"Have a cocktail, Gertie," Lisa directed coldly, her annoyance visible.

She usually was indifferent to Gertie Harker's piping chatter; but at that instant she'd just awakened to something else. It was the fact that Harker, hearing his wife's shrill exclamations, had edged toward them; and scowling thickly, he now had his eyes glued to Lisa's pearls. A wave of anger crimsoned her cheek. She had not forgotten Coburn's warning either; his counsel to say nothing if anyone asked what the necklace had cost; and, incensed, she turned her back. What concern was it of his—of anyone else's for that matter—how she used the money she got from Coburn? It was Harker, too, who had coined the term, "The expensive Lisa."

Mrs. Nesbit stood by the center table, and Lisa turned to her.

"You're going abroad, Nelly, I hear," she remarked, making conversation; "Phil Coombes says you're going to Paris, then to the Riviera next month."

"Oh, yes," drawled Mrs. Nesbit negligently.

She was a large, amply formed woman, with a complacent, superior air that was either patronizingly indulgent or, on the other hand, unaffectedly indifferent and bored; and having overheard the little byplay about the pearls, she was now smiling mockingly.

Lisa, still making conversation, was murmuring "I mean to make George take me this spring," when Mrs. Nesbit, paying no heed to Lisa's speech, broke in on her.

"Those new pearls of yours, Lisa, seem to have Gertie all fussed up. It's a wonder she didn't ask you what they cost."

Lisa gave her a startled glance. The remark was, to say the least, curious; but before she could reply Mrs. Nesbit spoke again. "I'll wager Jim Harker hears from her," she remarked. Then, her eyes more mocking, she added, "I'll wager, too, your husband will hear from him."

Lisa looked at her, astounded. That the remark had affected her with more than mere astonishment was evident, too, from her face and eyes. But after a first sharp glance, a gleam of startled uneasiness, Lisa stiffened rigidly. Then she arched her brows.

"What do you mean, Nelly?" she inquired, her voice as stiff as her figure; and Mrs. Nesbit idly smiled.

"Hasn't your husband told you? Harker and he are partners, I'm told. I understand, anyway, that they are in on some deal or the other—a pool, I believe."

Harker her husband's partner? It was news to Lisa. She disliked and distrusted the man, tolerating him only for Coburn's sake; and for a moment she digested the revelation. As much as it jolted her, however, her irritation at Mrs. Nesbit's bland remark got the upper hand.

"Partner or not," she said icily, "I fail to see what right Mr. Harker has to question the presents my husband makes me."

Mrs. Nesbit laughed briefly, the laugh suggestive.

"You might, my dear," she said deliberately, "if you were Harker. He and your husband, I'm told, are in up to the hilt in their deal. Harker, anyway, has all he owns in it, I hear."

Her eyes round, Lisa had no answer. . . . In it up to the hilt? She was still silenced and thoughtful when the manservant reappeared at the door.

"Dinner is served, madam," he announced; and moving in a dream, Lisa made her way toward the dining room. Behind her, Mrs. Nesbit followed, still smiling complacently.

Coombes was seated at Lisa's right. What he said to her in the talk that broke out, once he and the others were seated, Lisa hardly heard however. Blended in her wrath, her rancor at Harker, was a chill uneasiness, a premonition of coming trouble; and when Coombes spoke she replied in monosyllables, the responses often as vague as they were brief. She had trod thin ice for years, true; but somehow the ice now seemed to grow so thin she could hear it crackle. It was the first time since the beginning, since she had known Coburn to risk his all on any one venture. If he lost now, if the deal, that pool, went against him, then—then ——

She awakened to feel Coombes touch her on the arm.

"What's wrong, Lisa?" he inquired.

She forced herself to draw a smile to her lips.

"Wrong with what?"

"With you," he said gravely.

This would never do. Lisa had faced trouble, possible disaster, for too many years to let the fear get her now. She had at the same time, too, too long put on a bold face to the world when she felt anything but bold; and shaking herself together, she affected an easy laugh.

"Don't be silly, Phil," she murmured. "Nothing's wrong. One would think you always rather expected it."

Perhaps he did. Years before, at any rate, he had warned Coburn of what Wall Street dabbling involved, especially if the dabbler had only a shoe string to do it with; and when Coburn, scorning the advice, had gone on dabbling, Coombes had given him his walking papers. True, Coburn had somehow managed so far to weather the perils; he had raked down thousands, too, into the bargain, but to a man like Coombes, a business man, that would make little difference. Men like Coburn come and go in Wall Street—go, principally, it would seem; and as Lisa digested the news she had heard, Mrs. Nesbit's revelation, she was conscious that Coombes was leaning back in his chair intently studying her. She frowned sharply.

"Don't do that!" she said irritably.

"Do what, Lisa?"

"Stop peering at me, Phil," she commanded. She laughed harshly, her face scornful. "I know what you think, but it hasn't happened yet, no matter how much you expect it"—she paused an instant—"or hope for it," she added sharply.

Coombes colored fitfully.

"That's cruel," he remarked soberly; "not like you."

She was angry, the anger growing with her gathering uneasiness. What was clear, though, was that her acquaintance with Coburn's old employer had progressed to a much more familiar stage than she had seemed to admit when she'd talked of him with Coburn. Be that as it may, however, she relaxed presently in the temper sweeping over her; and awaiting a chance, she looked up at Coombes contritely.

"I'm sorry," she murmured under her breath; "don't let's quarrel."

His face lightened eloquently

"You know I couldn't," he was murmuring earnestly, when the two started consciously as a laugh burst from the other end of the table, its tone boisterous. The laugh was Coburn's.

"Hey, Lisa," he boomed, "hear what little Gertie the child wife says? She tells me you've been putting one over on her—on me too. How about it, old dear?"

Lisa surveyed him an instant. She had been conscious that as the dinner went on the note in Coburn's laughter and talk had risen to a higher key, and as she glanced toward him now the cause was perhaps evident. A tall glass of Scotch and soda stood by his place, and at odd intervals he had waved to Bolter to replenish it. As she saw, his face, too, was flushed. As she saw, also, the others around the table had lapsed into silence and were covertly watching him. Then she saw Harker exchange a quick glance with Nesbit. However, though she sensed again with a quick prevision for such things the nearness of something about to happen, her smile did not alter.

"'S right!" Coburn averred. "Gertie says you're slick!"

"Does she?" retorted Lisa. "Gertie ought to know."

She turned away, once she'd said it, a bare shoulder lifted indifferently; and she was once more about to speak to Coombes when Coburn's voice burst out afresh.

"Oh, come now, Lisa, you can't duck out of it like that! Gertie swears she's got the goods on you this time too!"

"Yes, I have!" affirmed Mrs. Harker, her voice gleefully shrill. "It's what I was saying this afternoon—the way you hide where you get your things." She giggled triumphantly. "I've found out something anyways Those last gowns you got, Lisa, I know didn't come from Papillard's."

Lisa turned to Coombes. Her eyes had hardened and she was breathing quickly.

"Aren't you having any Scotch?" she asked, her voice as idle as she could make it. Before Coombes could reply Coburn's voice boomed out again.

"Nonsense, Gertie! It was Papillard's, all right." He shot a look at Lisa, then almost as instantly he looked away, giving a laugh as he did so. "I ought to know, I guess. The bill set me back eleven hundred little old iron men, you know."

Gertie Harker still held her ground. The others listened intently, their looks queer. For a topic so idle they seemed curiously interested.

"Well, I know this," bugled Gertie Harker. "I asked Papillard if he'd made them, and he said he didn't. That's nothing though. He said he didn't know Lisa either."

A hush fell upon the table. Lisa sat silent, her pose rigid, the pale olive tint of her features more than ordinarily pale. The vulgarity of it all would have been enough to incense any woman; but it was not just anger that swayed her now. She gave Coburn a frightened glance; and as she saw him staring at her, his brows wrinkled queerly, her eyes fell. Then as if alarmed by the momentary stillness Gertie Harker looked at Lisa and with a start flushed to the brows

"Oh, I didn't mean anything!" cried Gertie stupidly.

A rattle of talk, animated and uncomfortable, broke the awkward silence. Harker alone seemed not to share in the general embarrassment, for he grinned sardonically, his glance covertly knowing as he looked at Coburn, then at Lisa. The incident seemed for some reason to have some special significance; and at the dinner's end, his lean face expressive, he was still smiling to himself. The smile now, however, was in many ways a scowl, and with a corner of his lip curved, he studied Lisa slyly.

Lisa pushed back her chair. The dinner already had become interminable—insufferable is perhaps a better word for it; and she stalked into the other room, devoutly wishing it was over. It was only half past nine, however; there was still a couple of hours during which she would have to keep up a front, make talk and look pleasant; but there never had been a moment in her variegated, hurried existence when Lisa wished more she was well out of it.

More had happened than was evident on the surface—that was clear; and she would have given much if at the moment she could have fled from those people, the Harkers especially, and locked herself in her bedroom, there in that refuge to seek the solace of privacy, of thought. The game seemed to engulf her now. She hated it with a new, devastating hate—the scramble for wealth and all the heedless, unmeaning existence, the hectic snatching for dollars, easy money, brought

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With That "Hush," the Warning She Gave Coombes, She Drew Her Hand Sharply From His

PASCAL'S MILL

XIII

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT SEEMED to Robert Druce that the stairs up to the attic were very long, that it required many steps to ascend them. With the lamp lighted, he threw as much light as possible ahead of him and upward, and Dora Pascal came behind with the weapon ready. There was no door at the head of the stairs; they came up, as it were, through a trap in the floor of the attic. There was a moment, as the ascent was nearly done, when Rob instinctively bowed his head, feeling it vulnerable and unprotected, fearing a blow in the dark from he knew not what direction. Then he and Dora stood erect at the head of the stairs, and he saw there was nothing save blank wall—the end of the L—behind them; so felt a new security and looked along the shadowed musty place to see what he could see.

There Was No Door at the Head of the Stairs; They Came Up Through a Trap in the Floor of the Attic

Where they stood was near the end of the L; the attic extended over the whole house. So a little way ahead of them there was an elbow, and the larger part of the space they must examine lay around this turn From where he stood Rob could see the darkness lying there, as though pressed back a little by the feeble rays of the lamp; and it seemed to have a malicious, animal-like quality about it. He had a sudden conviction that they were foolish to waste time here; that if anything had happened, it must have happened belowstairs. But to turn his back on this task now might seem like shrinking. He was afraid, so he feared to seem afraid. He looked about, examining his surroundings.

There seemed to be nothing in sight that could shelter or hide a man. A small trunk under the eaves stood open and revealed a litter of old clothes. Some books were piled in one corner. There were several rolls of wall paper, covered with dust, in a heap against the chimney which came up from the kitchen. Outworn household utensils rusted stewpans, spiders with a leg gone, flatirons with broken handles—lay here and there where they had been put away against a possible need that never arose. The hoops of an old skirt; a worn-out circular saw from the mill downstairs, three of its teeth gone, a crack across its radius; many old shoes —— But no corner where a man could hide.

Rob moved forward; and as he did so, somewhere from the darkness of that part of the attic which covered the main part of the house, they both heard a creaking—a recurrent creaking sound—as though someone moved there on boards which persisted in betraying him. It was the sound Rob had heard before. Hearing it now, it had all the force of an astounding and alarming surprise. He had been so sure they would find nothing here. He hesitated for a moment, then swung to Dora and took the revolver from her hand, shifting the lamp to his left. Thus armed, with one movement he passed the corner of the attic and threw the light ahead of him, and cried—with a vague feeling that it was the accepted thing to say in such circumstances—"Come out or I'll shoot."

But nobody came out, and he didn't shoot. There was nothing to shoot at. Just a slant-roofed tunnel of an attic, with dried vegetables hanging to the rafters—some of them here for years past—and more old trunks, and the wreckage of two four-poster beds, and three broken chairs, and a feather bed spilling its feathers, and a Civil War musket with bayonet attached, and a string of rusty steel traps, and a cabinet full of preserves long since molded and forgotten, and some chipped and broken crockery. This he saw, no more. A step or two forward, and he made sure there was here no valid hiding place. Dora came to his side—and once again they heard the persistent, rhythmic creak.

They listened, hearts pounding; and now at last were able to locate it more exactly. The window at the attic end. Rob strode toward it, tried to lift the sash; but it was cemented shut by spider webs and cinders from the passing trains, and mud wasps' nests. Yet the riddle was solved. One of the old shutters, hung outside, was half askew; its lower hinge had rusted away. As the wind moved, it rubbed an inch or two, this way and that, against the weatherboarding. Obligingly, confirming their observations, it creaked for them now.

The relief was enormous. Rob began to laugh, and Dora laughed with him; but after a moment he saw she was laughing rather wildly, so he tried to stop; and at first he could not stop.

When he controlled himself he had still to control her. He held her arm firmly.

"You see—nothing but an old window shutter. And imagination."

She assented, laughing brokenly. "Yes. Yes. Isn't it funny! Yes, I'm sure that's what I heard."

"Come," he said, leading her away. "You'd better get back to bed now. Get some of that lost sleep."

"I'm not a bit sleepy though."

She was still giggling fitfully; and he could feel her arm shudder and tremble beneath his hand.

"You will be, soon as you hit the bed."

Down the stairs, a little too buoyant with their relief. Rob closed the door at the foot of the stairs behind them, turned to lead the way along the passage; but she cried "Look!" and pointed to the door that closed the head of the stair down into the shed. The door, he perceived, was open.

"What?" he asked.

"It was closed when we went up!" she cried.

He remembered that this was true; he had laid his hand on the latch, been about to open it when she stopped him. It was certainly closed then.

"Someone's come upstairs," she whispered, white and shaking before him.

"Or gone down," he suggested. "Hearing us moving, they've gone down."

She slammed the door softly yet vehemently, and the latch clicked. He examined this latch. It was a primitive affair; one of those door fastenings actuated by the thumb as one grips the looped handle. Half of this fastening had been, he saw, filed away long ago; so that one on the shed side of the door could not lift the latch. It must be opened from this side. He pointed this fact out to Dora, insisting that whoever had used the door had gone down to the shed

"Or perhaps I slipped the latch accidentally," he suggested, with no belief in this possibility, yet willing to reassure her. "I touched it; I might have just loosened it a bit. So ——"

He tried to do this again, but the thumb latch was stuck, required a distinct pressure. They were both sure it was impossible that he had opened the door—yet as a matter of fact he had done just this, the latch having been lightly caught at that time. The incident, having no real significance, nevertheless served to reawaken their alarm. They decided to look through the rooms on the second floor.

There were five rooms on this floor; two in the L and three in the main part of the house. Three of the rooms, disused, were full of a litter of old furniture, clothing, books, odds and ends stuck away here in a moment of haste. There was mold upon the walls; the air stunk of mold.

In one room Rob saw an old homemade crib with rockers on it, fashioned for some baby now grown to manhood or dead in his senility. He wondered; the little thing gave him an impression of the remote antiquity of the old millhouse, which he had not had before. Dora said the cradle had been Uncle Jude's, made by his father. "And Uncle Zone's too. He's younger, three or four years," she explained. "Just the two brothers of them. Their mother died."

He remembered the old garments spilling from that trunk in the attic. Those must have belonged to the mother; the hoop skirt. Probably Mrs. Pascal wore it proudly, sitting on the high seat of just such a cart as that in the barnyard now, when she and her husband drove out to Twin Falls. Rob had a momentary picture of Jude as a little boy, half smothered in the folds of that voluminous

skirt on the seat of the cart beside her. Her husband, no doubt, would have walked.

He wished he might have time to search among these relics of an ancient household. In the refuse, the rubbish, the broken and abandoned things thus put aside, you may read the biography of a family. The births, the marryings, the deaths; the prosperities and the lean years; the changing tastes, and the development of character. The musty rooms full of dust and cobwebs interested him as ancient volumes might have interested him. He was reluctant to go on.

But after a few minutes the task was done. There was no one hidden here.

"Come," he said cheerfully. "Back to bed now."

She shook her head. "We'll have to look downstairs," she replied.

And they both abruptly realized that they had known, all along, they must eventually look downstairs; had known that there, after all, any happening must center; had known there would be no more sleep for either of them that night.

To search the attic, the second floor, had been merely a pretense of courage, a pretended determination to get at the root of this intangible and tragic cloud which cloaked the old house in gloomy dread. They had but put off the hour each knew must come. Rob, accepting the inevitable now, did not even urge her to stay behind. The kitchen stair was just beside them; they went down, Rob ahead, the girl close behind. Rob opened the door at the stair foot. The lamp pushed back the darkness a little. Rob smelled kerosene.

They stepped onto the open floor, and the flame of the lamp now lighted much of the room. The two looked around. Elsewhere they had found nothing amiss, nothing unusual; all was as it should have been. But this was not true here. Behind the stove, between stove and wall and bulging out at both sides, hay was stuffed and piled. Beneath the sink, revealed by the fact that the doors which usually hid that recess were open, hay again. In a corner against two walls the fragrant stuff was heaped high. In the closet against the wall, hay. Rob, holding the lamp gingerly, went to look more closely. The woodwork and the walls about these hay piles had been drenched with kerosene.

This was real enough. He backed away, as though the stuff were dynamite. His thoughts, indistinct and uncertain before, were crisp and clear enough now. Arson; that was meant. Someone had planned to fire the house; still planned to do so. Perhaps, somewhere, hidden, there was a candle burning steadily down till its flame should find fresh fuel in the hay. He examined each of these piles expectantly; assured himself there was in none of them a living spark of fire. Everything was ready, but the match had not been struck.

Sure that there was no immediate peril he turned his thoughts another way. Had Zone indeed come back to do this malignant and purposeless thing? Dora had said she had heard the man's voice—or had dreamed she heard it. He shook his head. Incredible! Yet—would Jude set the old mill afire, burn it to ashes? Certainly not without warning to them. Rob had a sudden shudder of fear at thought of what might have been had these piles been ignited while they were asleep. He perceived that even their escape through the shed would have been cut off by the flames from the fuel piled behind the stove. In five minutes after a match should be touched here and there, the whole lower floor of the mill would be ablaze.

That Zone should have returned to do these things seemed incredible; that he should have returned to do them, made these preparations, and then stopped short at striking the match was impossible. If not Zone, then who? Some unknown enemy? Possibly. Jude would be able to tell him. Jude——

He had almost forgotten Dora; found her at his elbow now. In the face of this concrete threat she was calm and assured. Her eyes were on the door that led to Jude's room. His eyes followed hers; the door, blank and inscrutable, seemed to return their stare, leering at them horribly. What lay behind the door?

Dora crossed with firm step; she knocked upon this door. Rob at her shoulder. She knocked again, and called "Uncle Jude!" A listening pause. "Uncle Jude!"

No reply; no sound. The door jeered at them. "He sleeps so lightly," she said to Rob, her voice accepting the inevitable.

Rob tried the handle. The door was locked.

"We'll have to break it in," he said.

She nodded. "Yes, we've got to get in."

XIV

IT WAS easy enough to decide to break down this door, not half so easy to commit the contemplated action. The old mill was stoutly built; the door itself had been made by the hands of workers proud of their handicraft. Rob had read of burly men who burst open a door with a blow of their shoulders; he tried this, and he was no weakling. But the door did not yield. He braced his feet against the floor and pushed with his back and shoulders. As well have pushed against the wall. Already sweating with the ferocity of his exertions, he stopped and stepped back, considering.

"There's a bolt inside," said Dora. "An old iron bolt. Probably it's fast."

"No use to try to pick the lock, then," Rob muttered, half to himself.

He had never picked a lock, had no idea how to go about it; knew in a vague way that one bent a bit of wire and stuck it in the keyhole—rattled it around, perhaps, till the lock snapped open. He felt, smiling a little at the thought, that he ought to have these tricks at his fingers' ends if he were properly to play his part. His faint amusement cleared his thoughts, brought him nearer normal.

"We'll have to use the ax," he suggested.

"It's in the shed," said Dora.

They went that way together, to find it; came back with the weapon. Rob had had a vague notion that he might beat the door open; but the ax was double bitted. Nothing to beat with. He hesitated to chop and splinter the door.

"A sledge!" he suggested. "I wonder if there's one around." His eyes lighted. "Or a crowbar."

"There's a bar in the shed," Dora told him; and they went to look for it together.

They were both outwardly calm and courageous now; but neither cared to be far away from the other. The stillness of the night, the hush of approaching dawn, the trickle of running water, the damp and musty air, the threat that overhung them—seemed to combine to press them together. They found the bar, and came back into the kitchen with it, and Rob tried to insert it between door and jamb.

But the crevice was tight; he had to pound and jab to get even slight hold; and when he had secured a purchase he could get no leverage; lacked a fulcrum. Dora, a little wiser in the ways of crowbars, brought a billet of stovewood and held it under the shank of the bar. She waited for him to thrust.

But abruptly he laughed and took down the bar.

"You know," he said amiably, "we're excited. A little up in the air."

"Why?"

"We should have thought of the windows, first off."

She nodded. "Yes. Of course. I'm sorry."

"Why, Lord, it was up to me."

"Hurry!" she begged.

And he remembered that there might be need of haste.

They went to the door that led into the barnyard, threw the door open. Neither of them had any longer any fear of lurking enemies; each seemed to feel that whatever impended, or whatever had come to pass, now centered in Judah Pascal's room. So they threw open the door with no thought of attack from without; and stood in the open doorway, Dora holding the lamp, while they perceived that it was raining again, a steady and persistent downpour.

Rob bade her wait there. She wished to keep at his side; but he said, "If you come out the rain will break the lamp chimney and we'll be in the dark. I can see pretty well if you hold the lamp there."

So she assented. He moved along the wall of the house, seeking what slight shelter the eaves afforded, till he came to the window of Jude's room. The window was, as he had expected, closed. He tried to push it up but failed. The lock was fast; perhaps the sash was stuck. He was suddenly impatient to have this waiting done; he thrust his elbow through one of the small panes of glass and gingerly removed the pieces and fumbled for the window latch. It was locked; he opened it, and the sash slid upward.

(Continued on Page 101)

Dora Had Not Moved; Seemed to Hold Vigil There Beside the Bed, Upon Her Knees

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1923

British Views on the War Debts

JUST as it is impossible to indict a nation, so it is difficult to formulate a statement that will give expression to the economic views of all classes of a people. A general proposition may be affirmed, the specific measures qualified. All the most responsible British business men are agreed that the national debts of their country must be redeemed. But on questions of ways and means differences of views arise. And on questions of ultimate results further differences of views appear. It will be of advantage to Americans to review the views of several representative classes in Great Britain.

Economists. In official positions, in schools, attached to the press, in counting rooms and on boards of trade, economists are agreed that Great Britain has a positive balance of payments on international account that exceeds the annual sum due to the United States. Probably this positive balance is over twice the sixty million pounds sterling annually due us. Great Britain is therefore in position to make new investments abroad, and has been doing so. If as and when she makes payment to the United States, she to that extent reduces her power of lending abroad. In the direct sense, she pays us instead of lending to other foreign countries. Since we are making extensive foreign investments, this means that she pays us instead of making foreign investments, and we make the foreign investments. We replace her as world creditor to the extent of the payments made to us. When the debt is paid the end result will be, by and large, that she will have loaned five billion dollars less to the outside world and we shall have loaned five billion dollars more. Payment to us means shifting the relations of the two world-creditor nations, supposedly to our advantage.

Taxpayers. The taxes in Great Britain are very heavy. They press hard on moderate incomes of the middle class, they lower the standard of living of the working class, they depress enterprise and check initiative. The payments to the United States come out of taxes. Great Britain is paying in gold and foreign bills, not in goods. This gold and the foreign bills must be bought in the open market by the government. To make these purchases the government must have sterling secured through taxation. Therefore the annual payments of some sixty million pounds come from the taxpayers. The classes paying the taxes are not always identical with the classes engaged in exporting capital for foreign investments. It was the hope of everyone in the United Kingdom that taxes might be reduced, a hope that loomed as large to the man in big business as to his workers. With payments to the United States definitely on the budget, hope of lower taxes fades into the distant years. Revival of industry and trade is generally believed to depend in part on reduction in taxes. Thus the payments to us are held to operate in the direction of stagnation of industry and unemployment of labor.

The bankers and investors. It is naturally a source of some irritation that payment to the United States operates to make us replace Great Britain as world creditor. Concern is expressed as to whether we shall exercise this function wisely and as to the result on the world of unwise foreign investments. England and Holland have always been the wisest foreign investors. Other countries took the risky investments declined by them. In the two decades before the war French investors lost large sums in foreign ventures that were declined by the British. Now, practically speaking, only the United States and Great Britain are in position to export capital. Are the British to take the best foreign investments and we the second best? That would correspond to our respective experiences in foreign investments. But in the present world capital may not be wasted so lightly as before the war. Many semideveloped countries have already borrowed almost to the capacities of their populations, of which Australia is an illustration. Foreign investments must be now made with a care not known before the war. We are now investing freely in the outside world. British opinion is to the effect that not all our recent investments have been sound; there may be heavy losses. If these losses should have the effect of producing a revulsion of feeling in the American investor and he should withdraw from foreign fields, that would produce a sudden stringency of capital in the outside world, with grave results for trade.

The manufacturer. At present Great Britain is paying in gold and foreign bills of exchange; she is not paying in goods. Payment in goods is what is desired by industry. In order to secure this, opinion in some circles is being formulated to the following effect: Of all the debtors of the United States, Great Britain alone is paying up. Ought not this to secure for her a position as favored nation, she asks, particularly as the war debtors of Great Britain are not paying her? This position as favored nation might take the form of a tariff preferential for goods from the United Kingdom. In other words, since Great Britain is paying and France is not paying, the goods from the former country should be let in at lower customs rates than goods from France. This would enable Great Britain to make payments from her productive resources and not from her taxpayers. It would represent little injury to France, since in large part the goods from the two countries are not competitive. It would be an aid to an ex-ally, as against German industry. Official representations to this effect are to be expected.

These views revolve about the central theme that since Great Britain is to pay her debts, these payments ought to be so arranged as to lay the least possible burden on her people, impose the least possible penalty on her investment classes and occasion the least possible disturbance of industry and trade in the outside world. To these viewpoints the American may be expected to give a general assent, with the addition that any arrangements suggested should impose the least possible disorganization of industry and trade in our country.

On Buttonholing Humanity

THE perennial plaint of the harebrained volunteers who want to boss the job of remaking a sorry world is that they are the victims of a vast conspiracy of silence. To buttonhole humanity and make it listen to an unwelcome message is perhaps as heartbreaking a task as falls to the lot of men. The great ones of history have nearly always found it so; and the lesser ones who encounter the same rebuffs and setbacks argue that they, too, must be great in proportion as they are misunderstood.

These little prophets never fail to remind us that Galileo was put in jail for preaching advanced conceptions of astronomy. Eli Whitney was thought to be a mad inventor until his cotton gin began its ginning. Alexander Graham Bell was a visionary schoolmaster until a group of Boston lawyers began to perceive the boundless possibilities of his first crude telephone. George Westinghouse was a plain nitwit for declaring that a moving train could be stopped by thin air.

Such are the familiar examples used by half-baked thinkers to prove that they, too, are uncrowned geniuses with an inspired message for humanity, and that if a heedless and cynical world slams its doors in their faces it does so at its own peril.

Their reasoning bears a striking resemblance to the prospectus of a get-rich-quick company. Our Wallingfords have had such wide experience in the production of this fascinating type of literature that, like the lawyers, they have come to adopt standard forms rather than go to the trouble of thinking out a new one for each fresh promotion. They show to the last dime what a man would be worth today if he had had the courage of his convictions thirty or forty or fifty years ago and put a thousand dollars into the Standard Oil Company, Calumet and Hecla, the Bell Telephone, the talking machine or the inventions of Mr. Mergenthaler. There is not a word, however, about the hundred and fifty million dollars that Americans lose every year in fraudulent or highly speculative ventures, nor any hint of the fate of those other slippery millions put into seemingly sound enterprises that are forced to the wall through no fault of their promoters. The dozen winners of a half century are played up; the thousands of losers are studiously ignored.

In the same one-sided fashion these theorists who range up and down the centuries picking and choosing their examples, and compare their own rebuffs with those of the great men of history, such as Socrates, Roger Bacon, Mohammed, Galileo, Columbus and Newton, are silent as to the countless schemers, inventors, paranoiacs, social revolutionists and pseudo-scientists who have lived in squalor and died in obscurity, not because a jealous world ignored genius but because no spark of the divine fire had ever touched them.

It is possible that a great idea may sometimes be stillborn, but experience shows that the chances are very much against it. During the war so many ardent patriots submitted to the Navy Department plans for the destruction of enemy submarines that it was necessary to establish a board of experts to consider them. One member of the board attempted to work out the ratio of well-considered suggestions to those that were palpably absurd. We have not the report before us, but our recollection is that only one proposal in two thousand was thought worthy of discussion by the full board. This does not mean that one plan in every two thousand was really practicable and worth a thorough trial, but merely that this proportion contained no vital flaw immediately apparent to a naval technician.

Combing the centuries for greatness we find that brainstuff of the highest potency is the rarest thing in all nature; and yet men who are convinced that they possess an extraordinary share of it are not in the least rare. Along every street walk young men and old who, though they cannot hold a steady job or keep their families in modest comfort, are nevertheless certain that if they were given a chance to try out their theories they could abolish poverty, put an end to social injustice, reconcile labor and capital, make wars as extinct as the dodo, and inaugurate a golden age of universal contentment that would make heaven an anticlimax. And at that, they are not quite bereft of their senses, for if they found an amateur surgeon importuning them to allow him to perform a major operation on them for the purpose of testing some theory of life or death, they would summon the police without a moment's hesitation. And yet they, who demand the nation or the world for a patient, to cut and carve and reassemble as they like, think it very hard that society should prefer to muddle on without their assistance.

Truth may for a time live unheeded, but it is never annihilated. Ideas die, but they are never killed; and genius of the first class is, on the whole, probably as rare today as it was two or three thousand years ago.

A Nation Under Receivership

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

AUSTRIA lies distant from the United States. The problems of the little country do not loom large in contrast with ours. But the present situation has a political and economic meaning to every country. We witness a sovereign state passing into receivership. The League of Nations assumes a function never before exercised. The procedure is sure to be urged as the model for treatment of other countries. Exactly what is the situation in Austria? What is the proposal of the League of Nations?

Competent students of Austria are agreed that unless her balance of international payments can be merged with that of another country she can attain independent existence only by following the example of Switzerland. The present Austria joined to the present Hungary would form a country self-sufficient in foodstuffs. The present Austria joined to the present Germany would form a country whose economic problem would not be greatly different from the problem of Germany. Economically considered, union of Austria and Hungary would seem preferable to union with Germany. Since each of these is politically impossible there remains for Austria no prospective future except to follow the model of Switzerland.

Economic Upheavals

SWITZERLAND and Austria are very similar. Their agricultural resources are low in relation to their population. Each must import more than one-half its requirements. Large importations of raw material are necessary for both. Switzerland has no coal, Austria has only poor lignite. Austria possesses deposits of metals, iron and magnesite that give her a definite superiority. Both possess water power sufficient, when once fully developed, to make them partly independent of coal. Each country must import raw materials and reëxport finished products, enabling their industrial capacities to render service to foreign markets. Both possess marked attractions for foreign tourists, though the charms of Switzerland have been developed more than those of Austria. Both countries stand in the line of direction of international transportation. Austria stands at the gateway of a large hinterland, which Switzerland does not possess. If Austria is to follow the example of Switzerland she must become able to balance her international payments through invisible resources, consisting of tourist moneys, foreign investments and services rendered to foreigners. Switzerland possesses such foreign investments. Austria is practically devoid of them. The division of the previous Austro-Hungarian monarchy into Succession States was not the work of the treaty of peace; it was the result of defeat. The Treaty of Saint-Germain merely fixed the boundaries. But the treaty did have the effect of depriving citizens of the present Austria of investments in the Succession States.

Exactly this is what the present Austria did before the war. Austrians held investments in the countries that are now Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, as well as farther afield. Standing at the gateway of Danubian commerce, Austrians rendered services in trade, manufacture, shipping, banking and insurance to millions who are now citizens of Russia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. In addition, Austrians constituted the bureaucracy of the government of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When defeat resulted in the parcellation of the empire with the formation of Succession States, this broke the chain of services upon which the people living in the present Austria were largely dependent. In accordance with the natural national aspirations of the new Succession States, Czechs now desire to do for Czecho-Slovakia, Poles for Poland, Hungarians for Hungary, Rumanians for Rumania and Jugo Slavs for the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes the various services previously done by Austrians. Each of these states now develops its own bureaucracy, leaving in Vienna, with little to do, the class that previously carried out this service. Vienna and her bureaucratic class are excessive for the size of the present state. Austria is a political hydrocephalus.

Under these circumstances Austria has been an insolvent state since the Armistice. She must continue to be an insolvent state until she can develop economic self-sufficiency, according to the model of Switzerland. This takes time, and the difficulties have been greatly increased by the business cycle through which the world has passed. During this interim Austria has subsisted in part on external means of payment for commodities essential to the life of her population. During the last four years Austria has borrowed some £33,000,000. This money, plus a large but indeterminate amount derived from the sale of the valuables of the middle class, was required to balance the international payments of the country during the past three years. This sum has not been employed as a fund for the reconstruction of the insolvent state. It has been used for patching. It has been expended for imported foodstuffs, raw materials, nonessentials for the luxury class that exists in every country, state subsidies, doles for the unemployed, subsidy of government institutions to cover deficits and for the support of the exchange rate. The borrowed moneys may not have been specifically appropriated to these ends, but in these directions the loans have been in fact expended.

The inevitable disability under which Austria has suffered since the Armistice has been greatly magnified by the policies of her government. A considerable part of her present insolvency has been the result of her own acts. Socialistic legislation has had the effect of reducing the productivity of the working classes and increasing the labor cost of output of all commodities. Government operation of services, like railways, has resulted in huge deficits, the effect of padded pay rolls and inefficient operation.

Penalties of Inflation

DESPITE the borrowing of £33,000,000 the fiscal condition of Austria has steadily declined during the past four years, with occasional fluctuations in the direction of improvement. This continuous deterioration has found expression in the fall of the value of the Austrian crown on the foreign market. During recent months the government has controlled operations in the purchase, sale and employment of foreign exchange. This has had the effect of holding the quoted value of the Austrian crown in the neighborhood of 72 600 to the dollar. State control has been greatly aided by the fact that Austrian-exchange speculators have transferred their operations to Berlin. The control has been accompanied by unmistakable injury to manufacture and trade. In the meantime the fires of inflation have been stoked by the emission of billions of crowns per day. If control of foreign exchange were relinquished and the Austrian crown should face the competition of free trade, its value would fall to 150,000 to the dollar. At such a point the purchasing power of the crown for foodstuffs and raw materials in the outside world becomes almost nil. Were such a point reached, the internal purchasing power would fall rapidly and Austria would follow the example of Russia.

The Museum and Monument of Maria Theresa in Vienna

(Continued on Page 112)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Power of the Press

Being a Digest of Several Editorials and a Subsequent Headline

THE tariff bill is awful! (Detroit Glucose.)
The tariff bill won't do! (Portland Proboscis.)
The tariff bill—a bitter pill! (Kansas City Kettledrum.)
It's rotten through and through! (Manufacturers' and Importers' Bleat.)
The schedules are unlawful. (Hohokus Hellroar.)
The bill's a piece of junk. (Great Falls Dependent.)
The rates on fish evoke a "Pish!"
We never saw such bunk!
(Paducah Stump Puller.)

To frame such legislation
Is economic crime!
It's bad! It's sad! It's simply mad!
(The Slightly Shopworn Republic.)
The tariff bill's a lime!
(Cheyenne Chaparrejo.)
This bill spells ruination.
(Hollywood Film Flam.)
The present bill is raw!
(Svenska Schuetzenfest.)
No bill so crass can ever pass.
(Troy Hand Laundrymen's Sadiron.)

. . . . . .

Signed; Tariff Bill Now Law.
(Headline—all papers.)
—Baron Ireland

Russian Love Story

VLADIMIR PETROFF TUNAVICH had been a widower for over a year. True, his married life had been miserable. But the funeral had cost him his last bundle of rubles. So for thirteen months he had been starving. Often he sat, lost in thought, upon the headstone in the Petrograd cemetery.

If he were to marry Maria Pavlovna Wolodja, now, she would pay for his violin lessons. He gazed somberly up at the ash gray moon and whistled the opening discords of his unwritten masterpiece—the Sour Milk Sonata, from Moscow.

He stopped, to pluck the tangled icicles from his beard. "Ha, ha, ha, that's a hot one!" he muttered. Then he groaned. His feet were frozen.

Silently the white wolves gathered behind his shivering form. He did not see them, for he had broken his glasses the day before. Absent-mindedly he fingered a frost-bitten ear—it had broken off this morning, being no longer supported by the spectacles. But he had kept it, as a souvenir. If this ear, now, were a silver dish, and his thumb a pewter spoon, he could be mixing a vodka cocktail. Mentally he drank.

Clad in his long-desired full-dress suit, he was bowing to an enraptured audience at the Kremlin opera house. To be explicit, he was bowing the trembling strings of his priceless Stradivariusky. For this moment he had lived, and now —— He winked confidently toward the stage box where sat Maria Pavlovna Wolodja in shining satins and diamonds. Then with the sure touch of the master he began the prelude.

A chromatic shower of violets—the motif of the hunter's bugle—the approaching thunderstorm. Quicker and quicker flashed his bow across the tortured strings. Now the ride of the White Hussars across the versts, through the rending barbed wire. The G string, even, snapped.

The wail of the vanquished ——

Vladimir woke with a start. But the death scream continued. Suddenly he realized the truth. It was he, Petroff, who was shrieking in mortal agony! He, Tunavich, was being devoured by the implacable white wolves! Already they had eaten all but his head.

One last cry, echoed by the demoniac laughter of the frenzied animals. The wolves had choked on Vladimir's gold teeth. Soon they, too, were dead.

And the ash gray moon shone down on the headstone of Andrea Medviednova, avenged at last. *—Riq.*

Ballade of Understandable Ambitions

FAME and honor and high degree,
Jeweled scepter and throne-room plot—
Yellow primroses, they, to me;
Milder longings are mine, God wot.

Smooth and simple I'd have my lot;
I'd depart on another tack.
At my aim give me just one shot—
All I want is a lot of jack

Fond communion with field and tree,
Bread and cheese in an ivied cot;
Sweet and clean though the thought may be,
I subscribe to it ne'er a jot.
Other yearnings my heart make hot,

BUREAU OF BLOCS
DEPT OF TOOTHPICKS AND HAIR TONICS
BUREAU TO WORK FOR LABOR LEGISLATION
BUREAU TO WORK FOR CAPITALISTIC LEGISLATION
SOCIETY FOR THE REGULATION OF EVERY LITTLE THING
BUREAU OF LEGISLATIVE FADS
U. S. PUBLIC MANICURE SERVICE
DEPORTMENT OFFICE
CITIZEN

The New Washington—A Surprise for the Little Fellow

Other cravings my spirit rack,
In my dreams to my goal I trot—
All I want is a lot of jack.

On the pages of history
Ne'er my name shall I sign and blot;
I'll go down to posterity
Neither scholar nor patriot.
Cloaks of Shelley and Keats and Scott
Ne'er will fall on my humble back;
Immortality ask I not—
All I want is a lot of jack.

L'Envoi

Prince, or Rover, or Rex, or Spot,
Ere I die let me take a crack
At the wish which I've never got—
All I want is a lot of jack.

—Dorothy Parker.

The Scandalous Tale of Percival and Genevieve

PERCIVAL Wilberforce Henderson Crane
Was married and dwelt up in Bethlehem, Maine.
He attended the church, and was fond of his wife,
And he lived a respectable virtuous life.
Now Genevieve Marguerite Valois Valence
Resided at Rouen, a city in France.
Her husband she loved in a manner insane,
For she never had heard about Percival Crane.
Each morning when Percival left for the day
He would kiss his wife fondly, then start on his way,
And at no other woman would Percival glance,
For he never had heard about Madame Valence.
Now Percival dreamed that through France he'd tour
With his wife and his kids; but, alas, he was poor,
For his salary was small; so poor Percival Crane
Was obliged to stay home up in Bethlehem, Maine;
While Genevieve dreamed of a trip to the States,
But, alas, all her plans were upset by the Fates.
For her husband was poor; so she hadn't a chance
To travel from Rouen, a city in France.
So Percival still goes his virtuous way -
To church every Sunday, to business each day.
And at no other woman will Percival glance,
For he's never met Genevieve Valois Valence.
While Genevieve still leads a virtuous life.
Her husband she loves like a dutiful wife.
And no doubt she'll continue that way to remain,
For she's never met Percival Wilberforce Crane. *—Newman Levy.*

New Yorkers

Miss Ella and Mr. Leo

ANYONE coming in contact with Miss Ella and Mr. Leo would instantly realize how erroneous is the idea that New Yorkers care only for money. Miss Ella and Mr. Leo, both of whom are typical New Yorkers—Miss Ella was born in Cork and Mr. Leo in Poland—live solely to serve beauty as expressed in clothes for women, and money is absolutely no object to them.

You may meet them any day by going to Mr. Leo's shop—Ducie et Cie, Inc.—on Fifth Avenue. Miss Ella, stately in black and pearls, absolutely *à la mode* as to figure and coiffure, will greet you. You mustn't mind if she seems a trifle distant—it's just her way.

"What would moddom like to see? Gowns? Wraps?" she asks, in the kindly tone of one addressing a backward child. She has one of those highly cultivated voices. Several models are brought out. You select one, and ask the price. Miss Ella abstractedly reads the cabalistic markings on the price tag. "Um—four hundred and fifty dollars," she says casually. You can see that money is less than nothing to her.

"Well—er—what would it be without the fur?" you ask timidly.

Miss Ella stares blankly—apparently it is beyond her to imagine the model without fur. She summons Mr. Leo. Mr. Leo impresses you as one of the sweetest, most womanly men you have ever met—not a bit aggressive and New Yorky!

"Moddom," explains Miss Ella aggrievedly, "wants to know how much it'll be without the fur."

Mr. Leo looks like a father who has just seen his first-born slain before his eyes.

"Without the fur!" he repeats in horror.

He lisps slightly.

"Does madame realize that the line would be ruined? Absolutely ruined!"

"That's just what I told moddom!" exclaims Miss Ella triumphantly. Before these two idealists you feel a crass barbarian to insist on a definite answer.

"Without the fur," murmurs Mr. Leo sadly, after ten minutes of mental anguish and arithmetic, "I will give it to madame for—let me see—four hundred and forty dollars."

Miss Ella sighs heavily with disappointment—not for Mr. Leo's generosity, but for the desecration of beauty, of line. You can hardly bear it.

"Maybe—maybe there's something else?" you suggest weakly.

"Has madame seen that little frock we are just sending Mrs. Astorbilt?" asks Mr. Leo wearily. "Though the line is not as good, I would rather see that on madame than this without the fur, wouldn't you, Miss Ella?"

(Continued on Page 106)

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

I couldn't count my duty done
With twenty kinds. Oh, no sir!
I'll carry all the twenty-one
As long as I'm your grocer.

Which of the 21 kinds will you have today?

Make it a point to order a selection of the different Campbell's Soups. You'll find it a welcome help in planning your meals every day and getting "the something-different" touch which makes your table so much more attractive. No doubt you already have your Campbell's "favorites" which you serve regularly. But try the others too. You'll make some delightful discoveries.

Have a different soup every day

for the next three weeks and see how much everybody enjoys it. Campbell's offer you the most delicately flavored of clear soups, rich and hearty thick soups, substantial and tasty meat soups, and vegetable soups of delicious quality. No other food you can serve gives such wide variety and none is more healthful. Which kinds will you order today?

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Check the Campbell's Soups you want and order from your grocer

- ☐ Asparagus
- ☐ Bean
- ☐ Beef
- ☐ Bouillon
- ☐ Celery
- ☐ Chicken
- ☐ Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
- ☐ Consommé
- ☐ Julienne
- ☐ Mock Turtle
- ☐ Mulligatawny
- ☐ Mutton
- ☐ Ox Tail
- ☐ Pea
- ☐ Pepper Pot
- ☐ Printanier
- ☐ Tomato
- ☐ Tomato-Okra
- ☐ Vegetable
- ☐ Vegetable-Beef
- ☐ Vermicelli-Tomato

We can supply your grocer with any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Little Father of the Consuls

THE American consul in foreign parts—thanks to the comparatively recent innovation of picking a consul for his brains and his fitness to be a consul—is almost invariably a highly intelligent, capable, efficient and likable citizen.

Since the beginning of 1919, however, Europe has been heavily overrun with large numbers of American bores, special investigators, interested observers and friends of notables, all of whom have developed the knack of getting letters of introduction to American consuls from Presidents, cabinet officers, chairmen of Foreign Relations Committees, prominent editors, distinguished manufacturers and various other influential persons, all of whom ought to know better. These bores and special investigators and friends of notables, by reason of their letters of introduction, consider themselves entitled to walk right in on any American consul between London, England, and Zágráb, Jugo-Slavia, and demand cards of admission to the Chamber of Deputies, information as to where ship models may be purchased, satisfaction from the German Government because the customs officers were impolite, a free meal, a drink, the personal intervention of the consul to secure a lower berth or cheaper steamship transportation for the applicant, the use of an interpreter for two days to assist the applicant's wife to purchase a string of imitation pearls, or assistance in getting another American out of jail.

Owing to the fact that a consul's day is only twenty-four hours long, and to the unfortunate circumstance that he occupies the post of consul in order to do a consul's work, American consuls in Europe have grown somewhat calloused to the names that appear on these letters of introduction. Any American tourist who has been mortally offended by being kept waiting for seven minutes by an American consul, and who thinks to cause the walls of the consulate to sway and shudder by mentioning the name of the Secretary of State, may think on, for the name will evoke never a tremble. The name of the President of the United States, in similar circumstances, is received with respectful calm—but with calm, none the less.

Conference in Washington of Consuls General at Large, August, 1922. Wilbur J. Carr and Secretary of State Hughes Stand in the Center of the Group

A Specialist in Keeping Calm

THE names of senators and cabinet members and prominent bankers and world-famous brewers are heard politely but with an entire absence of nervous excitement on the consul's part. Presidents pass, senators are unconcernedly tossed overboard by judicious or injudicious voters, Secretaries of State resign, cabinet members are edged out into the cold. They are here today and gone tomorrow, and the consul refuses to be stampeded into neglecting his job for any of them. Names that would thrill almost anyone else in the world leave the consul cold and hard-boiled.

There is an exception to every rule, of course; and there is one notable exception to this rule concerning names and consuls. There is one name which affects every consul general and every consul and every vice consul in a very different manner. The merest mention of this name causes a warm light to glow in every consular eye. It is probable that if a person were to stick his head in the door of any European consulate and enunciate it in a clear, loud voice, every other door in the consulate would automatically fly open and the great seal in the upper-right-hand drawer of the consul's desk would start stamping violently and enthusiastically. There is reason to believe that if a traveler were to burst in on a consul with a letter signed with this potent name, requesting the consul to do everything in his power for the traveler, the consul would gladly have the Great Clock Tower pulled apart so that the traveler might see what made it tick, or stop the king on the street and request him to inscribe a pleasing sentiment in the traveler's autograph book.

The name is Wilbur J. Carr, and Wilbur J. Carr is the director of the consular service of the United States of America, with an office in the State Department, where he sits pleasantly and calmly amid large masses, heaps, mounds and stacks of reports, complaints, expense accounts, requests, recommendations and private correspondence from every American consul in the world.

Whatever occurs, Wilbur J. Carr keeps calm. He is calm early in the morning when he goes to work, and he is calm late at night when the stacks and mountains of reports and what not are crowding his desk to such an extent that he scarcely has room to get both hands on it at the same time. He looks large and calm, and he has a large, calm, benignant smile, and he also has one of the largest and calmest memories in existence. It is so large and calm that everything he has ever heard or read is floating on it in plain sight at all times; and he could tell you at a moment's notice—if he were garrulous, which he isn't—where each member of the consular service is located, and how he likes it, and why he doesn't like it, and where he would prefer to be, and how he gets along on his salary, and what will probably become of him in another five years, and various other important consular information. He is calm when things are going his way, and he is calm when there seems to be no ray of hope in sight; and it is due largely to the calmness and the retentive memory of Wilbur J. Carr that the interests of the United States are protected and furthered in Europe by capable and efficient consuls instead of by incompetent and useless political appointees.

Wilbur John Carr was born near Hillsboro, Ohio. Like so many young men in this country, he was headed toward the ministry by his parents; and also like so many young men, he successfully sidestepped the ministry, went to the Commercial College of Kentucky University, at Lexington, Kentucky, and polished off his early schooling by studying shorthand in Oswego, New York. Just as he had it so successfully polished that he could take down one hundred and fifty words a minute in copper-plate shorthand, the principal of the Peekskill Military Academy applied at the Oswego shorthand school for a private secretary; and the job automatically went to Wilbur J. Carr, the star student. Carr stayed in this position for two years; and among other things he assisted the principal in the writing of the first commercial geography ever written in this country—an experience which has been very helpful to him in discussing with consuls their proposed travels and expense accounts, let us say, between Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, and Tuttifrutti, Rumania.

At the end of a couple of years of secretarying, some of his friends developed the theory that it would be a good idea for him to study law. The friends had some great ideas on the subject. In their spare moments, with which they were well supplied, they assured Carr that the best way for an enterprising young man to study law was to take the civil-service examination and get a job in Washington. This would permit him to work all day, and when he had finished his government work he could go to law school in the evening and attend classes or study until it was time for him to start working for the Government again on the following day.

A Corner in Midnight Oil

THIS scheme appealed to Carr as being perfectly reasonable, in spite of the fact that the friends who advised it would have screamed with rage if they had been asked to work after five o'clock at night.

So he took the civil-service examination and passed it, and was given a clerkship in the State Department. He found neither movies nor friends in Washington to take his mind from work; so he also enrolled in Georgetown Law School

After finishing his work at the State Department, he would snatch a bite of dinner and hurry to his law classes; and when they were over at half past nine he would settle down to studying for four or five hours. It was then that Carr made a discovery which has been made by several other useful citizens, but not by many other people, to wit: That the hours between midnight and three o'clock in the morning are the best hours in which to concentrate, because of the lack of outside disturbance.

He took his LL.B. in two years; and a few years later, by playing the same system, he took his master's degree in international law at George Washington University under such masters as John W. Foster, David Jayne Hill and Justice Harlan. In 1901 he was admitted to the bar; but he never practiced law, because he had immersed himself to the shoulders in the affairs of the Department of State, and nothing short of a volcanic eruption could have forced him out.

He was a handy man in various places. He did stenography for Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the present big wind

(Continued on Page 62)

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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They accord it a degree of allegiance and favor which is unequalled in fine automobile history.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

JUDITH TRANSFORMED

He Had Shut the Door Behind Them Both and Had Dropped on His Knees Before Her

By Cornelia Stratton Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

NOTHING succeeds like success, which is why a woman's first lover is so rarely her last. And that was the story of Mrs. Judson, Judith Judson, in a nutshell. First, she was Judith Ormond, of Buffalo. That was how and where she was born, along toward the first of the seven Ormonds. Poor Judith, she got on your nerves; too quiet for this world. The other Ormonds were lively enough. Two of the older girls were married; the older brother had a job in England, goodness knows what. As for Judith, she had never possessed a single solitary beau. Not one. Nor was it a case where anybody shook her head and said, "I don't understand why the men aren't just wild over Judith Ormond!" It was taken for granted by everyone that no man would ever look twice at Judith. It was most decidedly taken for granted by Judith.

So Judith taught school, and continued to teach school. What she thought about between the times she got into bed nights and when she fell asleep nobody knows. Nor what she dreamed about. After Amy Whiting died Judith had no confidante.

But I'm thinking it was plain to the most casual follower of Judith's destiny that she was not having what anyone, including Judith, would consider the time of her life; which was too bad. It is much nicer to have the time of your life than forever just to teach school and never, never, never have a lover.

When Judith was thirty-five, and well beyond all hope in her own eyes or those of anyone else—not that thirty-five is necessarily the dead line, of course, only it was far past the dead line, you would think if you had known her, for Judith—when she was thirty-five, then, her brother came into luck. That was the one in England; some sort of an engineer he was, for some big English company. He decided to see the world, other than malaria-infested swamps and South African mines and tropical jungles and such like. He was for being a tourist; viewing madonnas and cathedrals and buying a mosaic pin for somebody in Italy and drinking beer in Munich. That man was a Christian: he sent for Judith. The first thing you knew, there she was at Liverpool, the trailing objections of her family to the trip all forgotten, and as near to the exploding point with excitement as Judith ever could get. Of course she looked the way any school-teacher of thirty-five looks who never, never, never has had a lover. But then, her brother wanted a restful time of it.

Whether it was a Russian coat he bought her in Munich—her old limp tan one was stolen—or whether it was the Italian atmosphere, or whether heaven just looked down on Judith and decided there must be a little spice in her life or the gods would lose their minds from boredom—at any rate, it happened in Genoa, back at that conference they had sometime around 1920 or '22. In Milan, Judith's brother got a telegram that he must return at once to England. Judith received a cablegram that she was needed at once in Buffalo. That is the sort of family some people have. Just because Judith was the kind who never, never, never had a lover they thought they could make any use of her they liked at any and all times. So the brother went back to England, pretty well fed up, anyhow, on madonnas and cathedrals and Munich beer. That is, he was stout in avowing he had had enough madonnas and cathedrals. Whether he bought a mosaic pin or not I don't know. He could have in Milan. And Judith took an 8:15 A. M. train for Genoa, wearing the coat with the Russian embroidery, harboring withal a rebellious resolution to see something of the conference, that Genoa Conference, if she possibly could, before sailing.

If enough thousand reporters and secretaries and delegates and ministers and tourists come to a city all at once, they are able to fill it up. Judith had engaged no room in advance and Judith could speak no Italian. She began on fairly good-looking hotels around the station. Nothing to be had. Then she started down the Via Balbi.

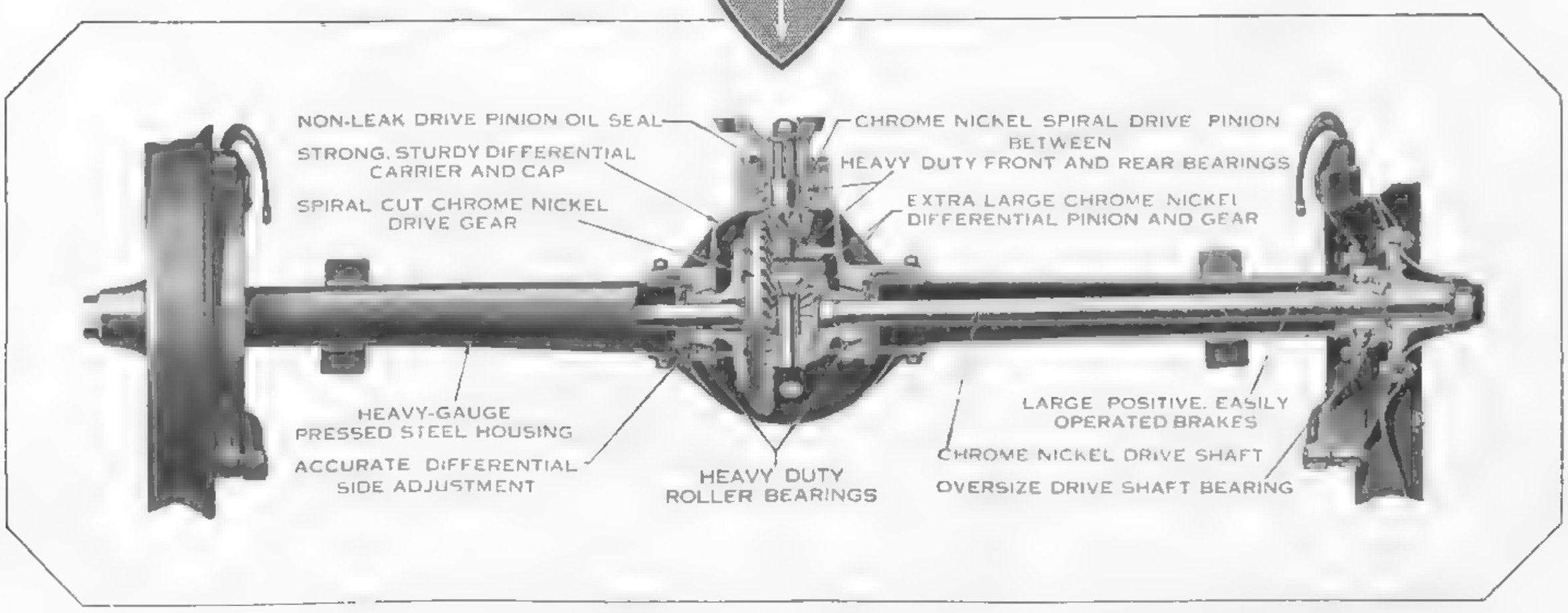
I won't tell you the name of the hotel she finally found, because I don't know it. Judith described it to me, but by that time she was already Mrs. Judson and not the Judith Ormond of her loverless school-teaching days, and perhaps she was overtemperamental and exaggerating. Discounting a good half, it looked the kind of place where you expected momentarily to be knifed in the back. Judith suspected the porter, the waiter; even the proprietor himself did not have the looks of a law-abiding citizen. She was glad her trunk was headed safely toward the steamer.

First, there was lunch to eat. The waiter could talk no English. Judith closed her eyes, pointed to something on the bill of fare, and said "That." It turned out to be fried squid and looked like little octopuses and made her feel sick to think of getting them down.

She took one glance at the waiter, however, and decided death from squid was preferable to having one's throat cut, which she was sure the waiter looked as if he would do if she managed to make him understand that she did not like his wares.

I started to say, you remember, that it may have been the coat with Russian embroidery, or the Italian atmosphere, or gods bored overlong with Judith's loverless condition. Once I asked Judith bluntly what she thought was

(Continued on Page 30)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Tremendously improved—as a whole, and in each vital unit—by the new and powerful organization. Made pre-eminent in performance as well as in beauty.

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The axle shafts are of chrome nickel steel, and are accurately ground.

By reason of reducing unsprung weight, this axle improves riding qualities through improving spring action and absorbing more of the road shock. It also lengthens tire life.

Large brake drums and simple, sturdy mechanism make brake action positive, and less susceptible to the need of adjustment.

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Prices F. O. B. Detroit. Revenue Tax to be added: Touring, $885; Roadster, $885; Club Coupe, $985; Sedan, $1335; Four Passenger Coupe, $1235

The Good

MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 28

responsible for that first lover of hers, who so changed the tenor of all her ways. And Judith answered squid.

"Yes," mused Judith that afternoon we were reviewing her past, "it must have been squid."

"How, why in the world squid?"

"Because," mused on Judith, "he said it was the expression in my eyes. An American would have looked in the plate, seen the squid, and understood. Being a Spaniard he ate squid with relish, I suppose, and never dreamed of connecting my distress with those squirmy-looking tail-like legs curling up in all directions. He just saw my eyes, and according to his one speech of flowery English, it called out all his manhood."

To carry it on to its logical end—only to think, one can safely affirm then that what won Judith the catch of Coldwell County was squid! Harvey Judson—squid. But isn't it so? Judith Ormond would undoubtedly have remained Judith Ormond all her days had her finger not pointed that warm April noon hour to that particular article of diet on the bill of fare. We use them to catch rock cod with in California. They're good for that, unless fishing out on a small rowboat on the ocean you are prone to seasickness, and then the looks and smell of squid rush matters along. It is bad enough to have to mix squid and lovers without bringing in rock cod.

Judith was so agonized over trying to gulp down what she had all unsuspectingly ordered that she did not so much as realize there was another human being in the dark smelly little dining room. Matters could not have progressed any the more speedily had she winked one eye at the man and chucked him under the chin.

She was too timid to attempt anything else to eat: snakes, snails, goodness knows what, might have been the result. She prepared to depart, wishing only to settle her account and be off. The waiter insisted on something, and it did not seem to be money. The stranger—he who was already, so he afterwards declared, Judith's first lover, though of course he had no idea whether he was first or tenth, yet if he were used to ladies, and somehow you always think of Spaniards as being very used to ladies, he must have realized he was nearer the first than the tenth—came to Judith's rescue. He could talk a bit of English. The waiter merely wished to know the number of her room so that he could charge the squid correctly. Judith thanked her rescuer. He beheld the distressed look leave her eyes.

What more needs any lover to feel he has not been born in vain, from Sir Lancelot to Señor—Señor—what was the man's name—Señor Bartello?

As though the gods had started with the idea of favoring his suit, he played his trump card at the start. He asked Judith if she would like to see something of the conference. Had he instead blurted out, "Darling, I loved you from the time I first saw you eating squid. Will you do me the divine honor to go for a walk?" Judith of course would have swooned or rushed for the office of the tourist agency to call for help or telegraphed her brother. And matters would have progressed no farther. To turn Judith Ormond ever into Judith Judson needed a wild, upsetting thorough-to-the-core love affair; the kind to make you shake for at least a whole day afterwards. Judith's entire system needed a jolt. She got it.

Nor was she in the least reticent about the start. He had barely mentioned conference when it was almost a case of Judith's saying, "Here's your hat, let's run!"

"You never suspected a thing?" I asked Judith.

"Good Lord," exclaimed Judith—she never said a thing like "Good Lord" before she was thirty-five, I can assure you—"you might as well ask me if I didn't suspect Lloyd George called the conference in Genoa because he guessed I might be passing through the city."

So then, down the Via Balbi they started. It was a bit after one o'clock, and hot, and Italians were asleep on church steps and street corners. How could anyone sleep when such an exciting affair was going on! It fairly outraged Judith. All Italy should be standing at attention, watching Judith Ormond walk down the Via Balbi in Genoa with an unknown Spaniard, on her way to see something of that conference everyone was reading about all over the world, and which would surely settle every unsettled problem of troubled creation. And all Italy seemed asleep. What an unromantic universe!

What did one talk about with an unknown Spaniard? Judith cast about in her excited mind and ended in despair with that stand-by of our early youth: "What's your name?"

The unknown Spaniard was all apologies. Would the señorita pardon him for such rudeness! He had neglected to introduce himself. He was mortified almost to tears. He produced a calling card, large and robust looking, from a small and anæmic cardcase. He was Señor Francesco Bartello, editor of the something-or-other of Badajoz, Spain. He had sent himself to report the conference. Judith was right close up to the very throbbing center of the greatest event taking place in the world. An official reporter for her guide! That the town was leaking official reporters at all corners and doorways detracted not one whit from Judith's sensations of being near the great. Of course Lloyd George, Barthou—yes, of course, they were greater. But an official reporter! Reporters of any kind always had held a fascination for Judith; she felt they must know so much about life. She was sure that had she been a man she would have been a reporter, at least when she was young. A police reporter perhaps? No, that might mean you had to go to the morgue sometime, or see a man who actually had been shot, blood still on him. Ugh! No, just the kind of reporter who had to see much of—of life. Who would be sent to different places to get the inside of things. Like—well, like the Genoa Conference.

Judith fingered the card almost reverently. Spaniards—just to be with a Spaniard was really quite thrill enough. The "Señor" on the card was so foreign looking. The name of the city where he lived was so foreign looking. And on top of that, to have him connected with a newspaper! I asked Judith if it would not have been still more exciting if she had discovered instead that he was a bull fighter.

"No," Judith assured me, "that would have frightened me to death. It would have been too much out of the beaten path, too unconventional. This way, having him a newspaper man, seemed to steady the whole proceeding. I suppose the truth of it was I'd have been disappointed had he turned out to be too estimable—like a minister or a professor. It would take more than being a Spaniard to have evened up either of those callings. No," added Judith philosophically, "if a respectable woman starts off any place at all with an absolutely unknown man she wants to get her money's worth, wants to feel she's really having an Adventure with a capital A. Somehow—somehow one would feel—chagrined—to know one had trampled with both feet on the conventions instilled into the very blood by one's entire family, only to discover it was a minister or a professor."

I suggested that if either an unknown minister or professor got careless enough to start off with an unknown young lady it might indicate he had other quite human characteristics as well.

Judith affirmed no reputable woman would take the risk.

Imagine her making a remark like that before she was thirty-five!

So then, he introduced himself, and Judith introduced herself, and he asked her in picked English the proper questions about Buffalo—climate, population, amusements—as if Judith knew anything about the last! When he learned she was a school-teacher—Judith debated some moments with herself whether she was called upon, really, to make such an admission—he seemed to think none the less of her for it. They are like that in Europe. It is considered quite respectable—nay, admirable—to educate the young. Then she asked him the necessary questions about Badajoz, pronouncing her English at first as if he were deaf and reading her lips. Some people do that way with foreigners.

And then he said, "I love you very much."

By all rules, if a woman has been over thirty years in getting her first lover, it ought to take that first one pretty nearly another thirty years to get to the point of declaring himself. Then they should be engaged for another thirty years, married as each tips the ninetieth birthday, and accidentally totter off a cliff on the way home from the ceremony.

At least, a woman who has never heard anyone on earth except school children say "I love you very much" is not prepared to hear it thirty minutes after meeting the first man who so avows. Judith stumbled right into the gutter she was attempting to cross, and when he caught her arm to rescue her he did not let go again.

A man was in love with Judith and was holding her arm. It couldn't be!

"What—what did you say?" faltered Judith, all flushed and upset. If he had been a bull fighter, here, of course, is where Judith would have run. But a newspaper man ——

"I love you very much," repeated Señor Bartello.

So she had heard aright.

"You're joking!" Judith began to feel that she ought to think he was.

She might just as well have stabbed him for the pained look which came into his eyes. He clasped his free hand over his heart, right on the street, drew a deep breath and raised his shoulders.

"My darling, how can you speak so!"

It was just as well that the population was asleep. Judith was not dead sure but that she ought to run anyhow, even if he was not a bull fighter. And yet—tomorrow she left for Buffalo, and once she landed in Buffalo she would wait another thirty-five years before she heard a man say "I love you very much." No, sir; she would stay on. Indeed, indeed, she hoped—she didn't care if he would —— What if he did—say "I love you very much" again? How high she could hold her head when she got back to Buffalo! She wondered vaguely if the fact that she had now experienced so much more of life would reflect itself in her teaching.

"At last," thought Judith, "I have what you'd call background!"

Señor Bartello squeezed Judith's arm ever so little and looked at her smilingly, rapturously. "More background!" felt Judith, enraptured herself. Not with Señor Bartello: just with life in general. She definitely decided she would be able to teach better.

They entered a story-book building with arched windows and dim stairways and quaint turnings.

"What's this?" asked Judith.

"The Palazzo Santo Giorgio, where the meetings of the conference are held—but mornings, not now."

Judith came down to earth with a mild thud. She had forgotten all about the conference. She felt a slight pain also that Señor Bartello had not forgotten. He pressed her arm going up the stairs and whispered "My darling!" That revived her spirits.

Had Judith experienced more lovers she might have pondered somewhat over the speed with which Señor Bartello got down to the love-making business. It really is not done that way as a rule. Judith had a vague notion that such haste was perhaps a bit out of the ordinary. So much the better. If she was to have but one romance in her life, the more out of the ordinary it was the more to her liking.

It couldn't be—oh, it couldn't be—that he was making fun of her? The thought made her feel sick all over. Just then he whispered "My darling" again, and Judith took heart.

She tried to feel all the thrill she expected to feel when she saw where Lloyd George sat during conference meetings, where Signor Facta sat, and all the others her brother and she had discussed. Great world personages. Yet try as she would, mostly she was consumed with the notion that Señor Bartello might not take her arm again when they got out. It was such a nice chummy feeling, having a man take your arm that way, as if he meant something by it. So much nicer than wandering about in the world entirely detached.

He did take her arm again. On the way to the next place he was to show her—she had completely lost interest as to what and where—they passed the old cathedral of San Lorenzo. Señor Bartello suggested they go in. Somehow a cathedral viewed with a man who held your arm very firmly and whispered "My darling" every so often had many points of advantage over a cathedral inspected in company with a brother who tore around ten feet ahead of you and kept calling "Come on, Ju, let's get out of here. It's just like the last one." This was quite the most beautiful cathedral Judith ever saw.

In front of a little side chapel where two old Italian women were praying by the railing, stood some benches. Señor Bartello and Judith sat down.

Again he said, "I love you very much."

He really did mean it, you know. Why a Spanish newspaperman would have fallen in love with Judith nobody can ever say. Squid is not enough of an explanation. Perhaps he had had his fill of falling in love with other kinds of women. Just at that moment he was not in love with anybody else. But in love he really was, impossible as it may seem.

All this time Judith had done next to nothing but smile. She had no idea what to say when a man announced "I love you very much." Had she said just what she felt she would have remarked, "Isn't that nice!" She was too flustered to say anything. She smiled till her face ached, if she had known it. But this time, on the cathedral bench, when Señor Bartello said "I love you very much," Judith fairly got carried away with the romance and the background of it, and she beamed on the man, "I'm glad you do!"

"Ah, my darling!" That seemed his only English endearment. "Then you must love me too!"

Now of course Judith had not meant that in the least, for she had no intention of falling in love with an unknown Spanish newspaperman. But before she could correct him he caught her free hand in his free hand and said, "Will you marry me?"

Perhaps Señor Bartello himself really had not meant to go that far. After all, there is quite a bit of ground to cover sometimes between an avowal of "I love you very much" and the question "Will you marry me?"

Anyway, having said it he looked as if it was what he meant to say. Judith was speechless.

It was one thing to have a romance, which meant a man in love with you. Judith at thirty-five was in a state where she would have been quite grateful, and content to let it stop at that. But to be possessed of a proposal—that was almost too much background! She was afraid it actually might affect her teaching adversely.

"Oh," was all Judith could say.

"My darling! Then you will!" And he kissed both her hands.

"Oh, please, no, I didn't mean that!" Judith was confused to the point of palpitation.

"My darling—you are not already married?"

It was a tactful question. Judith was so pleased she blushed. He could easily have assumed that he was rescuing her from eternal spinsterhood and if she did not take him she would never get another.

"Oh, no, not that!"

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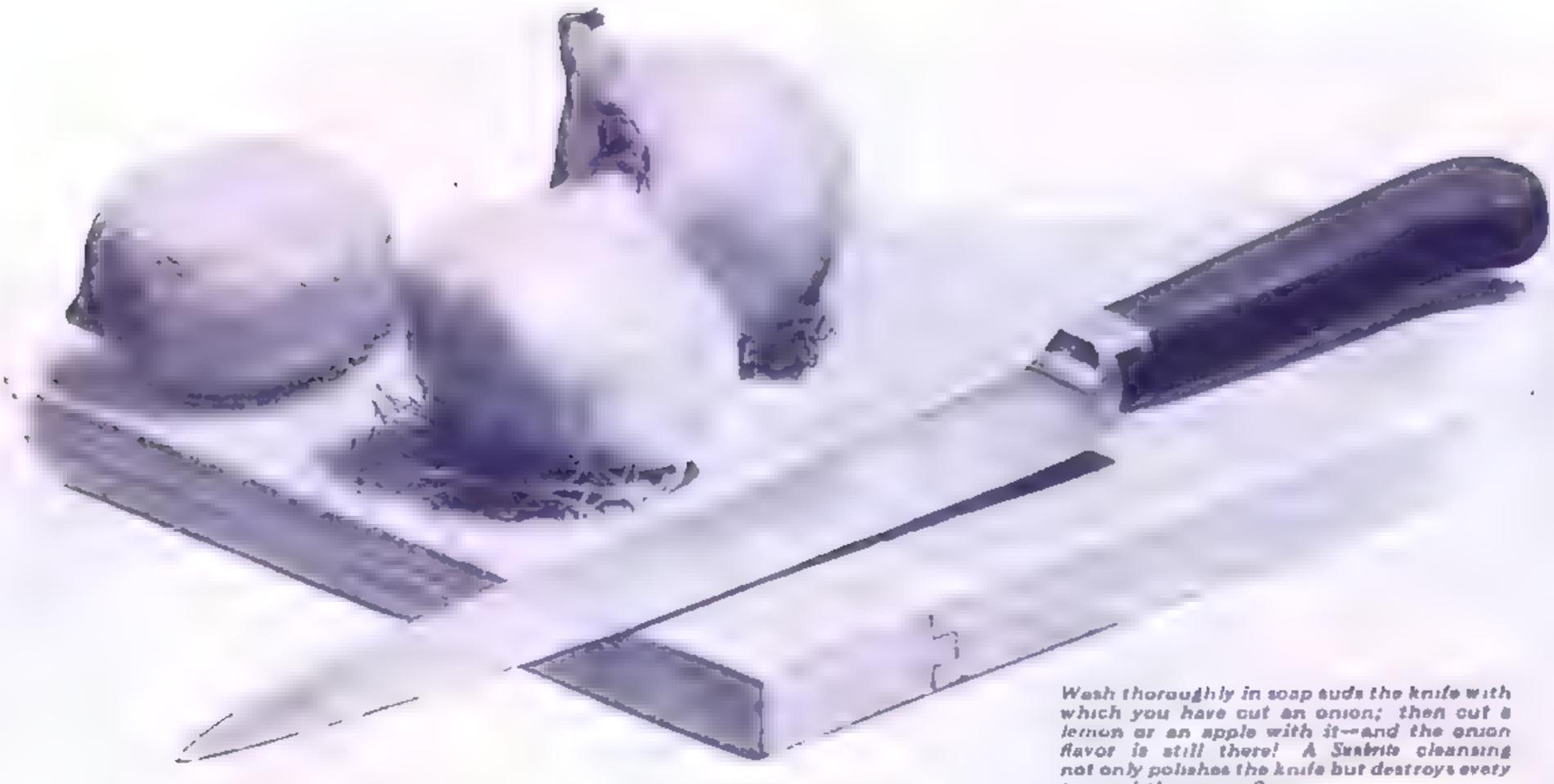

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For **Sunbrite** has in its composition an element which has a mild but effective purifying power.

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Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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—not until fewer repairs are needed —recognizing that the more friction you reduce, the more destruction of metal you prevent.

—not until your machinery shows less annual depreciation—remembering that correctly lubricated machinery runs "sweet" year after year.

—not until reduction of friction reduces your power losses—appreciating that when you save power you save coal.

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For more than 57 years, the Vacuum Oil Company, specialist in the manufacture and application of high-grade lubricants, has been helping the varied industries of the world to determine what lubricating oils are "well enough." This help takes the form of a Lubrication Audit which the Vacuum Oil Company offers to make for individual plants. See details in column at right.

If you are convinced that the lubrication of your machinery warrants serious thought, please feel free to write at once for this Vacuum Oil Company service. To gain time we suggest that you address our nearest branch office.

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(In Condensed Outline)

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RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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He still held both her hands. The momentary vision of a lurking husband had not resulted in any abatement of his ardor

"Then why will you not marry me, my darling?"

Judith should have spoken up honestly and said "Because I don't love you," but that would have sounded, she thought, almost brutal. He would have felt repulsed. Worse still, he might have wondered why then she let him hold her hands, whisper "My darling," why she smiled when he declared "I love you very much." Instead, Judith did what most women do; she hedged.

"I don't know you well enough," said Judith.

Of course it was honest as far as it went. But mainly it did nothing to discourage the *status quo*.

Señor Bartello opened his eyes wide, raised his shoulders again, dropped both her hands, and lifted his own in frantic gesticulation on high.

"*Sacaramenta!*"—or something like that, he said. Judith didn't and doesn't know any Spanish, nor do I. She only remembers he used some telling expletive which sounded very foreign. I like "*Sacaramenta*" myself. "But," continued Señor Bartello, still flourishing his arms, Spanish style, "you have known me since—*sacaramenta* all afternoon!" It was then about 3:30. "That is enough to know that you will marry me!"

To Judith's disappointment he held only one of her hands this time. How easily one's desires go up; with what difficulty they come down. Two hours ago she was more than satisfied to have one hand held.

"Perhaps," faltered Judith, wishing she could reinstate herself in the two-hand stage—"perhaps it's long enough for a Spanish woman. But an American really has to be acquainted with a man longer than two hours—two hours and a half—before she knows whether she will marry him or not."

Señor Bartello smote his forehead with impatience.

"I imagine," continued Judith, "that most American men take longer than two hours and a half to ask a woman to marry them."

She did not wish his enthusiasm to cool in the least, but she did desire that he should understand her position.

At that remark his scorn knew no bounds. What—what did an American man understand about love-making anyway? If a man didn't know at the end of two and a half hours whether he wanted to marry a woman or not, he never would know. Americans were in such a hurry about everything else. Why so stupidly slow about proposing?

Judith knew precious little about the whole subject any way round, except what she had read in novels. She hoped he had done with the shortcomings of American men as wooers.

Alas, his next question was the last one she wished asked:

"My darling, do you love me?"

Now then!

If she said yes, it would be a lie. If she said no, she was afraid he might announce "This is the end!" let go her hands, and move over a couple of inches. In other words, Judith would revert to normalcy.

"I like you very much indeed," said Judith.

"Ah, my darling," exclaimed Señor Bartello in a church whisper, "then you will marry me!"

He kissed both her hands again. Judith grew slightly alarmed.

"I said like. That doesn't mean love. I don't love you—the way you mean. But I like you—very much!"

She really did too. He must have been quite a person, according to Judith. Of course if you are used to having a man discuss foreign exchange, the coöperative movement, modern drama and Margot Asquith with you for two months before you get down to fundamentals, you will misjudge Señor Bartello. He had as many notions on as many subjects as anybody else, only he did not believe that other subjects and love should become mixed. Perhaps all Spaniards are like that. Besides, you do not, if you are Spanish, discuss serious subjects with a woman anyhow. That is not what women are for. It was just a streak of good luck that at the start he judged Judith looked the kind who would be interested in the conference, and led off with that. Judith was a serious-minded person in those days, but the fact remains she lost interest in that conference with surprising speed.

"I don't love you," repeated Judith, "but I like you -very, very much!"

"Ah!" Señor Bartello had a burst of inspiration. "Like, love—it is all the same! You are mine, mine, mine!" And again he kissed Judith's hands.

Two hours before, Judith would have argued the point out with him. Now she let it go, trusting to developments to show her lover that there were distinctions between like and love.

Overmany devout came in to pray. Señor Bartello appeared not to notice, or at least not to mind, but Judith found herself possessed of the either old-fashioned or Anglo-Saxon notion that love-making is better carried on without an audience. If only the devout had been devout enough to close both eyes when they prayed!

"Now you see the Casa della Stampa."

"And what is that?"

"Where all the reporters work."

There he was again, remembering that conference. In Judith's mind there was room for but one thought. Over and over she kept saying to herself, "I've been proposed to! I've been proposed to!" Would Buffalo notice the difference in her? Numerous Italian gentlemen turned to gaze after Judith as she passed along the narrow Genoa alleys. Thought Judith, "They notice something changed in me." Judith had not been long enough in Italy to know that Italian gentlemen feel constrained to turn after any and every female. It is a reflex habit, like sneezing when your nose tickles. They can't help it. But then, Judith's smile was really worth looking at. Thirty-five years without a single lover—and then to be proposed to! She'd like to see Miss King, the head of the department, continue to lord it over her, as was Miss King's wont. She'd like to see her sister Martha cable once more and get her home from Europe on goodness knows what idiotic excuse. One of the children teething, no doubt. This time she would go. Mainly because she thought it would be rather fun walking about the same old streets of Buffalo and being able to say to herself, "I've been proposed to!" And then, of course, her trunk was already on the steamer.

At the Casa della Stampa Judith was introduced to reporters of three different nationalities, and managed with the little French and German she knew to get along. It suddenly came over her that now she was a woman of the world. How her eyes sparkled! She had talked to men of three different nationalities, newspaper men; she had been proposed to. A woman of the world—that was it.

They sat at a little table on the sidewalk and drank coffee about five o'clock. Señor Bartello's English and Judith's French were both too limited to permit of a very varied conversation. It would appear that neither suffered under the limitations. He knew enough to go on declaring his undying love for Judith. That was enough for a person who has waited thirty-five years to hear such sentiments expressed.

Evening came, and with it a conference ball. Judith must go with Señor Bartello. But her trunk was on the steamer, she explained, and all she had to wear was what she had on. Señor Bartello allowed she looked beautiful. His lips touched the tips of his five fingers at once and he blew a kiss out into the world at large as he said it, his eyes seeking heaven the while.

There is much about loving which comforts the soul. No one had ever before told Judith she looked beautiful. It surely added to one's satisfaction in life to be told that one looked beautiful. As usual, all Judith could think of to say in return was her Judithian "I'm glad you think so."

I can't help but think, and Judith agrees, that, after all, if one has waited thirty-five years for a lover it is just as well to have one's first experience with a foreigner. Judith was really very short on courting finesse, as you might call it. "I'm glad you do" or "I'm glad you think so" seems to have been her sole stock in trade. Harvey Judson would never have stood for that. Except, perhaps, that if any man really falls in love he does not much know or care what the lady says. At any rate, Judith consoled herself by thinking that Señor Bartello must surely be thinking that if he could have understood English better, Judith would have felt justified in receiving his protestations in a far more inspired vein. "I'm glad you think so"—bah! Judith fairly blushed when she admitted that was all in the world she could think of to say to her señor.

"If I could have had a chance at that Spaniard a month later!" sighed Judith.

Yet she had to admit matters really could not have progressed much more speedily than they did.

And in the end it was decided Judith should attend the conference ball in her brown serge dress and the Russian coat.

The height to which Judith's social career had soared in Buffalo was a yearly party given by the teachers. She went each time with Amy Whiting, until Amy died of the flu. The last two years she had not gone at all. It had caused her no undue anguish to forgo that teachers' party. And here she was on her way to a conference ball in Genoa—woman of the world—in a brown serge dress. Again perhaps fate played into her hands. Señor Bartello, anyone, could go on the supposition that if Judith had had her trunk she would have appeared in low-cut black velvet, simply draped, one handsome piece of pearl jewelry. Perhaps Señor Bartello thought just that. We won't trouble to go into details as to just how Judith's blue-gray best taffeta dress did look with the bit of gathered lace at the neck. Amy Whiting always considered it suited Judith exactly; she quite loved that taffeta. Just so, it had suited the Judith Ormond of those loverless days exactly. Now she was a woman of the world. Grateful now for the Russian embroidery, she would not take off that coat.

Evening on the Pend Oreille River, Near Spokane, Washington

Perhaps Señor Bartello liked the idea of having an American under his wing and wished his cohorts to know that he did not have to appear at the ball like most of them, unattended. At any rate, Judith found herself being introduced right and left to men and men and more men. At the teachers' party there used to be six men. Five of them were married and spent the evening in moral attendance upon their wives. The sixth would marry if he could, and had spent three years already asking one teacher or another to help him out of his single condition, without success. Which had been Amy Whiting's one romance. But not even Amy Whiting was that anxious to marry.

"Poor Amy!" Judith caught herself thinking on the way to the conference ball, and then felt ashamed of herself. "Poor Amy!" But think of Amy's one romance—and hers! That little snip of a pale bearded Latin teacher with his "I say, Miss Amy, I'd rather like to marry you, you know." Amy had looked at him with wide-open eyes—it was right in the main hallway about five o'clock one Thursday afternoon—and in her amazement had exclaimed "Good heavens!" Whereat the Latin teacher had blinked and remarked, "That's rather too bad, you know," and had gone on down to his classroom. That—compared with Judith and her Spaniard and Genoa! Poor Amy! It is not every proposal that can make you feel like a woman of the world!

If Amy only could have seen Judith now! In the first place she was in a palace. Not an old exposition building made over, but a real honest-to-goodness palace. Up broad marble stairs, palms and potted flowers of brilliant colors lining the sides, red velvet carpet down the middle. Then suddenly, not yet recovered from the idea and fact of a palace and marble stairways and palms and potted flowers, she found herself in a room the like of which she had never thought to behold with mortal eyes. Nine huge crystal chandeliers, sparkling with their lights, and above, the broad expanse of ceiling with its frescoes of gods and goddesses and cupids and charging steeds. High arched windows with crimson satin and gold-fringed hangings. Gold and brocaded chairs about the sides of the great room. A floor that shone like a mirror. Rich paintings in heavy gold frames on the walls. Almost most thrilling of all, ladies in rapturous evening gowns—that is, they were rapturous to Judith's Buffalo eyes; and wonder of wonders, men in evening dress with spellbinding decorations on colored ribbons hanging about their necks, and handsome Italian officers in full dress uniforms!

Judith forgot her own brown serge dress entirely. She caught her Russian coat about her with rather an imperial gesture. She found herself being introduced to the head of the Russian delegation. An interested group gathered about to behold the curiosity of a Bolshevik in evening dress—or a Bolshevik at all. Instead of withering up or gasping for breath or fainting from embarrassment, as she would have done five hours before, Judith put out her hand as she had noticed the wife of a distinguished-looking gray-haired Englishman do, and found the few words of French she knew right at the tip of her tongue. Judith Ormond would show the world that she could act the part! She conversed overlong with a Canadian who had not seen a woman who could talk English for a month or more. Señor Bartello's passion soared under competition. Surely the Canadian was proposing to Judith! The Canadian and Judith were discussing Niagara Falls.

Señor Bartello deemed it advisable to introduce numbers. It was plain that the lady of his adoration was dangerous when left alone with a man. Before Judith knew it she was surrounded by five gentlemen, all overwearied with an overlong dose of steady male conversation. Women at the conference were very much in the minority. She talked her bit of German to the representative of some Zeitung or other. She used her French of one syllable on an Italian and a Portuguese. The Canadian hung on and talked English. When a High-Churchman joined the party in colored robes, and a Frenchman with a decoration around his neck ——

Whispered Judith to herself, "Show me anyone in the whole of Buffalo who has lived through such an experience as this!" If President and Mrs. Harding had appeared at that moment Judith would have

smiled upon both of them graciously, kindly. She and they moved in the same circles. She had something of the background a President's wife ought to have.

The orchestra, enshrined on a gold-railinged, hepalmed stage, began its first music of the evening. Judith felt something inside her throb to the music, felt her very heart dance for the thrill of it all. Italian waiters rushed about and passed champagne—to Judith Ormond! Champagne to Judith Ormond! She held the slender-stemmed glass in her fingers the way she noticed the Frenchman with the decoration hold his. And she continued to hold it. She had a sudden anxiety lest after one glass of the strange, and in her family disreputable, stuff she might drape herself around the neck of the High-Churchman. The High-Churchman drank Judith's glass for her, nor did it incline him in the least to draping. The men all seemed more interested than ever in Judith's conversation; therefore, naturally, she conversed better than ever.

It was at that moment, her eyes sparkling, cheeks flushed, her Russian coat caught about her with one hand, that Harvey Judson first spied Judith Ormond. He was merely passing by, on his way to what he hoped would be an interview with Tchitcherin. He heard Judith laughing with the Canadian, caught her American accent, and felt a little glow of pride that the entertaining stranger was a fellow countrywoman. He would come back later and be introduced.

Señor Bartello meanwhile was beginning to feel too acutely the pressure of competition.

"My darling," he whispered in Judith's ear, "it is time to go."

Judith's experience in palace balls was limited. Perhaps Señor Bartello knew what he was talking about. Ruefully, at midnight, she let herself be led away, having first exchanged addresses with the Canadian, promising faithfully to answer all his letters.

Eleven hours before, Judith had walked down the Via Balbi with an unknown Spaniard, her heart fluttering like one of the Babes in the Woods. Now she strolled up the Via Balbi in the moonlight, a woman with a background, a woman of the world. A man was in love with her, a man had proposed to her, she had attended a ball in a palace, she had talked to eight men of five different nationalities at once. A Canadian had asked for her address and had promised to write. For a moment she considered cabling home that she would arrive at some future date. It had occurred to her, talking with the Canadian, that she might see Venice and Florence before returning to other people's teething children. On the whole, however, she preferred not to postpone her entrance into Buffalo. What a little browbeaten, imposed-upon nothingness she had been! Mouse-chewed. Moth-eaten. Mildewed.

"My darling! I love you very much!" whispered Señor Bartello, holding tight her arm. "And you are going to marry me!"

They entered the brigandy-looking hotel after midnight. Señor Bartello never let go her arm. They neared Judith's room. Señor Bartello still held firm. Judith opened the door with her free hand, turned to say good night to her adorer, when before she knew it he had shut the door behind them both and had dropped on his knees before her.

"My darling, my darling, how I love you!"

It was one thing to have a man say "My darling, I love you" in the middle of the main street of town; to be proposed to and have both hands held in a cathedral; it was quite another to have a man drop on his knees before you in your own room after midnight and say, "My darling, my darling, how I love you!"

Judith forgot all about thinking what any of it would make her feel like when she got back to Buffalo. To be told at one o'clock of a hot afternoon on the main street of town "I love you very much" and have her arm held had given her what she considered background. To be proposed to and be taken by a lover to a palace ball had made her a woman of the world. The last twelve hours had struck deep into the life of Judith Ormond. Yet none of it had reached her very innermost heart. In the intimate soul of her she was still the same Judith Ormond of Buffalo.

Now, for one hour, Señor Bartello made love to Judith Ormond of Buffalo—not the sort of thing possible on the Via Balbi or in a cathedral. And if there was one thing in all the world Señor Bartello understood it was how to make love right well. All he said and did that night really came from his heart. Deeper and deeper into the heart of Judith pierced the wooing of the Spaniard. Gradually the soul of her, starved for love those thirty-five years, thawed to his passion. When at last she kissed him on his lips, and he held her thus, long, close, Judith forgot entirely about background, remembered nothing about being a woman of the world. She knew only that very much was she a woman—no capital about it. She knew only that the iron shell which had tightened about the heart and soul and body of her all these years, until she scarcely knew herself did she have a heart and soul and body, all that had bound her cold and passionless through her youth, with one long kiss melted away. She was a warm throbbing woman who loved loving, loved being loved. The very core of Judith Ormond of Buffalo was altered. When she closed the door on Señor Bartello her feeling was not one of exultation, as it had been all day. She dropped face down on the bed and wept.

Neither she nor I know why exactly.

Judith does not remember at just what hour of the early morning it came over her that she had got herself into a rather complicated situation. She knows that more and more it dawned on her that she had gone farther than she had intended; that Señor Bartello was certainly drawing conclusions she did not mean him to draw. For one hour she had been in love with Señor Bartello—as much in love as she then knew how to be. One very sure thing—she did not wish to be any more in love with Señor Bartello than she had been during that hour. It was quite too alarming, the way she felt. And altogether too elating, with entirely new and strange emotions.

She dressed herself early. She hated that insipid old brown serge.

"I'm going to throw it out the porthole on the steamer!" declared Judith. She patted the orange and red of her Russian coat.

"Only think—it scared me to death when Will bought it! Somehow now—now I wish it were brighter! I want everything I own in shades of red and orange!"

The proprietor of the hotel had but one eye open when Judith left a note with him for Señor Bartello, insisted on paying her bill without eating any breakfast, and departed. She had a sense for the fitness of things, had Judith. Thirteen hours of, to her, a perfect romance had she lived through. Rather leave it all where it was at two A.M. than drag an anticlimax out of it around ten A.M. on a hot and dirty steamer dock.

Her eyes still sparkling, her cheeks still flushed, Judith found her way up the gangplank of the White Cross liner. She was the first passenger but one to go aboard. As she stepped on the upper deck a tall American confronted her.

"Can't I help you with your things?"

It was Harvey Judson.

Judith, you see, was used to hasty wooings. It fitted quite with her experience in such things that Harvey Judson proposed to her the day they left the Azores. Judith's heart was still beating warm from her night in Genoa. It was not hard for it to beat still warmer for Harvey Judson. She did want it never to cool to those old dead throbs again.

"It never has!" sighs Judith happily.

Judith Ormond stepped off the train in Buffalo into the arms of most of her near relatives, all relieved that Judith was back again, because there was so much for her to do. Martha's baby was teething; sure enough. Ann was expecting her third. Judith's substitute was having difficulties at school.

"I'm only home for a week," announced Judith as soon as everyone had finished telling her what there was for her to do.

"A week!" In each relative's mind was the thought, "A pretty state of affairs!" Martha in addition reflected, "What about Betty's teething?" Ann considered—to herself—that selfishness toward adults was one thing, but to make plans which conflicted with the needs of her two children—and a third on the way —— Brother Sid saw himself flunked the second time in mathematics. Lila wondered who in the world then would make her graduation dress.

"And what, pray, are you going to do week after next?" demanded the family, with as much patience as they could muster.

"I'm going to get married and move to New York," replied Judith.

RELATIVE VALUE

(Continued from Page 7)

not mind, for Aunt Minnie's fancy in cooking was five-tier layer cakes oozing rich icing and containing great quantities of eggs and butter, or lobster Newburg when lobsters cost most, or complicated salads of ingredients invariably out of season. It was far easier on Octavia's digestion and grocer's bill to get the dinner herself than to permit Aunt Minnie's culinary extravagance.

Rachel Brady, coming back from a successful foray among the débutantes, reported cannily: "If you're through you'd better skip while the going's good. The colonel's in the City Room again, asking everybody how many bonds they're going to take."

Octavia thanked her, flung her last sheet into the copy basket and skipped. The colonel's importunities were an unexpected addition to life's complications. It was a long cold ride in a crowded trolley back to the apartment, but she was cheered on her arrival by finding Aunt Minnie much recovered and looking forward eagerly to the promised squab and the port.

"And I've phoned across to Mrs. Clayton and her sister," she said happily, "and they'll be in this evening for a little dummy bridge. I felt I needed cheering up. I'm so sorry, Tavie dear, that I wasn't well enough this afternoon to mend your lace collar or do the darning, but every time I tried to look at a stitch my head simply swam."

Octavia compressed her lips. There were times when Aunt Minnie's illnesses were highly inconvenient. "Never mind," she said briefly. "I'll do it all tonight when you're playing bridge."

She recalled to herself that Aunt Minnie was her father's only sister and he had been very fond of her. Up until his death Minnie Lowden had had a small but self-supporting position as companion to a rich Mrs. Bartholomew, but she felt that it was her duty, she said when her brother died, to give up her work and come and take care of Octavia—be a mother to the poor child. Octavia, torn by grief for her father, had welcomed Aunt Minnie and clung to her, regarding her coming as a sacrifice, and ready to do all that loving gratitude could suggest in return. It was a soft berth for naturally indolent Aunt Minnie, and her ease-loving nature expanded under it and flung out tentacles of selfishness and laziness.

Along with Aunt Minnie there had been little Eloise to care for. True, the young wastrel that lovely Elinor Lowden had married did give small irregular assistance to his daughter's support, just enough to make him a romantic figure in the child's eyes and to trouble Octavia with suggestions that sometime he might be financially able to claim Eloise wholly. Eloise, now eighteen, was at Miss Kleet's Private School for Young Ladies, owing to the insistence of Aunt Minnie that no lesser institution of learning was worthy one of Lowden blood, even though this fine fluid was mixed with the vulgar, no-account Marsh's.

As she had striven to be a daughter to Aunt Minnie, so had Octavia tried to be a mother to the dumpish unattractive Eloise, ignoring, as far as possible, the receding chin, the petulant lips, which were so unlike the beauty of her mother that dear older sister Octavia had adored.

Between that sister and Octavia there was one other Lowden, Bob, the one son and brother, a genial, hopeful incapable. It was he who had persuaded the nineteen-year-old Octavia to sink her share of her father's estate in ocean-front lots, bound to make all their fortunes save that unfortunately they were three feet under water at low tide, as was discovered too late. Bob was genuinely regretful at this mishap, especially as all his own inheritance was included in it but there—he would soon be on his feet again and taking care of dear Tavie and little Eloise and Aunt Minnie, with marble mansions, diamond tiaras and cushioned limousines galore. In the meantime, if from her salary Octavia could contrive him a little—oh, an infinitesimal loan —— You can guess the rest.

Barnacles, Pritchett Spence had called them, and barnacles they were. Leaners, parasites, leeches, more or less unconsciously. And Octavia, too young when she first assumed the burden of them to see their reality, loyally gave them all she could afford, and sometimes more, defended their weaknesses against the world, excused them to herself, and held them in an affection which they returned, with the vital difference that theirs had no slightest element of self-sacrifice.

They were unanimous in saying—and believing—that Octavia was the finest girl in the world, a perfect wonder, and not half appreciated by that old grouch, Colonel Spence. They admired her industry and made no attempt to emulate it. To be sure, Bob got a job now and then, but there was always a jealous exacting superior or an intriguing inferior or some rank injustice in pay or promotion which he could not endure, so that his connection, as he liked to call it, with the most easy-going firms did not last very long. Work, regular work, interfered with his social duties, and he was very popular socially. Also, Bob was proud—very, very proud. And sensitive. Aunt Minnie said he had the finest spirit of any young man she'd ever seen. It never occurred to either of them that this alleged fineness of spirit might be the obstacle to his becoming permanently self-supporting.

Time had shown Octavia that Bob was not so fine of spirit as he had thought himself, yet she loved him dearly and thought of him with indulgence as a permanent misfit, and thanked her stars that her salary was sufficient to advance him the occasional tiding-over loans which he required. "If father had lived Bob would have been different," she sometimes thought, not remembering that Bob was twenty-five when their father had died, an age which means adult reponsibilities to most men. He was thirty-two now, genial, handsome, sweet-tempered, childlike, a good dancer, a born beau, and much sought after as an unattached male by ladies of all ages. Fortunately, so far he had had sense enough not to marry.

"But when he does," prophesied Aunt Minnie fondly, "he'll marry very, very well—a girl with means and splendid family. I know it."

Just now he had a job as a city salesman for a weather-strip company, and though he reported that the sales manager was a martinet about hours, and exacting as to reports, and—he feared—not altogether fair in his judgments, nor quite a gentleman in his manners, yet he, Bob, was trying to stick it out. There were all those loans he'd had from Octavia, he was really going to pay them back this time. He talked a great deal about paying back those loans. But of course his salary and commission barely covered his board bill, and he simply was obliged to have a new dress suit, else he couldn't go to the cotillons.

Sometimes Bob wondered why Octavia didn't marry Pritchett Spence and reëstablish the family fortune. Pritchett would naturally take his brother-in-law into his flourishing real-estate firm, and Aunt Minnie and Eloise would be comfortable for life. Once he suggested this to Octavia, and for the only time in his life he beheld her angry with him.

"How can you even think of such a thing!" she said, and there was such strange stirring indignation in her voice that Bob had been silenced. Yet he couldn't imagine why she had been so moved. Nor would Octavia tell him. She loved them all too much to say the thing that was obvious: "I'll support you myself; but wish you on the man I love—never!"

No, Octavia's pride would not permit her to deal openly with Bob and the others.

(Continued on Page 38)

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She did not deal openly with them in her own thoughts. Perpetually she excused, condoned, apologized, covered up. And honestly she liked to help them, liked to care for them, liked to have them turn to her as mainstay and provider. They were not an incubus to her.

Nevertheless, she was glad, just at this time, that Bob was at work. Aunt Minnie was having so many of these sudden attacks, costing ten to fifteen dollars each all told, not to mention the anxiety. Eloise was teasing for a short fur coat for Christmas. "All the other girls have them!" And now there was the colonel's plan that his employes should buy city bonds.

Deliberately, carefully, Octavia evaded the colonel. She dodged and doubled and sometimes hid when the booming of his voice came inconveniently near. Rachel Brady helped her. Rachel, though harsh, was sympathetic. Only two women who have worked side by side comfortably and understandingly for years, without too close contact or any personal demands, can know how fond Rachel really was of Octavia, and Octavia of Rachel.

"He'll forget about it after a while," said Rachel. "He'll be off on some new scheme presently."

But there was a queer little cranny in the colonel's brain convolutions which made him remember. Octavia might dodge him for a week or a month, but in the end it happened as it always happened. She was busily at work in her office, and the colonel banged open the door and stalked in. That is to say, he managed to get both feet over the sill and shut the door behind him. There was no real room for stalking, though he had the appearance of it, and stalking portentously at that.

"Tavie Lowden," he began thunderously, "why didn't you buy one of the city bonds? Your father was one of my best friends, and I don't like to see his daughter getting into thriftless ways."

Tavie told the truth. "I've had so much extra expense I simply couldn't," she said. "Aunt Minnie's been sick, and with Eloise's schooling, and an extra dentist bill for her, I've been broke."

"Whaddye keep that girl in an expensive school for?" demanded the colonel. "How old is she—eighteen? Ought to be in a business college getting ready to earn her own living. Bob working now?"

"Yes," said Octavia shortly. Like everyone else who worked for the colonel, she admired and respected him, and had a lot of affection for him, but all the same he riled her.

"I pay you a damn good salary, and you ought to subscribe for one of those bonds. James J. Hill was right when he said that the test of a man's character was his ability to save. That goes for women too. Pay as little as you want to, Tavie, but you certainly must arrange to get one of those bonds."

He looked down at her from his great height and breadth and waggled his Santa Claus whiskers with satisfaction. He loved to make his people do as he wished. He seemed to fill up the entire little office, absorb the air and the light and the space, and choke Octavia down into the wastebasket by the pressure of his will.

Octavia had had a hard day, and she was tired. Her coat, even with a sweater under it, was not warm enough for the unseasonable cold snap that had struck the city, and Octavia hated cold. The colonel's size and boomingness, his looped watch chain of heavy gold, the beautiful old intaglio on his mighty fist, his ruddiness and warmth—all irritated her.

She got up, so as to seem to be out of the wastebasket and more nearly on a level with him. Oh, how she would have liked to defy him, to tell him that he was a bossy old snoop and that it was none of his concern how she spent her salary that she earned it, every cent of it, by good hard work, and she'd take no dictation as to its disposal. But that would be madness, triple madness. She temporized.

"I'll try to make some arrangement, colonel—but really oh, you know I'd like to—and I do appreciate all you do for us here on the Challenge" She hated herself for the temporizing, flattering words.

"That's the girl, that's the girl!" boomed the colonel. "That's Tom Lowden's daughter speaking. You go right on down to the cashier before he makes up the pay roll this week and fix it. You'll not regret it, Tavie. Those city bonds are as sound as Liberties, and the yield's higher."

He backed out, chuckling benevolently, and Rachel Brady, entering, observed him thus.

"That must have been something cheery you handed the colonel," she said. "He looked positively cherubic. Why, Tavie, what's the matter?"

For Octavia, white and thin lipped, turned a piteous face to her. "I wish I'd hit him with something. Standing up here with his big pearl scarf pin and his big fat-cushioned body, secure behind his money and position, and telling me it's a test of character to be able to save! James J. Hill said so! I'd like to choke James J. Hill, and the colonel, too, for meddling sententious old bromides! How can I?" She flung out desperate hands.

"O-oh—the city bonds!"

"Yes, the city bonds. I suppose I'll have to buy one now. Darn the colonel! I know he's kind, and I think the world of him, and what he does is always for our own good; only I prefer to be free to do things for my own good in my own way."

"Yes, but that's the colonel. Listen, Tavie. I could lend you the money. He'd never know."

Octavia got up and hugged Rachel with fervent arms. "You old dear. Think I'd borrow? Oh, no, Rachel, I manage to scrape along as it is, and I'm not in debt, and I won't borrow. Once I do that I'm lost."

"Yes, but from me?"

"Not from a feathery-winged angel of the heavenly host—though you're just as good as one. No, never. Debt and borrowing are my dead line. I won't step over it. I daren't."

Rachel longed to ask her how she was going to manage buying the bond, but concluded that silence was best. Octavia felt the unspoken question, and its unspokenness made one more bond between herself and Rachel. They drew away mutually from the confidential moment and went back to their respective desks and the day's work, that ever-present helper in times of stress. Rachel began her wrangle with the telephone. Octavia slammed through her rewrite. But the sympathy and appreciation made golden light upon their accustomed tasks, even made Octavia forget the colonel.

On her way home the thought of him returned. How was she going to get that bond? There wasn't a sou to spare. She knew the colonel well. He could be ruthless when he was crossed, and he followed everything through—yes, his most trivial order. She considered ways and means. If she denied Eloise the fur coat; if she ruthlessly discharged Clara and got both breakfast and dinner herself, trusting to Aunt Minnie to prepare her own luncheons and being very strict with her as to the matter of supplies; and if Bob only held his job—why, she might be able to put it through; but it wouldn't leave her a penny of margin It would be very hard to do without Clara: after working all day Octavia's strength was not equal to the necessary cooking and cleaning. It brought on a deadly spiritless exhaustion that befogged her, body and soul. Nevertheless, if she did it If -if if so much depended on those ifs.

It seemed to Octavia that her whole life was bounded and encompassed by mocking, shifting, slippery ifs.

Pritchett Spence came unexpectedly to call that evening, looking very prosperous, his red hair smoothed down almost into a respectable auburn. Octavia told him so.

"Ah, Tavie, you don't know what a leading citizen I'm becoming. Even Uncle Abe doesn't lecture me any more, and when I told him about the deal on the new Placter Building he spoke to me as if I were actually grown up. That's a mighty concession from Uncle Abe. He hates to think any of the younger generation are older than ten years."

That might explain his behavior to her—that and his extreme paternalism. Octavia longed to tell Pritchett of her dilemma and how she felt about the colonel's constant meddling, but forbore. Pritchett was hot-headed, trigger-tempered. He might champion her cause, and then the colonel would turn on him. Besides, it was a good plan to keep your troubles to yourself, as Octavia had found out.

"Where's Aunt Minnie?" asked Pritchett presently.

"Gone to the theater with Eloise. I got some free tickets from the dramatic editor. They both love it so."

It made her feel dingy and old and poor to look at the prosperous shining Pritchett. She hadn't felt up to changing from her old office dress—not that the house gown she would have had to put on was any newer.

"Keeps 'em out of mischief," agreed Pritchett. "Tavie, you look dead beat. I suppose I ought to run off and let you have your evening in peace, but I shan't. I don't see you half often enough as it is. Anything bothering you?"

"Not a thing. Life is flowing along in its accustomed easy and delightful way." She tried to make her voice whimsical, but the bitterness would creep in.

Pritchett Spence reached over and took hold of her hand. "You can't imagine how hard it is for me to see you tired and worn like this. If you would only let me take care of you. On any terms, Tavie. Any terms at all. I love you—I love you. I'll never love anybody else. And I have to sit by and watch you burn yourself out, waste yourself, wear yourself, and I with plenty. Oh, Tavie, if you won't marry me, let me help you anyway. Let me do something to make life a little easier for you."

He did not often speak like that. His love-making was usually light, bantering. Octavia shut her eyes to keep back the sting of tears. Oh, to let go, to give up, to yield wholly to his protection, his tenderness! It had never tempted her so much.

"Don't," she begged. "You know I can't."

"If I were down and out," went on Pritchett, "you'd share with me anything you had. I know it. Yet you won't let me share with you. You've got the most infernal, stiff-necked pride——"

This was more like his usual tone. Octavia could deal with that.

"But, Pritchett, I'm not down and out. I'm getting along perfectly well. Really I am. Better than usual, because Bob's at work. You're awfully good and generous, Pritchett, but I couldn't let you help me unless I really needed it."

Pritchett sat still, regarding her in a considering dark silence. He had loosed her hand.

"You'd marry me, Octavia, if it wasn't for this dead weight you carry. I mean your selfish, lazy, worthless family. I know it. You'd never have let me dangle around unless you cared for me. I'm a weak spot in your strength. Now look here—this is a threat. I'm going to cut them off you somehow—I don't know how. I'm going to make it impossible for you to keep on dragging them uphill. I mean it. I'm sick of them, and I'm going to settle their hash, and pretty quick too. I can do that for you if I can't do anything else."

"Pritchett Spence, you needn't talk to me about my family. I won't listen to it. They're as good as your own. I'd rather have my people a thousand times than that bullying, hectoring old wind bag of an uncle of yours. If there was another paper in town that paid a decent salary I'd leave tomorrow."

Pritchett Spence rose precipitately to go. His eyes were cold and hard, and so was his voice. Every word pelted her.

"The colonel is a good bit of an old gas balloon at times, I'll admit, but, as you say, he does pay decent salaries, and he's not, and never was, and couldn't be a deadbeat. Remember that, Octavia."

With which insult he let himself out of the front door and went downstairs to his car. By the time he was in it he wished he had not lost his temper—but it always made him furious when Octavia defended her charges. As for attacking Uncle Abe—well, that was all right; he'd said lots worse things about him himself. Yet for once in his assured young life Pritchett Spence felt uncertain about his next move. He'd said he was going to do away with Octavia's family somehow, but short of the rack and the bowstring he saw no effective means. "Fat chance!" he growled, stepping on the gas.

"Reckon I shot off my face a little too ambitiously this time. Great jumping Jupiter, if there was only some way, short of thugging!"

He dropped into gloomy meditation. He'd been an awful fool to have another row with Tavie. Later in the evening now, as he was leaving, it might have been all right. But he couldn't stand seeing her look so dragged and pale. He couldn't stand it. The fat slug of an Aunt Minnie! That cheap little grafter, Eloise! That cheerful incompetent ass, Bob! A discriminating, neatly directed plague and pestilence would have suited his present need admirably.

(Continued on Page 38)

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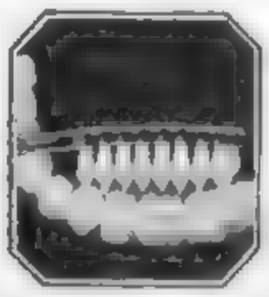

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(Continued from Page 36)

Octavia, left behind, had all the sensations of a drowning man from whom the sole rescuing hand is suddenly and violently removed. In her mood of particular depression and weariness Pritchett's outburst assumed an importance and a meaning that, had she been her normal self, it could never have had. She could not wonder that he was tired of waiting for her, dangling hopelessly after her—that was a cruel position for any man to occupy and particularly cruel for one so impetuous and spoiled as Pritchett. "But he needn't talk so about my people," she reminded herself. "Oh, if he could only see that when he does talk like that he makes it all the more impossible! How can I marry him and ask him to help them even a little, when he despises them? Everybody in the world can't be rich and successful—he might remember that and have a little pity, and a little kindness for the misfits. He's hard—he's mean."

She tried to convince herself of this, but though she said the words she could not quite believe them.

"And what's he going to do to them—and to me?" She remembered his threat. "He's quite capable of anything—just like his uncle. Two of a kind—hard, cruel, unjust." Her excited, overwrought imagination portrayed to her the colonel and Pritchett as huge ruthless ogres engaged in harrying a band of gentle amiable defenseless Lowdens. She would have liked very much to cry, but remembered in time that Aunt Minnie was always full of the most searching kindly questions when Octavia's eyes were red.

No, she mustn't cry. She mustn't do anything except try to harden her soul against such attacks as were continually being made on it, and plod along her accustomed routine. And she would cling to her people, and ignore—as far as possible—all disturbing outside influences.

To tell the truth she did not feel so worried about her quarrel with Pritchett as she did about her promise to his uncle. Quarrels with Pritchett were part of her existence. They varied in intensity and in subject, they added variety to the dullness of existence. Several times a year, and even oftener, she and Pritchett parted in anger and with high-blowing gusts of temper, but the next time they met it was forgotten. They never held a grudge against each other, and there was no sullenness or spite in either of them.

To make a promise to the colonel, and not to keep it—that was far different. The colonel was admittedly erratic, and he loved the feel of power. Power to make and to break—yes, the colonel loved it. He could be ruthless too. Work him up to the proper pitch and he'd no more mind lopping Octavia off the staff of the Challenge—daughter of his old friend though she was—than he would mind shaking the ashes off his mighty perfecto. But how, how, how could she afford to buy that city bond! She couldn't! She knew it. Poor Octavia! She went to bed troubled by many things.

She woke in the morning still troubled. You cannot rest under the shadow of an active volcano and be carefree and happy, and when the colonel was not an ogre to Octavia he was a volcano—an unpleasantly powerful and hot volcano. She went down to the office and told the cashier that next week—or the week after—she wanted to try to arrange for one of the bonds. Yes, she went as far as that, trusting that the cashier would so report it. And she assured herself that she had been overexcited, overwrought. The colonel wasn't a volcano; nor an ogre either. He was quite all right, was the colonel.

All the same, she made it her business to keep out of his sight as carefully as before. She flew past his office door, and walked downstairs rather than wait for the elevator in a spot so exposed to the chief's presence.

Nothing happened. Gradually her fears abated. And then she noticed something else.

It was high time for Pritchett to come round and make up their quarrel—a week was his limit, and three days his average. But one week passed, and another, and no Pritchett. Octavia withdrew her attention from the colonel and centered herself on his nephew.

It didn't seem to matter at all that she had done nothing about buying a city bond, and that the colonel might be annoyed about it when she—as she told herself—had definitely lost Pritchett. Through all their flare-ups there had been a saving thread of humor, of understanding, that brought him back to her. She remembered that this thread of humor had been lacking in the last. Pritchett had been in cruel earnest.

She tried to be fair. No wonder Pritchett was tired of hanging about her when there were so many girls, younger, better looking, and infinitely more willing to become Mrs. Pritchett Spence. He was distressingly eligible. Yet all these years he had been so faithful, so constant. Something very like terror shook Octavia when she faced the years to come without the companionship, the quarrels, the kindness of Pritchett. Why, in a thousand thousand ways he was hers.

He wouldn't be hers if he married someone else, she reminded herself sternly. He wouldn't be hers; and what is more, she wouldn't have anything—no, not one thing. Except her duty. Which meant, in the last analysis, her family.

As a defiance to Pritchett and an attempt to prove that she didn't care if he did marry someone else, or forty someone elses, she drew her whole salary in advance, she went out to the shops and bought Aunt Minnie a new blouse, ordered the fur coat that Eloise so longed for, and indulged in an orgy of haberdashery for Bob. Poor Bob, he did so love fine shirts and ties and silk socks! Ha—she'd show Pritchett Spence—she'd show him! She'd do so much for her family and make them so fine and so splendid that she could just laugh in Pritchett Spence's face. They loved her, they trusted her, they needed her. And if Pritchett Spence didn't—what did it matter? She bought one more tie for Bob as the last word in intimating to Pritchett Spence how much it didn't matter. And she paid five dollars for that tie, which was four dollars more than she had any right to spend.

"And that old city bond can go glimmering!" she thought savagely as she watched the clerk tie up her last purchase. "I don't care if I did promise the colonel. If he comes bothering me about it again I'll tell him what I ought to have told him before—to mind his own business. City bonds, indeed! I'm sick of the whole Spence tribe and their silly notions!"

Back to the office she went, head up, eyes very bright.

Rachel Brady commented cheerfully, "Well, you look as if you'd been on a regular tear."

"I have," said Octavia, and flung down the boxes of purple and fine linen on top of her desk. At that moment the door of the little office opened and Bob himself walked in.

He bowed to Rachel. "Miss Brady—so glad to see you," he murmured charmingly.

Rachel nodded. She knew why he'd come, and she trumped up an errand to the City Room to spare Octavia the shame of having her hear what he would say.

Over the boxes of shirts and ties—all unopened—Octavia looked at him and listened. It was the same old story.

"Tavie, you have no idea what I put up with. Docked! Docked, if you please, like a common day laborer if I was a few minutes later than nine in the morning. And every item on my expense account questioned. It was perfectly horrible! So I said to him with dignity, 'I can't go on working for you—no gentleman could.' It made him wince, I can tell you. I'm looking around now, and I'll soon have something much better, in better surroundings, you know; but, unfortunately, I'm just a little behind with my board bill."

"Wait here," said Tavie drearily.

She gathered up the boxes of lavish gifts she had intended for him and carried them back to the shop. They were not pleased at having the goods returned, but the distress in Tavie's eyes and perhaps the cameo beauty of her face under the shabby hat wrought on them. They gave her all the money she had spent. It occurred to her as she went hurrying back to the office and the waiting Bob that her defiance of Pritchett and the colonel hadn't quite come off somehow.

Aunt Minnie's blouse must be returned too. Clara would have to go now. And the order for Eloise's coat must be withdrawn—there was no telling how long Bob would be looking round.

She found him telling Rachel Brady with great animation exactly how the new French tango differed from the old South American style. Rachel listened without a sign of impatience. "You ought to give lessons in it," she was saying as Octavia came in.

"I don't quite see myself as a dancing master," returned Bob, laughing at Rachel's absurd whim. "Tavie, do you remember Monsieur Albert with his fiddle and his pointed toes, and how he used to shriek with despair over us boys, while all you good little fluffy girls looked on in such conscious superiority?"

"Yes, I remember," said Octavia wearily. She slipped him a roll of bills. "Come up to the apartment to dinner tonight, Bob, and we'll have a talk. I might be able to think of something for you."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Bob, with unfeigned regret, "but I've promised to help Mrs. Arsdale with her musicale—she's depending on me to look after the artists, and all that."

"Well, I wish you luck," said Octavia, and thus dismissed him.

He bowed to her and to Rachel, his effective waist-deep Continental bow, and was gone

"Bob's an ornamental soul," said Rachel, as the silence grew formidable.

But Octavia did not answer. She was busy with the problem of how she was going to add 40 per cent to her weekly budget and maintain it. Besides, she knew very well what Rachel actually thought of Bob Lowden. She only hoped the process of looking around would not be so lengthy as usual. What with the high prices of everything—oh, well, there was no use worrying.

"Day by day and in every way," thought Octavia ironically, "I am getting poorer and poorer."

She went all the way out to Miss Kleet's boarding school to break the news to Eloise about the fur coat. The girl was resentful; she had a sulky underlip like her father's.

"You promised it to me," she gloomed. "I'm the only girl in the place who has to wear a cloth coat with a sweater under it."

Octavia had an intense sympathy for the thwarted desires of youth. What could eighteen know of the necessities that rule twenty-six?

"I'm just as sorry as you are, dear," she said gently. "I meant to get it, but something has happened, and I won't have the money."

"Uncle Bob's been fired again, I suppose," said Eloise with malicious divination. "He's a poor prune, I must say. You know what we girls call a fellow who sponges on women? A cake eater. That's Uncle Bob—he's nothing but a cake eater."

"Eloise," said Octavia, and her voice struck the sullen, unprepossessing girl like a slap in the face, "never let me hear you say anything so vulgar, so abominable again!"

She could not trust herself to say anything more. Eloise shrugged her shoulders and was silent. Octavia was not often severe, but when she was, Eloise wisely stood from under.

"Well, I hate being a pauper," she muttered, and let it go at that.

Octavia went on home in utter dejection of spirit. Eloise, too—but she tried to excuse her. She was only a child, didn't realize what she was saying. "And she doesn't take after the Lowdens," thought Octavia, which was her stock explanation for Eloise. But she was again very near to tears.

"What's the matter with everything?" she asked herself. "Why should everything happen together? Good heavens, I was getting on all right, even if I couldn't manage to save anything. Bob's been out of work before. Eloise has been—well, like her father—before. Why does it all seem so concerted, so overwhelming? I don't understand it. Maybe I'm taking cold. Maybe it's old age creeping on me. Maybe it's—Pritchett."

The more she considered it the more likely it seemed that it was not seeing Pritchett, not hearing from Pritchett, not quarreling with Pritchett, that lent the present happenings so deep a hue of ultramarine. But what then? She couldn't and she wouldn't—no, not if it killed her—telephone to Pritchett or write to him and let him know, let him for a moment even imagine that she missed him. No, sir, never, never, never! If he was willing to break up an old tried-and-true friendship all in a minute, for nothing at all, like this, he'd simply have to go ahead and do it. She wouldn't let him have the gratification of thinking that she cared. Pooh; no, indeed! She beat the drums and blew the trumpets of the Lowden pride and tried to march to

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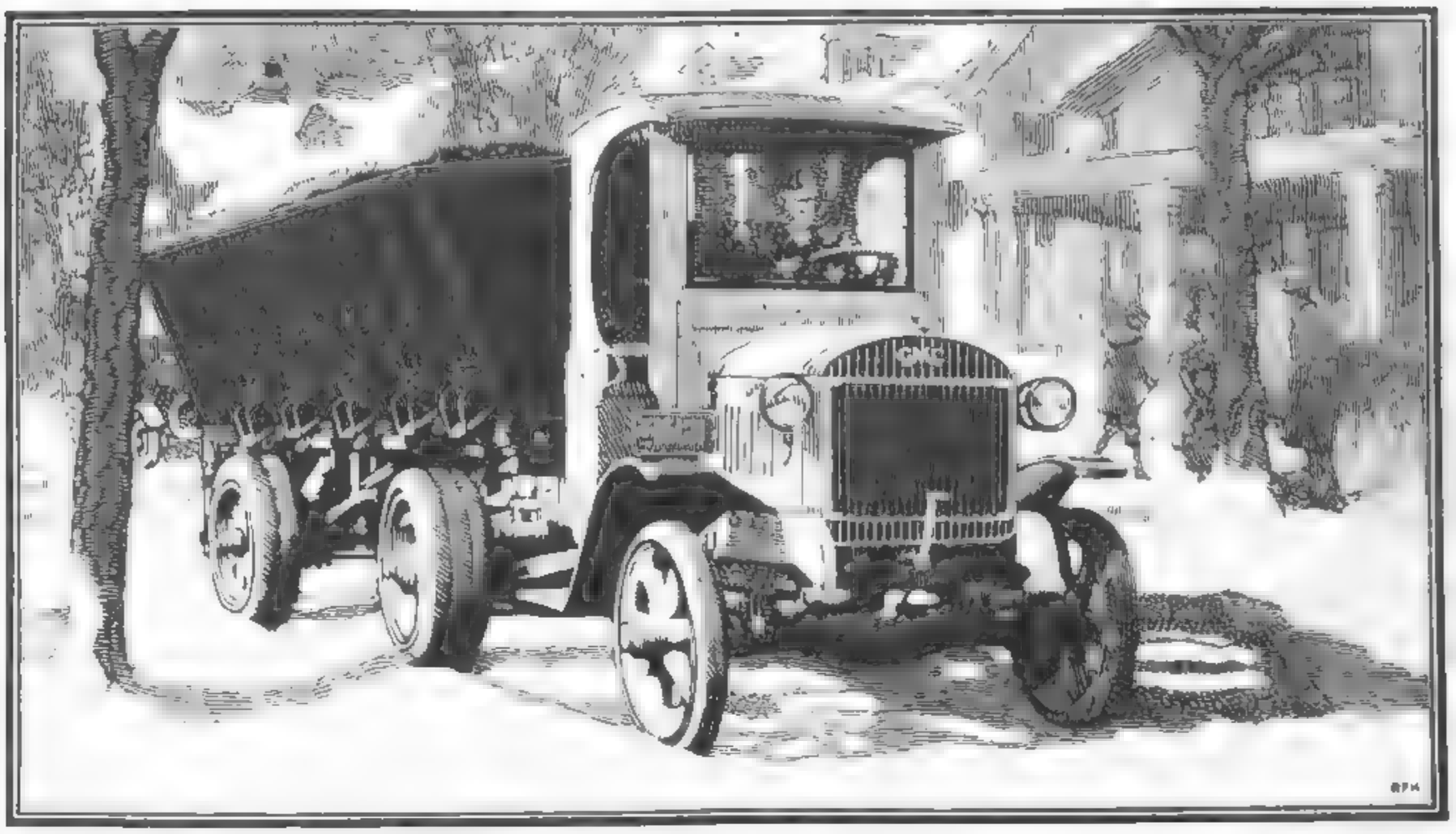

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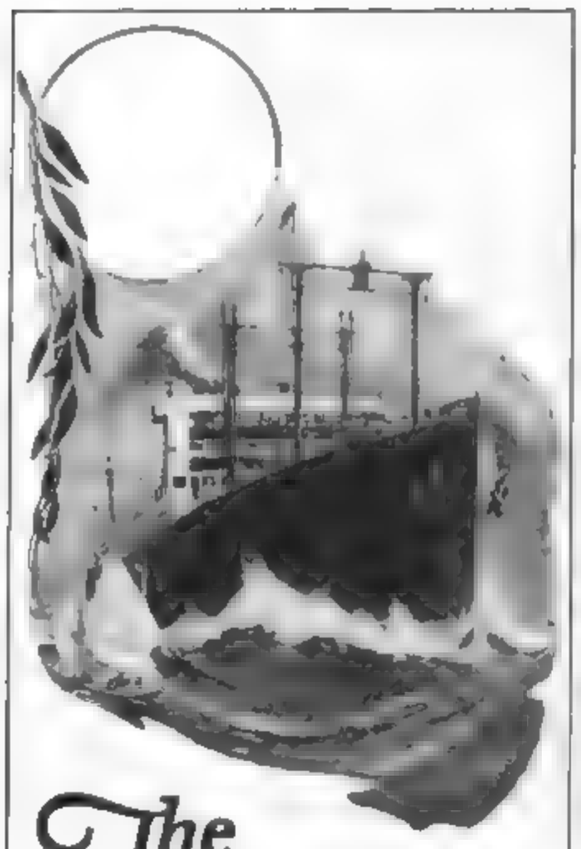

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(Continued from Page 38)

the music. But it was more like a funeral dirge than the lilting quickstep she needed.

Nothing to do but to plod along to it, whatever its harmony and tempo. It was hard going. Bob was not looking around very vigorously. There were so many errands to be done for so many society women who admired his taste and his manners, it didn't seem to leave him much time for business. Anyway, he was in no hurry—he'd like to rest up a bit from that last dreadful experience with the weather-strip company. That had been very hard on him. In the meantime—yes, there was his board and his laundry and his cigarettes. He thoughtfully tried to cut down on his smoking so as to save Octavia as much as possible.

Aunt Minnie had another attack. She was completely worn out, Doctor Heustis said, and ought to go South for the bitter weather, and she told Octavia she knew he was right, for ever since Clara had been sent away the housework had made her so nervous, and though she hadn't said anything about it she simply didn't see how she could do it any longer.

"But it's only a little dusting and getting your own lunch," said Octavia involuntarily, and then rebuked herself when Aunt Minnie's eyes filled with tears and she withdrew in gentle hurt dignity to her own room.

That was the day the final blow fell. Octavia got off the elevator, and beheld the door of the colonel's office open and the colonel himself behind his desk, watching for her, as a big hairy spider might be watching for a small succulent fly.

"Come in here, Tavie," he boomed resonantly.

She came, trapped but game. She sat down in the chair his mighty forefinger indicated, and her heart beat in her throat.

"I been watching you, Tavie Lowden," boomed the colonel. "I been keeping my eye on you and checking you up. You set me thinking when you didn't make good on your promise to me to buy that city bond. I been collecting some information about you. Tavie, you're a fool. And I'm going to fire you right here and now."

She could not move or speak. She sat looking at the colonel, and praying for strength not to break down.

"Now I'll tell you why you're a fool," said the colonel. "You haven't got sense enough to see that you've no moral right to support that trio of leeches that live on you. I mean your Aunt Min and your niece and your Brother Bob. Specially Bob. Listen to me, Tavie: The woman who takes from another human being his self-respect by letting him lean on her and depend on her for daily bread is a thief and a fool. You don't do 'em any good by supporting 'em, Tavie. You ruin 'em."

He cleared his throat, afloat on a tide of eloquence with all sails set and full of the bracing breeze of his own voice. "Your Aunt Min—she was a lively sensible sort of woman till she came to live with you. She made enough to keep her, there with Mrs. Bartholomew, and it kept her active and smart. Now she's a fat sloppy hippo. You've wrecked her—with her able assistance. Your young niece instead of being in Miss Kleet's school ought to be in a business college learning shorthand and typewriting, ready to earn her own living in another year. As for Bob—well, if you didn't pay for him, rest assured he'd pay for himself. You've weakened their wills, you've made 'em into nothings. That's why I'm firing you. It's a desperate remedy for a desperate case. I hope it'll work. You can get two weeks' salary from the cashier, and you needn't go back to your office. I've put another girl in there already." The colonel got up and looked at her anxiously, in spite of his bluster. Octavia had said nothing, but now at last she found her voice: "You must feel very wonderful—something like God, colonel," she said at last, "to do this to me."

The colonel's look of anxiety deepened, but he blustered on:

"Remember this, Tavie—if I'm playing God to you, you've been playing God to three people, and a mighty unkind and unjust God, at that. What right have you to rob your nearest and dearest of their clean honor? That's what you've done—and pretended to yourself that you were being kind. My conscience is clearer than yours."

Through her numbed consciousness, beaten and bruised by his hammering words, Octavia had a clear cold thrust of pain. "Pritchett has done this," she thought. "That's why he's kept away from me. He said he'd do something to my family, and he's struck at them through me. He knew that way he could make me suffer most."

She got up and left the colonel's office without a word, and left that stout Jupiter biting his whiskers and feeling unwontedly guilty.

"Maybe I was wrong," he thought, watching Octavia's straight slender shabby little back disappear into the elevator. "Maybe I was wrong. And she was a darned good club editor. This new girl will be sure to make a botch of things and get everybody sore."

But he did not waver or retract his decision. That was not the colonel's way. He backed his judgment, right or wrong.

As is the way with all hurt things, Octavia sought shelter. She could not think, she could not speak. All the long ride in the trolley she sat staring before her, seeing no one, and when she reached her corner she got off stiffly, automatically, and made her way like a sleepwalker to the door, up the stairs and into the apartment. Aunt Minnie was out—playing bridge with her cronies. So Octavia found the solitude she needed.

Pritchett had done this—she clung to that idea. The colonel had said, "I've been collecting information about you"—and who so willing to give information derogatory to her family as Pritchett; who so willing to misrepresent them?

"I think I must be going crazy," thought Tavie piteously. That Pritchett should do this thing! He might leave her for another, withdraw his love, so long denied, but she had not imagined he would be capable of striking her down like this. Yet he had threatened it.

And what more had the colonel said? "You've robbed your nearest and dearest of their clean honor." Oh, monstrous accusation—she who had loved and sheltered and stayed and comforted in all unselfishness, with all her heart!

She sat very still, wondering what would become of them all. She must get another job instantly, without a day's delay. She would go to the offices of every newspaper in the city—but none of them paid so well as the Challenge; no, hardly over half. And they might need no one. Fear clutched her heart. She remembered that she had not stopped to get the two weeks' salary the colonel had mentioned. She wished she need not go back and get it. She had not earned it—she hated to take a two weeks' notice with pay, like any servant-girl. Oh, she thought a lot of foolish wild things, did Octavia, sitting there through those long, long hours. But she knew that leaving that two weeks' salary untouched as a reproach to the colonel was a bit of pride she could not afford.

Before the hour when Aunt Minnie would return she had got hold of herself. She washed her face and smoothed her hair.

"No use being a tragedy queen, Tavie," she told the girl in the mirror. "Lots of other folks lose their jobs. I've simply got to get out and hustle for something else In the meantime I must put up a front."

Aunt Minnie, returning, found her doing this last bravely. "The colonel had a brainstorm and discharged me," was Octavia's report. Whereupon Aunt Minnie had a brainstorm herself.

"That old fool, Abe Spence!" she cried. "He's crazy—he's in his dotage. I'm going right down there tomorrow and give him a piece of my mind! The very idea—after the way you've slaved and toiled and mouled on his old paper!" Octavia checked her at last—she couldn't bear it.

Eloise, returning late from Miss Kleet's, added her indignation to Aunt Minnie's sum. Last of the three Bob came in, the borrowing gleam in his eye. He wanted to go and rebuke the colonel too.

"I'll show him that you have a brother who can stand up for you, Tavie!" he growled manfully. "I'll show him you're not the unprotected girl he thinks you are!"

They united in expressions of love and care for Octavia, and listening, her heart was eased. If the colonel could have heard them! If Pritchett could have heard them! Their championship was very sweet, very justifying to Octavia.

It was Eloise who interjected the first word of real appreciation of the situation. "What are we going to live on, now Aunt Octavia's lost her job? Will I have to leave school?" she asked bewilderedly.

A curious tight little silence fell on the room. Octavia was the first to break it, in her most natural voice and manner—a trifle overnatural, to be exact: "Oh, pooh, Eloise—what nonsense you talk! I'll have another position in a jiffy. Of course you won't have to leave school. We'll be perfectly all right."

But Eloise had thrown a bomb. Through dinner and the evening Bob and Aunt Minnie were very quiet, subdued; one might have imagined them to be engaged in the unusual process of thought. Bob left early—after kissing his sister with unusual tenderness. He had uttered no word concerning a little advance. And Octavia pleaded weariness and went off to her bed, leaving Aunt Minnie sitting before the fire, plump cheek on plump hand, round eyes exceedingly serious, while Eloise made a pretense of getting her next day's lessons beside her.

For five bitter days Octavia scoured the town for work. No chance on any of the other papers, except one measly little society job on a weekly that was none too particular about the way it got its news, and whose proprietor was suspected of an occasional bit of blackmail when he had something specially juicy on his docket. Octavia couldn't and didn't consider his offer for a moment. She began to think of applying for a place in a shop; she'd make a pretty good saleswoman, she told Aunt Minnie. Or perhaps there might be something she could do in one of the hotels—hostess in the tea room, or flower clerk. Aunt Minnie's flesh creased into folds of anguish at the thought.

"If I'd only been taught stenography and typing," went on Octavia, "or bookkeeping. Newspaper work is such a specialized profession, Aunt Minnie. We can't go on after the first of the month when the rent is due."

She had said these things in the morning, and that evening when she returned home there was no Aunt Minnie before the fire.

Presently, however, she came in. She looked rather odd, determined, flushed.

"I may as well tell you, first as last," she burst out as soon as she was in the door. "I met Ruth Bartholomew today and told her I'd come back to her if she wanted me. And I'm going right away. So there's one weight off you, my dear."

"Aunt Minnie! You always said you were so uncomfortable there—that she was so inconsiderate. Oh, I don't want you to do that. Everything will be all right—I'll soon be on my feet again."

"Then I can help you to get there," said Aunt Minnie firmly. Her face bore the look of a martyr, a determined martyr, and not too much of a martyr, even so. Mrs. Bartholomew was exacting, but the excellence of the Bartholomew cuisine was not to be denied. "Ruth was glad enough to get me back," she added with a smirk. "I told her I'd have to have more salary, too—high cost of living, and all that."

It was evident that Aunt Minnie thought she was an excellent business woman. Certainly she had gained something in stature, more decision, more womanliness. Her love for Octavia had not diminished, but in her independence it had changed.

"I'm going to send you every cent I don't need," she affirmed stoutly as she packed her trunk. "Don't say a word, Tavie, you'll need it—not working, and with Eloise and Bob on your hands. I'll see you through."

She was a new Aunt Minnie, assertive, managing. Yes, and happier. An uncomfortable twinge of memory touched Octavia. The colonel's reproach came back to her—and her repudiation of it. Had he perhaps been right? Oh, had he?

She questioned herself still more searchingly when, two days later, Eloise came home from school with the air of a miss with a mission.

"See here, Aunt Tavie," she said, "one of the governesses for the younger children has left and I asked Miss Kleet if I couldn't take her place and pay my tuition that way, and she said I could. It pays my luncheons too. It isn't a bit of work—I just supervise their study hours, and I can study myself while I do it. I couldn't bear to be doing nothing when Aunt Minnie was helping, and you were having such hard luck."

Octavia could hardly believe her ears, or her eyes either, for something of self-reliance, of development, was luminous in Eloise's weak and selfish face. She was infinitely touched—this child, this stolid,

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unappreciative young thing, to grope about for resources to aid in time of trouble.

"She's more Lowden than Marsh," thought Octavia proudly as she kissed her niece.

"But if it's too hard for you, darling," she said aloud, "you mustn't keep on with it."

Eloise laughed aloud. "Too hard for me! I guess I haven't played on the hockey team for nothing these two years. Why, Aunt Tavie, I'm a regular horse!" She paused, and went on: "It's a funny thing, but—but it's sort of exciting to think of having something to do—making those kids stand round, you know."

"Oh, Eloise!" cried Octavia. "Work's the finest thing in the world—really it is! When everything else fails you—you've got something stable and safe in work."

"You ought to know," said Eloise with youthful cynicism. "You've done enough of it. Well, believe me, Aunt Tavie, it makes me feel pretty good not to be a parasite now when you're so hard up. I wish there was some way I could think of to pay for my breakfasts and dinners here at the flat—and my clothes. Maybe I can after a while."

That day Octavia went out to look for something to do with a better courage, and though she found nothing she could not be wholly disheartened. The Lowdens hadn't failed her—the Lowdens weren't what the colonel and Pritchett—oh, Pritchett!—had called them. Now, if only Bob ——

And Bob himself reported that evening.

"Couldn't get round before, Tavie," he said gayly. "I've been looking round, you know, and at last I made up my mind to go back to the weather-strip company and tell the manager that he was right about punctuality and looking out for the expense accounts, and—and I told him I'd like to have my job again—and—and—he gave it to me. So—I got a little advance, and paid half of it to the boarding house—I was behind there, and—here's the rest of it."

He put a ten-dollar bill into Octavia's hands.

"That's on account," he went on. "More next week. You know that manager—he's not such a bad sort. Not a real gentleman, of course, but after we talked it over I could get his point of view. He's obliged to look out for the interests of the company. He was really very decent about it; Tavie, I wish I'd not been such a chump—I could have gone back there before, I do believe."

He sat beaming on her, debonair, irresponsible, yet so dear, so truly kind. No, Bob would never be a king of finance, but in the pinch he had not failed her. And now Octavia knew that the colonel had been right, wholly, truly right. She had warped and crippled them all by letting them lean on her. She had kept them from their full stature, denied them their birthright. Yes, she had been a fool—a dreadful, destructive fool. And her family—how they had vindicated her belief in them, yet how they had abased her—yes, gloriously abased her! She had taken their souls in her careless ignorant hands to play with—yet they had saved them alive and beautiful.

Bob went on talking: "Saw Pritchett Spence today—just back from Miami. Said he'd had a rotten time. Asked about you, Tavie, and when I told him you weren't with the Challenge any longer he was awfully surprised. Said he thought he might run up here this evening for a few minutes."

She hardly dared ask the question: "How long has he been away, Bob—did he say?"

"Quite a while, I think—went away, he said, just after the last time he'd seen you. I'm going to run along, little sister. But, look here—don't you worry about anything. You can count on me, you know, always."

He swung himself off, Robert the Magnificent—not knowing how much he had changed. To himself he had always been a good brother, and if he had not always been able to assist Octavia as he wished, at least he had never lacked the will to do so. A simple creature, Bob, a boy in spite of his years. And perhaps if she kept hands off he might now, at this late day, grow up a little in responsibility, in character.

If she kept hands off! "I don't believe I'll look for a job any more at all," thought Octavia happily.

She sat before the fire and waited for Pritchett. She heard his ring, a sort of slamming desperate clangor, and she hardly had turned the door handle when he came bursting in. He was the angriest man she had ever seen in her life. His red head bristled, his blue eyes flamed. He stammered and stuttered his rage.

"Uncle Abe—the old scoundrel—I've had it out with him!" His words crackled and sizzled. "Firing you off the Challenge, and me down in Miami playing polo and hating it. I told him what I thought of him—if he'd been ten years younger I'd have pounded him to a mush! The big cheese! The old nut! Tavie—Tavie, darling—I went away in such a fury after that last row we had—but this time, this time, surely you'll let me help you—take care of you."

She had her revenge. "Why, Pritchett, what a fuss about nothing! I didn't mind a bit leaving the Challenge. I'm going to take a nice long rest, I think. You see, Aunt Minnie's gone back to Mrs. Bartholomew's, and Eloise is earning her tuition and most part of her board; and with Bob at work; and they're all so good to me—and so eager to do everything for me!"

His anger melted into a queer blank amazement. "Aunt Minnie—and—and Bob—and Eloise—working—all of them! Go on—it couldn't happen."

Octavia nodded casually, as if it were the most natural state in the world. "But it has," she affirmed. Then she took pity on him. "I've missed you," she said. She would never tell him of what an abomination she had suspected him. Good heavens, how could she have been such an idiot, so untrue to what she knew of him with all her heart to have thought that he would be unkind to her!

"Of course," she went on, teasing him, "I might get something to do—after a while. You—you haven't got any situation—you could—offer—have you, Pritchett?"

Things never moved too fast for Pritchett Spence.

"Get your hat and coat," he commanded, with his arms around her. "I guess we can find a parson somewhere in the next few blocks. Thank the Lord they don't require a license in this state! A job, Tavie, for you? By golly—a life job!"

THE HOODOO

(Continued from Page 14)

it burned to the ground with their trunks and belongings. The hoodoo had now come to live with the Two McNultys in dead earnest.

"It was some time before I heard from them again, and then who should turn up here in Chicago and at my own theater but Tom and Mazie McNulty, with little Abigail. Well, sir, they looked like advance agents for starvation. Even Abigail looked discouraged. Her sides were a couple of washboards and her little tail hung straight down behind.

"I told them I'd give them four days at the Criterion.

"'Thanks,' says Tom; 'we'd like to—in fact we've got to, but we can't. You see we ran into a flood in Indianapolis and we lost everything we had in the world except our debts.'

"'I'll fix you up and book you,' says I, for they looked like calamity's kids and I felt sorry for them, although sympathy has no business in a theater manager's buzzum. 'Burned out in St. Louis and flooded out in Indianapolis is crowding it for tough luck,' says I.

"'Gee, that's only part of it!' chimed in Mazie. 'The Postal Guide contains the only complete list of all the towns we've been stranded in. We've been burned out and flooded out and starved out. We've been wrecked on trains and boats and automobiles and street cars. We've run up bills and run down heels. We've been run in and run out. We've been hired and fired and canned and panned. We've had all the regular lines of hard luck and a lot of novelties specially designed for our own exclusive use. There isn't anything in the contents, index, footnotes or appendix of hard luck that pig Abigail hasn't brought us.'

"'Aside from that, nothing happened to you?' says I.

"'Practically nothing,' says Tom. 'When do we start to work for you?'

"'Tomorrow afternoon,' says I. 'I'll stake you to some props and if you make good I'll get you booked in the Loop for a couple of weeks.'

"So they went on, and their act wasn't so bad. Tom had one of those prophylactic tenor voices and could dance better than most one-legged men. He was tall and caved down in the middle like an old pie, and always wore a desperate smile parted in the middle like his hair.

"Mazie had experimented with peroxide and it took, and she sang those baby songs with a lithp and was cuter than a brindle pup. However, if the pig didn't get most of the salary, Tom and Mazie were holding out on it, for Abigail was the act. They say you can't expect anything from a pig but a grunt, but it didn't hold for her. She was a real blue-blooded porker if there ever was such a thing, and looking at her doing tricks you'd wonder how McNulty ever taught her. You wouldn't think he had that much sense in him.

"With the pig to carry it, the act went over pretty well, Tom singing until the audience got nervous and Mazie lithping out to take their minds off it, and he jumping in with a dance and the pig doing her stunt and both closing waving an American flag and singing, Ain't We Got Fun, or some other patriotic air.

"Well, they played out their four days with me and were tickled to have their hands on some regular money again. Tom took it and he and Mazie shook hands with me about a thousand times with tears in their eyes.

"'I'll never forget this good turn,' said Tom, and his voice choked up a bit. 'We've had a pretty tough run of luck; but thanks to you, I think we'll get on our feet again!'

"But they had another guess coming. It was Wednesday night, and I gave Tom his money as they came out to make a dash for supper between acts. You know, in continuous vaudeville an act that goes on at 1:11 is due to go on again at 2:22, 3:33, 4:44, 5:55 and 6:66, and so forth, until eight, and then on the even hour thereafter. Something like a suburban-train schedule. So Tom stuck the money in his pants pocket and he and Mazie dashed out for a bite.

"Now, if you know anything about Chicago you know that on some of these corners, when you shove a careless hand into your pocket you are apt to find it full of light fantastic fingers not your own. Life is a sort of touch-and-go affair, if you get me."

I got him.

"Yes," nodded Finnigan; "the corners around here especially are festooned with bright young men who have a determined ambition to better themselves. They usually do.

"Well, about fifteen minutes after the McNultys left the stage door Mazie came tearing back.

"'We've been robbed!' she screamed hysterically. 'Robbed, robbed!'

"It was ten or fifteen minutes before she could tell how it happened, and then she couldn't. It seems Tom and she were walking down the street to find a restaurant. At the next corner three or four fellows were standing near the curb. Another young chap was leaning against the lamp-post. Tom and she had stopped to let an auto pass, and she caught the lamp-post chap wink at one of the fellows in the group beside Tom. They started scuffling good-naturedly and jostled Tom, who hollered at them to look where they were going. It all happened in a few minutes. Tom got sore at one of the fellows and swatted him on the smiler. There was a mix-up, a crowd gathered; two policemen and three plain-clothes men who had lost their direction ran into them, and Tom discovered the fifty dollars had been taken out of his pocket during the excitement.

"'Oh, wattle we do, wattle we do?' wailed Mazie.

"I told her to cheer up and I'd see what I could do for them. Tom had been taken to the coop after the scramble and my first job was to get him bailed out, which I knew would be easy, for wasn't I a fellow third degree in the N. K. with Sergeant O'Malley?"

"N. K.?" I mused. "What's that?"

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"Ignorance!" sniffed Finnigan. "Vast ignorance! Who has not heard of the Nights of Kolumbus. So, as I was saying before you interrupted so crassly, I called up the sergeant.

"'Sarge,' I says, 'you've got a friend of mine down there.'

"'Nothing unusual about that,' says he.

"'True for you,' says I; 'but this one is a particular friend.'

"'If he was so particular he wouldn't be in here.'

"'As far as police stations go, he isn't particular,' I says; 'but I just called you up to tell you there's a swell prima donna playing the Criterion this week, and I've been telling her what a grand fellow you are and she says she'd like to meet you.'

"'I don't blame her,' says the sarge. 'But why didn't you tell me before?' says he. 'Your friend'll be over on the next car.' And he was. But like a darn fool I told Mazie of Sarge O'Malley and how nice he had been about letting Tom out of the cooler and that he would be out in front that night.

"'I'll give him a smile to show him I'm grateful,' says she. 'It's little enough to give the good man for his kindness.'

"And sure enough, when they came out she looks the house over and spots a double row of brass buttons which would be O'Malley and smiles at them, and O'Malley smiles back; which would have been all right, only Tom caught them at it.

"Did Tom go up in the air? He did. That German glider had nothing on him. As soon as their act was over Tom got into his street clothes, put Abigail under his arm and left Mazie flat. I happened to run into him in the alley.

"'Where are you going?' says I.

"'I don't know,' says he, 'and I don't care. I'm through! To think Mazie'd fall for a flat-footed copper! I'm offa her for life!'

"With that he beats it down the street before I could think of a come-back, and out comes Mazie, crying as if her little heart would break.

"'Tom's left me!' she sobbed. 'Just because I smiled a little at that sergeant for letting him loose, and now when you've got us a whole week's booking downtown and it looks like we are just going to get a decent break in luck he goes off his nut and queers everything.'

"'Leave him to me,' says I. 'I'll bring him around.'

"But that was one time I bit off more than I could chew. McNulty had gone out with the noble aim of doing what the sponge squad tried to do—dry up Chicago. And he must have done nobly, for when he woke up he discovered he'd spent all his money and owed the hotel back rent. I found him there with a head like a beehive, a disposition like an alligator's, and Abigail's empty crate.

"'Where is Abigail?' I asked him.

"'Gone,' says he. 'I sold him.'

"'To who?' says I.

"'To a fellow who was putting on a bazaar,' says he. 'He wanted a greased pig, so I sold him Abigail, and besides I needed the jack.'

"'Your brains wouldn't soil silk,' says I. 'What are you going to do for your act now?'

"'They ain't no act,' says he. 'The act is as dead as a canned salmon. It's a thing of the past,' and he makes one of those dramatic gestures you see in the movies.

"'Do you mean to say you're offa Mazie for good?'

"'For good,' says he—'good is the word.'

"'Look here, you cellar smeller!' says I, losing my temper. 'All she did was smile her thanks to that sergeant for letting you out of the hoosgow where you belonged, and now you throw her down and break her heart. Get up out of there and go back to her and beg her pardon on your knees or I'll break every bone in your worthless body.'

"And maybe you think I couldn't do it," mused Finnigan, baring an arm like the trunk of a tree.

"I'll bet he went back in nothing flat," says I, giving Old White-Apron at the grape arbor the distress signal.

"Yes," said Finnigan, after a refreshing pause; "and although he had the devil's own time of it, he got his pig back too. But poor Abigail was shaved to the bone by the greased-pig guy, and the first night they went on Tom was arrested by the S. P. C. A. for allowing Abigail out in the cold without any hair to cover her.

"'Anybody who'd shave a pig in winter is a criminal,' said the judge. 'Fifty dollars and costs.'

"It took their whole week's salary to get out of that scrape, and I loaned them enough to get out of town, meanwhile getting them booked in a little house in Peoria.

"Well, I lost track of them every once in a while after that, but old Horace Hoodoo didn't. Everywhere they went they left a trail of hard luck and regrets. One day I got a telegram collect from Jonesburg, Illinois:

"*Dear Finnigan:* Book us somewhere before we pass out. TOM MCNULTY.

"Well, I tried to—honestly I did; but the McNultys' hoodoo reputation in vaudeville had just about cooked their goose. There was no booking 'em anywhere. Much as it hurt me, I had to break the sad tidings.

"So I wired them:

"Can't book you. Better turn to the right and quit vaudeville.

"I guess it was a month later Carson, of Jingling's Circus, dropped in to chat with me. After we had settled the labor question and reduced the taxes and disposed of a few other trifling matters, we started talking shop.

"'You know,' says he, 'we're putting on a big indoor circus this winter in Chicago. It ought to go big, don't you think so?'

"'Sure it ought. The kids are tired of the movies and a circus has got the movies skinned. Got all your acts?'

"'All but one,' says he. 'The Two McNultys and Abigail the Trained Pig. They quits us mad about a year ago because the fat lady said Abigail was no red, red rose for fragrance on a hot day, and we ain't heard a word from them since.'

"'Would you like to?' says I, getting all excited inside.

"'Would we?' says he bitterly. 'Say, we ain't never had an act that went with the kids like that pig of the McNultys'. You know, when an act can get the kids going it's a gold mine for a circus. If we could get the McNultys' pig back we'd double their salary and give 'em a contract for as long as they wanted it.'

"'Honest?' says I. It sounded too good to be true. Old Man Hoodoo was going to let up on the McNultys.

"'Honest,' says he. 'I'd go after him and sign him right away if I knew where to find him.'

"'Well, here's your Christopher Columbus,' says I, and I speared the telephone and hollered for a telegraph office. 'Telegram to Tom McNulty, Jonesburg, Illinois,' says I:

"Carson of Jingling coming down to see you at once. Important. FINNIGAN.

"'That'll get him,' says I, turning to Carson. 'You sure do brighten the corner where you are. You'll look like an archangel to the McNultys. They've had 51 per cent of all the hard luck in the world since they left you people.'

"'They needn't have any more,' says he. 'I'll catch a train and go right down there to Jonesburg and sign them. S'long.'

"'S'long,' says I.

"Tom told me the rest of the story himself some time later. He said he nearly dropped dead when he got the telegram saying the Jingling agent was coming down to see him. 'I takes it right over to where Mazie and I was hanging out, in one of those light-housekeeping places where you have about as much privacy as an oyster on the half shell. It was just like living in a greenhouse. So I locks the door before I shows her the telegram. She lets out a whoop of delight.'

"'"You know what that means, Tom, old scout," says she.

"'"Of course I know," says I. "It means a job. He isn't coming down here to give me a massage. And you know our cue, don't you?"

"'"I'll bite. What is our cue, Mister Bones?"

"'"Our cue is to show this Carson lad a good time when he gets here."

"'"A good time in this burg? Say, after he's been here a while the only thing we can show him that will please him will be the way out."

"'"Well, we've got to make a fuss over him some way. This means our job—our regular little old job. Say, I wonder why he's coming after us at this late date. He musta heard how we put that I Got the Epileptic Blues song and dance over in Memphis. Even if you are my ball and chain, Mazie, my love, you can sure agitate yourself when it comes to shaking the light fantastic shimmy. And while I don't send myself poisoned-pen letters, I gotta say I'm no slouch at this here vocalizing," and I feel so happy I bust right out singing:

"'"*I got the blues—*
He's got the blues—
I got the blues—
He's got the blues—
I got the peppy-leptic,
Sleppy-leptic,
Epileptic blue-hoo-hooes."

"'But Mazie butts in anxiously, "Yes, yes, you're good and I'm good and we love us all right, all right; but when is this Carson fellow coming here?"

"'"About noon tomorrow," says I. "I'll hock my watch and whatever I can lay my hands on and with the proceeds you get him up a real meal. As the poet says, the esophagus leads to the heart. The way he feels will decide how much money we'll get out of him and the way he feels will depend upon the way you feed him. He'll get off that train as hungry as a Mexican, and he's eaten restaurant grub so long that if I invite him to a real home-cooked meal he'll feel grateful enough to give us the tent and half the gate receipts."

"'"But how can I?" says Mazie. "It takes money to buy food these days, with the hens laying gold eggs and pork chops coming down the stretch leading radium by a nose."

"'"We've got a little hockable stuff left," says I, "and you know what Solomon said—'Go to the uncle, thou sluggard.' Anyway, we've got to get up a dinner for that Jingling fellow tomorrow, if for no other reason than to show him we ain't down and out. So it's up to you, Mazie."

"'Well, sure enough Carson, the Jingling agent, got off the train and I was there as a committee of one to give him the old welcome to our city. I steers him up to our little light-housekeeping joint, and when we gets in there Mazie has the table laid out with the largest convention of food you ever saw.

"'Say, Carson's eyes bulged out until you could have knocked them off with a stick, and you couldn't have kept him away from that table any more than you could keep a cat in nights.

"'And did we eat? Say, we went after that food like destroying angels. We had celery and soup and apple sauce and pork and potatoes and peas and Lord only knows what else.

"'"Some spread," says Carson, intrenching himself in the third plate of meat. "You must have struck a better graft than the circus."

"'"Oh, I don't know," says I kinda carelesslike, just so as not to seem too anxious.

"'"How would you like to come back to us?" says he. "We're going to put on an indoor show in Chicago this winter and we could use you nicely."

"'"Well, well," says I; "y'know Mazie and I have some act now. You oughta seen us stop the show in Memphis with our singing and dancing. Say, we knocked them off their seats."

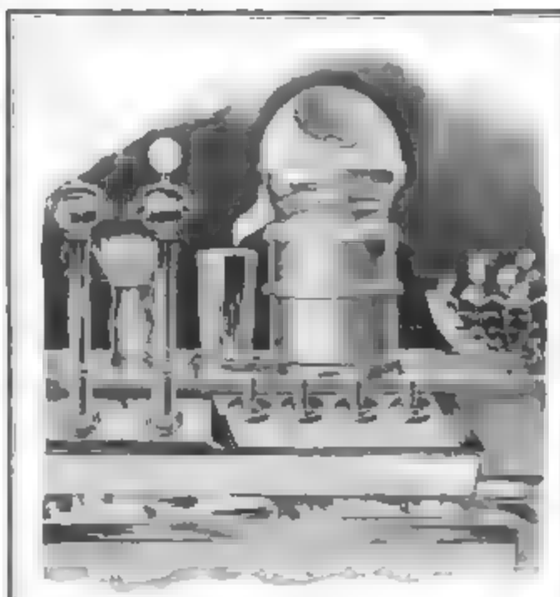
"'"Do you know," interrupted Carson, "we never had an act that made such a hit with the kids as yours. We tried Bobo and his trained goose, and Sherman's dogs, and I don't know how many others, but none of them ever drew like Abigail. So I've come down here to make you an offer. We want Abigail; we think she's the most wonderful trained-animal act for children in the world. Least we've never had an act that could draw the kids like she did. Now, we don't care whether you and Mazie sing or dance or juggle or walk tight rope or play a jew's-harp; what we want is Abigail, and if you'll bring her back to us we will give you a long-term contract and give your act double salary."

"'And then Carson wiped the grease off his lips and leaned back in his chair. "Waddye say to that?" says he.

"'"Fine!" says I. "What do you say, Mazie?" But she didn't say anything.

"'It was still as death in the room. And when I looked at Mazie I hardly knew her, she was so white and sick looking and gasping as if she was trying to say something and couldn't. And then all of a sudden she found her voice and she let out one screech like a saw hitting a nail.

"'"Look!" She pointed at the center of the table. "We just ate the act!"'"



New Profits
for Soda Fountains
Learn What This Machine Can Do For You

THERE'S a ready demand for orangeade and lemonade throughout the country. But soda fountains have not profited by this demand as much as they should because the drinks have been hard to serve *right*.

Now comes the Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor (electrically operated) which enables you to make orangeade and lemonade to order from fresh fruit—quickly, easily and right before the eyes of the customers.

So these two favorites are building big profits at 6500 soda fountains where the Extractor has already been installed.

Big Increase in Business

EXTRACTOR users by the hundreds report that last summer, after installing their machines, their orangeade and lemonade business ran $12.00 to $25.00 per day.

The Wake Drug Co., Anniston, Ala., When our Salesman called on us we had no orangeade trade and bought lemons by the dozen. The first week we installed the Sunkist Extractor we bought a crate of oranges and lemons. We have averaged a crate each per week since.

This statement is typical of hundreds of others.

Two Reasons for Buying Now

ORANGEADE and lemonade show excellent profits. Buy extractor-size fruit—extra large or small oranges and lemons—by the box from your wholesaler. Turn them into ten cent drinks which customers enjoy and repeat on.

By installing your Extractor now you can easily make it pay for itself before summer.

And it will be ready for the big rush which comes on every warm day. The hot weather business will be bigger, too, if you let your machine start building fresh fruit drink trade now.

Low First Cost

Almost Nothing for Maintenance

THE Sunkist Extractor costs but $47.50. (In Canada $67.50 delivered.) It is manufactured and sold at actual cost by the California Fruit Growers Exchange because it builds orangeade and lemonade business for you and for us.

It is solidly built of polished metal and costs almost nothing to run.

The Pettey Drug Co., Florence, Ala., says, "I believe it is the biggest money maker on the soda fountain market today."

That's what counts. Get your Extractor now. We ship immediately. Enjoy these profits from a line that gives utmost satisfaction.

Note the advertising we are giving orangeade and lemonade on the back cover of this publication. It is helping Extractor owners.

Sunkist
Fruit Juice Extractor
Electrically Operated

Use This Handy Order Blank

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Department of Fresh Fruit Drinks, Div. 501
154 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship _____ Express Prepaid _____

SUNKIST Fruit Juice Extractors at $47.50 each. (In Canada $67.50 delivered.)

☐ Send additional information relative to the Extractor

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

He Made Wheat a Confection

Also blasted every food cell so the whole grain could digest

To Prof. A. P. Anderson you owe Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. He found the way to blast all food cells, to make whole grains wholly digestible. His process causes in every kernel 125 million steam explosions—one for each food cell. Thus every granule is fitted to digest. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Toasted bubble grains

The grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. Their texture is like snowflakes, their flavor is like nuts. For millions of children they have made whole grains the most delightful foods they know. So they eat whole grains in plenty, as mothers want them to.

Now Puffed Grains are served in many attractive ways. Not merely at meal time, but between meals They are doused with melted butter for hungry children after school. They are mixed with the morning fruit. They are used like nut-meats in candy making, or as garnish on desserts. Thus children are eating, morning, noon and night, the best foods they can get. And in the best form known.

Do your children get enough?

Puffed Rice

The finest breakfast dainty children ever get. Bubble grains, flavory and flimsy, puffed to 8 times normal size. The taste is like toasted nuts

Puffed Wheat

Serve in every bowl of milk. It is practically a complete food, rich in 16 needed elements. With every food cell blasted all are easy to digest.

FAR BETTER THAN WORSE

(Continued from Page 13)

"They's a heap of things you don't know, Brother Crump; a whole heap of things."

"Well—has she?"

"Suttinly. Does you reckon I'd keep on lettin' her live in my house was she broke?"

The logic was unanswerable. "How much money has she got?"

"I dunno. Fo'—five thousand."

Robert Crump whistled. "That much?"

"Jest about. Woman with her dispresition has got to have somethin'."

"I reckon she ain't so wuss."

Camphor acted his rôle with Machiavellian cleverness. "Dianer ain't the fondest pusson Ise of—an' tha's a fact."

"Reckon I could be fond of anybody which was slippin' me money all the time."

"It do he'p," admitted Mr. Sprott. "Reckon she knows if she didn't I woul'n't let her live in my house. Sho'ly was fortunate fo' her that her husban' lef' some money."

Camphor then changed the subject and kept it changed despite the frantic efforts of Robert Crump to revert to the matter of the Widow Mathews' financial status. Inwardly Camphor was grinning; his victim had swallowed hook, line and sinker. "Golly! If he ever learns Dianer ain't got ary nickel ——"

It was a vastly pleased Mr. Sprott who journeyed from Bud Peaglar's to his place of employment. He had interested Robert more thoroughly than he had dared hope and had not committed the tactical blunder of praising Dianer as an individual. But he felt certain that the next move would come from the prospective victim, and he knew that the response of Dianer would be instantaneous and impetuous.

Dianer, he knew, was fairly aching for another fling at the matrimonial game. Single blessedness held no appeal for her. She wanted a husband—any sort of a husband. Her nature required it—a man of her own to make miserable as she pleased. A son-in-law was but a poor substitute. "Once let that feller say a sweet word to Dianer an' he's a lost soul!"

No later than that night Camphor saw that he had indeed dropped his seed on fertile ground. Robert Crump, dressed in a new jim-swinger coat, gray trousers, white spats and a silk hat, strolled elaborately down Twenty-third Street. Dianer Mathews was rocking on the Sprott veranda. Robert bowed grandiloquently and murmured a saccharine greeting.

Recovering from her amazement Dianer replied with a sweetness to match his own, whereupon the designing Mr. Crump oozed through the gate and came up on the porch. "Mis' Mathews, was you to look any prettier somebody would pick you fo' a flower."

Dianer's eyes narrowed dangerously; this savored suspiciously of kidding. But the bland guilelessness of Mr. Crump's smile disarmed her.

"You flatters folks mighty easy, Brother Crump."

"The goodest thing I could say 'bout you, Mis' Mathews, would be an insult."

Screened by the parlor curtains Camphor Sprott flung sinewy arms about his wife's curvy figure and pressed her to him in an abandonment of glee.

"Hot dog!" he enthused. "I done dug a hole an' Robert Crump has fell in. Inside of ten minutes he's gwine pull it in after him."

"I craves to know, Camphor, how you done this miracle?"

"'Twan't hahd," he said modestly.

Floral giggled. "When pa died he didn't have nothin', an' he left it all to ma minus fun'ral espenses."

"Sho'ly. I know that an' you know it, Floral. But Mistuh Robert Crump don't know it."

"S'posin' he asts ma?"

"He ain't gwine to. It woul'n't be gemmunly. An' besides, he'd be skeered he was queerin' husse'f."

Floral pondered. "He's boun' to fin' it out sometime."

"After they is ma'ied. An' when that happens them two is gwine write a new song which ain't gwine be named Home, Sweet Home."

"H'm! Looks like an awful dirty trick to play on ma."

"'Tain't half as dirty as the trick we is playin' on Robert. 'Cause while he is the wuthlessest man in the world, they ain't no man—even him—which yo' ma ain't gwine rule, an' rule tho'ough. I ain't sayin' that Mistuh Crump don't wuk a bit now, but after he's ma'ied to Dianer he's gwine 'scover he's all his life be'n on a wacation."

A careful survey of the ethical aspects of the situation smote Floral as all right. She was one with her husband in an attitude of mercilessness toward Robert Crump. He was not so aggressively mean as Semore Mashby, but he was, as Camphor expressed it, a heap more low-down.

That night Robert escorted Dianer to the Gold Crown, where they ate dinner together, and after that they visited the Champion Theater, where Episode Seven of the Vicissitudes of Vera were on exhibition. Through all that fair heroine's agonies they held hands blissfully in the dark, the allure of courtship strong upon them.

The following day Mr. Crump called upon Camphor. "Dianer Mathews ain't so bad," he commented.

"No-o. I reckon some wimmin is wuss."

"Reason you an' her ain't never gotten along is that you don't know how to handle her."

"I handles her money—tha's all I studies about."

"You you mean you is got control of it?"

"Naw. I ain't her husban'. But she gives me plenty."

Robert heaved a sigh of relief. "Tha's diff'ent. She's a fine upstandin' woman. It's lucky her fust husban' went an' died on her."

"Uh-huh. Lucky fo' him." Then, as though just smitten with an idea: "How come you to git so interusted in Dianer all of a sudden?"

"I always has liked her."

"You must be as big a fool as you looks."

"Feller my age needs a wife."

"You better lay off my ma-in-law. Even with six-seven thousan' dollars she ain't wuth it."

"Fo' that much money," breathed Robert frankly, "I'd ma'y the Spinks."

"Well," said Camphor, "whatever Dianer is, she ain't no Spinks."

The following fortnight proved conclusively that whatever shortcomings Robert Crump might have, he certainly was a man of action. He proved himself 110 per cent efficient in his courtship of the dazzled widow, who blossomed gloriously under the artful flattery of this new lover.

Dianer had long suspected that she was the victim of a dirty deal; she had for many years resented the fact that she was classified among the back numbers. The ardency of Mr. Crump revived her belief in herself, for it never occurred to Dianer to seek for an ulterior motive. That Robert's courtship was actuated by anything other than genuine passion was unthinkable. Dianer knew that she was penniless, and she knew, too, that she had not worked for years and had no intention of so doing. If, then, any man desired her hand in wedlock, that gentleman must be deeply in love with her.

Robert Crump was firmly convinced that he was courting wealth, a belief which Camphor's casual opposition established more firmly. Had Camphor assisted the romance Robert would have become suspicious.

Peace and tranquillity descended once again upon the Sprott homestead. Convinced now of the ultimate success of their plan Camphor and Floral bore bravely with Dianer's ill nature. Camphor himself trod the path of unswerving rectitude and such verbal darts as Dianer hurled his way he accepted unflinchingly. They realized that the worst was nearly over.

Two Saturday nights later Dianer and Robert Crump returned from a flivver journey on the Montgomery highway. Mrs. Mathews was palpitant with happiness. Robert was equally joyous, but, being less experienced, was ill at ease. And then, amid much fluttering, Dianer announced her engagement.

Camphor and his wife successfully concealed their elation. They protested that they were ag'in the match, that they did not desire to lose Dianer. They wished the couple happiness, of course, but they did it in such a way that Mr. Crump had the satisfaction of believing that in attaining happiness and comfort for himself he was discommoding someone else.

(Continued on Page 48)

IT STARTS PROMPTLY IN THE COLDEST WEATHER

The behavior of Dodge Brothers Motor Car on zero days is a fair example of its fitness the year round.

You turn the switch, step on the button, and the motor starts—without undue noise or delay.

The reasons are readily understood:

The coördination of the power plant is well-nigh flawless. The slightest impulse sets it in motion.

The battery—6-cells, 12-volts—is unusually large.

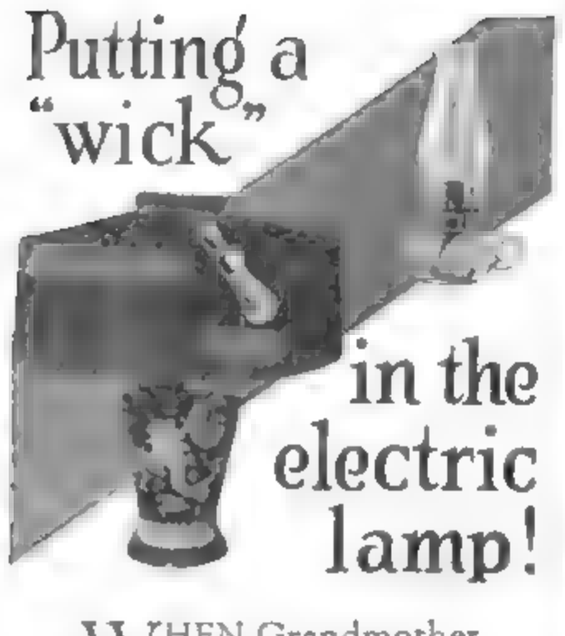
A high-vacuum carburetor so thoroughly vaporizes the gasoline that it ignites instantly under the spark.

The electrical system is remarkably efficient and cuts to a minimum the usual voltage loss between battery and starter.

Finally, the starter, itself—an admirable example of its kind—is directly united with the engine by a chain drive which is always in mesh—a fact having much to do with the promptness and quietness of its action.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Type-A Sedan is $1440 f. o. b. Detroit



Putting a "wick" in the electric lamp!

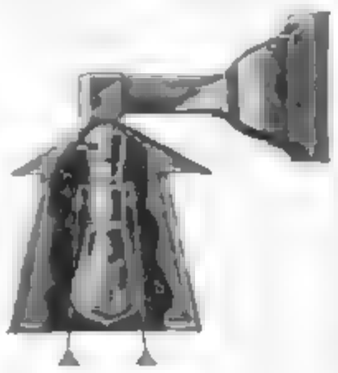
WHEN Grandmother went out for a few hours, she turned the oil lamp down—but not out. You can do the same thing with the electric lights you now have. All you need is a DIM-A-LITE, which gives you six degrees of light, from full-on to out. The current consumed is not worth mentioning, yet you have the advantage of a friendly light to greet you when you come in.

DIM-A-LITE

Lowers Lights and Bills

DIM-A-LITE made its reputation in sick-rooms, bathrooms, nurseries and halls. Fits any socket—takes any bulb. Only $1.25. Ask your dealer.

If you are wiring a new home, have DIM-A-LITE sockets used instead of plain sockets that give you only one choice—full on or out.



DIM-A-LITE is in two forms: An *attachment* that simply screws into your present socket; and a *socket* to be wired up in place of those you now have.

Progressive manufacturers of portable lamps have been quick to see the desirability of DIM-A-LITING, and are furnishing their lamps already wired with DIM-A-LITE sockets. Ask for this feature when buying portable lamps.

Six changes of light save 30% to 80% current

For sale by electrical, hardware and department stores

WIRT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 46)

Thereafter Dianer was in a ferment of preparation for her second nuptials. She spent what few dollars she had, and several more which she obtained from Camphor, for a trousseau. She was as nervous as a young girl, and seven times as eager. Mr. Crump was coldly deliberate and an excellent actor. He advised rigid economy in preparation for the wedding and simulated a depth of passion which he did not feel.

Camphor and Floral assisted heartily in the preparations. At Dianer's request Camphor resurrected an old and battered trunk from the coal house, gave it a thorough cleaning, and bore it into the parlor. That trunk had accompanied Dianer on her first honeymoon and she warmed to the exquisite sentiment of taking it with her on the second.

Within the trunk was a hodge-podge of discarded gewgaws and garments. Dianer busied herself with the task of assorting them. She worked at this with delicious slowness. She even left the house one afternoon without bothering to lock the trunk.

That evening Camphor and Floral decided to speed the parting guests as much as possible. To that end they picked up the work of straightening out the trunk where Dianer had left off to accompany her fiancé to the movies. They resurrected old dresses, bottles of hair straightener, battered shoes, ornaments a-sparkle with brummagem brilliance. Camphor discovered near the bottom of the trunk an old tin box. He glanced at it curiously.

"What this is, Floral?"

She flipped back the lid. "Nothin' but a lot of wuthless papers."

"Le's us see what they is."

They seated themselves side by side on the davenport. They inspected with amusement certain letters, a number of receipts, certificates of membership in various negro fraternal orders. And then, amid the mass of documents, the fingers of Mr. Camphor Sprott closed about a thin slip of paper handsomely engraved in green and gold. His forehead became corrugated.

"What's this? It says on heah—'Northern States Life Insurance Company, Ltd.'"

Floral shrugged. "'Tain't nothin'."

He inspected more closely. "Yes, 'tis, too! How come yo' pa to have a paper fum them folks?"

"I dunno." Floral relieved him of the official-looking slip and eyed it closely. Then she handed it back with a gesture of disgust. "Shucks, Camphor! That don't say nothin' 'cept that pa owed them folks th'ee hund'ed dollars."

Camphor shook his head. "Yo' pa never could of owed nobody that much money, sugarfoot. His credick wan't that good."

"He did so. It says on here that they has loant him th'ee hund'ed dollars fo' which they is holdin' a ten-thousan'-dollar life-insu'ance policy as col-collat-collat'ral, an' ——"

Camphor felt an idea crash against his jaw. "Gimme heah! Gimme heah!"

"I reckon if that paper says such, my pa must of borried it." Floral did not notice Camphor's tremulous excitement. "My pa wan't such a much of a man, but he was a hound on borryin' money. In fac', he was the borryinest man I ever did hear tell of. Now I reckon, Camphor, that the best thing us can do is to tear up that piece of paper so's ma will never know how much pa owed when he died, an' ——"

But Camphor was paying no heed to the steady flow of words. Clutching the paper in both hands he had risen and was pacing the floor. His brow was furrowed with intensive thought and he was struggling to readjust himself in an instant to this upheaval in his cosmic scheme.

From the davenport the voice of Floral flowed on monotonously, and finally Camphor whirled on her.

"Shut yo' mouf, woman! Cain't you heah me thinkin'?"

"Camphor Sprott!" She flung angrily to her feet. "I ain't aimin' to sit heah ——"

Of a sudden he threw his arms about her. "Wiggilin' tripe! Floral—I understan's it now. We is rich, honey! We is rich!"

"Huh?"

"This paper heah. It says—it says ——"

"That pa owes them folks th'ee hund'ed dollars."

"Yeh—honey; tha's what it says to you. An' tha's all it said to yo' ma. But to me, Floral—me, which is a man what uses his haid fo' somethin' else than to git hair tonic put on—to me it says that even if yo' pa owes them 'surance folks th'ee hund'ed dollars, they owes him ten thousand!"

Floral went limp in her husband's embrace. "You talks foolishment."

"Never talked mo' sensibler in my whole life. I knows somethin', sweetness. Yo' pa had a 'surance policy fo' ten thousan' dollars with these folks. He went an' borried th'ee hundred on it. An' when a feller borries money on his policy he has got to turn that policy in to the comp'ny. But it's still hisn, Floral an' the minute yo' pa up an' died they owed him the diff'ence between ten thousan' an' the money he had borried."

Together they subsided once again on the lounge. "Y-you mean to 'spostulate that ma is gwine git mo'n nine thousand dollars cash money?"

"Uh-huh! Nine thousan', seven hund'ed dollars, less interust. Nine thousan' Grinnin' catfish! Ain't we gwine have a cinch fum now on? With yo' ma havin' all that money ——"

The knell of doom rang from between Floral's lips. "Wonder what Robert Crump is gwine say when he heahs this?"

Camphor collapsed like a punctured gas balloon. "Robert Crump," he murmured. "Golly, Moses!"

"He's gwine make ma'iage with ma. An' when ma gits all that money, also she gits out of our house."

The prospect was catastrophic. Camphor sank back weakly, permitting the thought to penetrate. The elation of a moment since had turned a sickly gray in tone. Misery supreme settled upon him. "Don't say them words, Floral. They makes me ill."

"I an' you bofe, honey. An' when we tells this to ma an' Robert ——"

Mr. Sprott dropped his face upon his hands and groaned audibly. "Leave me think. Leave me think fo' a minute."

He plumbed the nadir of despair. Hoist by the petard of his own scheming he realized that instead of revenge he was letting himself in for colossal misery. He was ridding himself of Dianer when he desired to keep her after having borne with her society when she was useless and penniless. Furthermore, he had unwittingly done his archenemy a tremendous favor, one that would be forgotten by that ingrate when his marriage to Dianer had taken place.

"Fust off Mistuh Trouble comes an' knocks me down," he moaned, "an' then his brother kicks me in the eye."

"Ma is sho' gwine be s'prised."

"Not half as much as I is. It woul'n't be so turrible, honey, if it wan't fo' that man Crump. What I ain't got fo' him is no use."

"You reckon ma would leave off ma'yin' him?"

"Yo' ma woul'n't leave off ma'yin' nobody. She's got the ma'iage ache an' Robert Crump looks like her ointment."

"Well"—and Floral sighed resignedly—"we gives her this paper an' 'splains which it means."

Camphor shook his head slowly. "No-o. We ain't gwine do that."

"Saya which?"

"We cain't. It ain't nowaya possible we should hand Robert Crump nine thousan' dollars. In fac'"—his face brightened perceptibly—"tell you what we does. I takes this receipt an' hol's it a while. Then I makes Mistuh Crump understan' that I has done him a dirty trick. I lets him knqw that yo' ma ain't got a dime, an' the minute he learns that, he's gwine git unengaged to her so quick she ain't gwine know what's happened. Then we comes along with this heah receipt an' ev'ything is happy—even if it does mean yo' ma is gwine keep on livin' with us. Lawsy knows I love her better when she's got money than when she ain't."

"You reckon you c'n make Robert b'lieve ma ain't got nothin'?"

"Huh! When I finishes with Mistuh Crump he's gwine think that nothin' is somethin' compared to what yo' ma has got."

He tucked the receipt carefully away in his wallet and their faces were innocent when the engaged couple returned from the Champion Theater. And when, after lingering adieus, Robert Crump took his leave, Camphor grabbed his hat and swung into step beside him.

They strolled townward on Twenty-third Street. The new moon shone benignly over the fire-ringed city of Birmingham. Automobiles hummed by on the smooth paving and a Highland Avenue car clanged noisily toward Magnolia Point.

For perhaps two blocks they walked in silence and then Camphor cleared his throat and spoke as though with the greatest effort.

"Mistuh Crump," he announced, "I has somethin' special to say to you t'night. Somethin' awful 'pawtant."

"Ise willin' to listen, Camphor."

"You is durn tootin' you is willin' to listen, on account what I has to say is gwine save you fum mo' misery than you ever knowed was walkin' round Bummin'-ham unloose."

"Meanin' what?"

"'Bout my ma-in-law, which you is engaged to."

"Dianer Mathews?"

"Uh-huh. Listen at me, Brother Crump; as a feller member of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, I feels I must tell you that I has lied to you about Dianer."

"How come?"

It was plain that Robert was considerably surprised by his companion's manner, although he strove for facial immobility.

"I told you Dianer was a rich lady, Brother Crump—but she ain't. The on'y things she has got is a bad temper an' a heap of debts."

Robert exhaled suddenly. "You don't say so!"

"I does say so. I stahted tellin' you them lies accidental, an' then I thought what a good thing it would be was you fool enough to make ma'iage with her on account I was sick an' tired of havin' her aroun' my house all the time raisin' pertickler hell. But I nachelly ain't got the heart to see no pusson—even you—git tied up fo' life with sech a dill pickle as Dianer."

Robert paused. "Dianer Mathews ain't got no money?"

"Not havin' no money is rich alongside of Dianer. Was happiness sellin' fo' two bits she coul'n't buy a smile."

"How come you to tell me so diff'ent?"

"Ise afraid," confessed Camphor mournfully, "that I is a terrible liar."

"Funny you shift off like this an' notifry me contrariwise."

"Feller sometimes wants to kill another feller, but that ain't sayin' he does it. If you makes ma'iage with that female woman you is gwine wish you never had of been born an' also that you had died when you was a baby. Hellfire is that gal's middle name."

Again silence fell between them. At Avenue F, Robert held out his hand. "I think you has done me a tremendjous favor, Brother Sprott. I thanks you."

Unholy joy welled in Camphor's heart. "You is gwine break off with Dianer?"

"Uh-huh. But Ise got to go kinder slow so's she won't sue me fo' no britch of promise. Ise got to make her bust off with me 'stid of me with her."

"Don't you worry, Robert—she ain't gwine sue you fo' no kind of britches."

They separated, Camphor swinging homeward with a psean of joy lilting in his soul.

Once again victory had been snatched from defeat, and glory reigned where before there had been naught save a prospect of utter disaster.

He reported progress to the eager Floral and together they made plans for the future. They would, they agreed, keep silent about Dianer's wealth until such time as the engagement between Mrs. Mathews and Mr. Crump had been officially and safely sundered.

Meanwhile Camphor was to intrust the matter to Lawyer Evans Chew, leading legal light of Birmingham's Darktown. The payment of the money was to be staged dramatically, with the well-nigh barren hope that Dianer might loosen up in the first flush of enthusiasm and bestow a bit of largess upon her child and that child's husband.

Camphor was awaiting Lawyer Chew when that dignitary hove into his office in the Penny Prudential Bank Building the following morning. Lawyer Chew was in an expansively good humor. To him Camphor explained the details and presented the receipt. Lawyer Chew pondered upon it and

(Continued on Page 50)

Thumbprints and Eyeglass Frames

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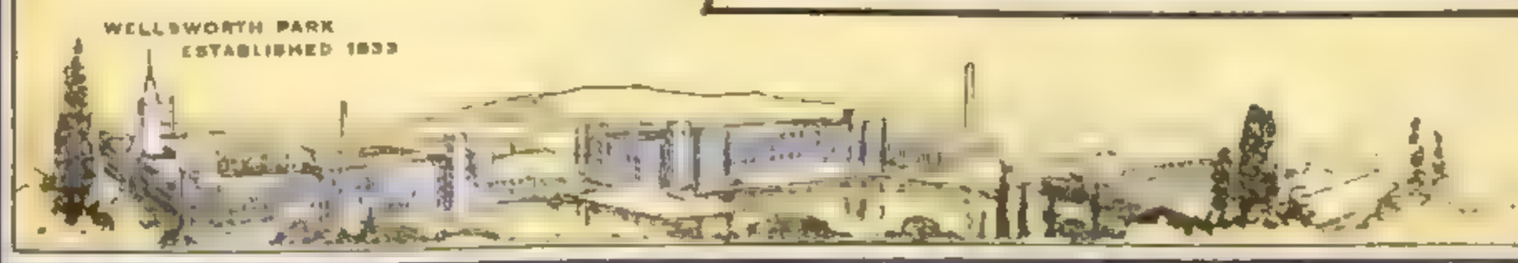

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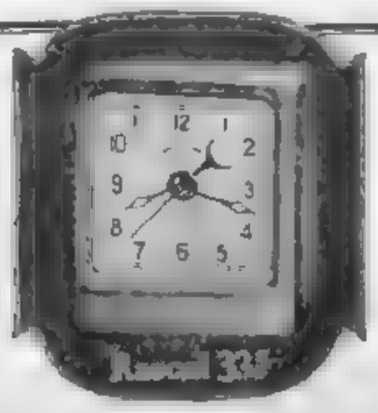

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 48)

agreed that the matter was excruciatingly simple—a mere matter of presenting proof that deceased had adequately performed the task of passing out.

"You c'n do it all, Lawyer Chew?"

"Uh-huh. It affohds me enormous pleasure."

"You is sad alongside of me. An' remember, Lawyer Chew, this matter is confumdentially private until I gives the word."

"I remembers, Brother Sprott. You may trust me implicit. I shall get matters arranged salisfractory an' will hold the settlement in abeyance until you signifies otherwise."

Camphor departed happily. The sun was shining brightly and Mr. Sprott was at peace with the world. He even felt in his heart a faint spark of affection for his acid-tongued mother-in-law. After all, nine thousand dollars was a great deal of money and he had supreme confidence in his ability to secure the use of a goodly portion of it. He sneered to himself at the gullibility of Robert Crump.

It was perhaps fortunate for Camphor's peace of mind that he did not know of the mental processes which Mr. Crump was at that moment undergoing. Camphor's declaration of Dianer's poverty had caught Robert in an unguarded moment and caused that gentleman to believe unquestioningly. But before sleep had come to him that night, doubt assailed.

Mr. Crump was nobody's fool and he knew a thing or two about human nature. He came to realize that surface indications were likely to prove treacherous and he started his mind to functioning. It was a laborious process, but fraught with results that would have worried Camphor Sprott had he known of them.

It was patent to Robert that all was not as it seemed: he knew full well that Camphor bore him no love, and he knew, too, that Camphor would go far out of his way to cause him unhappiness. Therefore it followed logically that there was a colored gentleman concealed in the woodpile.

After sober reflection Robert became convinced that Dianer really did possess wealth. According to his way of figuring, Camphor had planned to rid himself of an asset of doubtful value and then had reconsidered. He saw now that he had been foolish to permit himself to believe, even for a moment, that Dianer was penniless. It was absurd to presume that Camphor would seek to retain her as a member of his household under those depressing conditions.

Therefore, acting upon that hunch, Robert redoubled the ardency of his courtship, although while so doing he reported to Camphor that he was trying his best to offend Dianer in order that she herself might terminate the engagement. And these protestations Camphor believed.

Meanwhile Lawyer Evans Chew had set wheels in motion. He visited the local agent for the Northern States Life Insurance Company, presented the receipt for the policy and demanded a settlement. The Birmingham agent communicated with the Newark office and was duly notified that proof of death being satisfactory, check in payment of the policy was being forwarded, along with a formal receipt which was to be signed at the time of payment.

This information was passed along to the eager Camphor.

"When you reckon it gits heah, Lawyer Chew?" he inquired.

"Oh, 'bout day after t'morrow."

"Good. You hol' it ontil you heahs fum me."

He sought Robert Crump. "How you comin' along with bustin' up with Dianer?"

"Tol'able. She ain't cravin' to lemme go, but Ise gittin' her madder ev'y time I sees her. Reckon I c'n break things up about tomorrow or the next day."

"Good. Tha's swellegant. You bust 'em so hahd she ain't never gwine know what's happened."

"Ise gwine do that ve'y thing, Camphor."

"You is a lucky feller, Robert; awful lucky to have a friend like I."

"You tell 'em. I knows it a'ready."

The day following Dianer and Robert Crump were much together, and on the morning after that Camphor received a message from Lawyer Chew that the papers had been received in Birmingham and settlement could be effected at any moment. Camphor returned home and reported this to his wife. "All we is waitin' for now, sugarfoot, is Robert Crump to git loose fum yo' ma."

But, had Camphor known it, Mr. Crump had other plans. Camphor's insistent eagerness had worked on his nerves and he was taking time by the forelock. To that end he hired a taxi from the Acey Upshaw Company and caused Dianer to accompany him to the crest of Shades Mountain, where, after having first suggested to the driver that a stroll through the woods would not be amiss, he took his fiancée in his arms and murmured soft and soothing words into her ear.

"How 'bout us gittin' ma'ied right now, Dianer?"

She blushed. "Oh, you hush up!"

"Ise se'ious. Honest I is. I cain't live without you no longer."

Dianer was palpitant with excitement. "You mean that?"

"I never was mo' suttin of nothin' in my whole life."

"When is you aimin' to ma'y me?"

"Immedj.t."

"Today?"

"Uh-huh."

Dianer was not too coy. She strangled him with her gratitude and fifteen minutes later they were speeding back across Shades Valley toward Birmingham. Less than thirty minutes after that they presented themselves, duly armed with a marriage license, in the vestry room of the First African M. E. Church, where the pastor, the Rev'end Plato Tubb, greeted them effusively.

And then, with witnesses recruited at random, the Rev'end Tubb made them man and wife. He pocketed the fee and pecked distastefully at the bride. And the happy couple returned to Camphor Sprott's home to break the news.

Camphor and Floral were sitting on the davenport when the front door was flung open and the bridal couple breezed into the room. Robert Crump's face betrayed an admixture of triumph and nervousness. Dianer was gigglingly aflutter with the modesty of a veteran bride. She clung tenaciously to the arm of her husband and simpered obtrusively upon her daughter and son-in-law.

"Heah's us," she announced.

"Uh-huh," chimed in Robert, feeling it incumbent upon him to vouchsafe a remark. "Us is heah."

Camphor looked at Floral and Floral looked at Camphor. Each read troubled inquiry in the eyes of the other; each had a premonition that something had slipped and that they were the slippees.

"You is?" inquired Camphor.

"Yeh," blushed Dianer. "Us one."

"You how many?"

"I an' Robert"—she lowered her eyes modestly—"us is one."

Floral leaned forward tensely. "Repeat them words over again, ma. They don't seem hahdly to make no sense."

"Ain't it the troof?" Dianer poked her husband facetiously in the ribs. "Ain't they the densest chillun, Robert?"

"Yeh, Dianer—ain't they just?"

It was plain to Camphor that Dianer and Robert were in hearty agreement, but he wasn't sure about what. He rose slowly to his feet. "You-all is sayin' much words, but they don't tell nobody nothin'. What all this fumadiddles is about?"

The bride and groom exchanged glances. "You tell 'em," suggested Robert.

"No—you."

"I cain't."

"Neither I cain't. 'Tain't hahdly respectable fo' a lady tellin' her daughter she has jest went an' got ma'ied."

Camphor froze. His eyes seemed about to pop from his head and his long slender fingers wiggled nervously. "S-s-s-says which?"

"Says a ma kinder feels embarrassed-like 'splainin' to her daughter that she has took herse'f a new husban'."

"You mean"—slowly—"that you has done ma'ied yose'f off to Robert Crump?"

"Uh-huh. An' also he is ma'ied to me."

Camphor sank weakly back upon the lounge. His hand sought that of his wife and he found it cold and clammy. "Floral," he said softly, "I has got a s'picion that somethin' terrible has happened to us."

Nor did the bride and groom permit them to remain longer in doubt. Amid many blushes and giggles the story of the courtship's abrupt culmination was told them and the ornate marriage certificate presented to view. Mr. Sprott shook his head from side to side. "Y-you is shuah they ain't some mistake?"

"Nary error."

"You is rilly, truly ma'ied?"

"Rev'end Tubb says it's guaranteed."

The younger couple tried to be game. They extended congratulations that were decidedly pallid. And then they retired to a corner of the room for a conference.

It was all too plain to them that they had played a losing hand. Dianer was utterly married to Camphor's *bête noire;* the milk was completely spilled and Camphor was not the person to cry unduly over the spilling. He had struggled gamely to prevent this condition, but now that it had become a status he struggled forlornly to readjust himself and save something from the wreckage.

Thereupon, with a smile upon his lips and agony in his heart, he bade them wait while he produced a wedding present. Within five minutes he had traveled to the corner drug store and obtained Lawyer Evans Chew on the telephone. In response to his request the attorney promised to come right down with the representative of the Northern States Life Insurance Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crump displayed amazement when, a half hour later, Lawyer Chew entered the room in the company of a white gentleman who immediately unleashed a flood of questions. In an inconceivably short space of time this gentleman had identified each person in the room and was familiar with that person's life, past, present and future.

It was Dianer who sought enlightenment. "I craves to know what all this is?"

Lawyer Chew accepted the spotlight position. Sonorously and at great length he explained to the bride that her deceased husband had been insured for ten thousand dollars in the Northern States Life Insurance Company, that he had borrowed three hundred dollars upon his policy, and that there was now due from that policy a balance slightly in excess of ninety-five hundred dollars. Dianer's jaw dropped.

"You—you mean my fo'mer ex-husban', Gandy Mathews, done lef' nearly ten thousan' dollars?"

"Yes."

"O-oo! An' he never tol' me nothin'——" She seized the hand of her second mate. "Robert, us is rich! Mo'n nine thousan' dollars——"

Mr. Crump was drinking it all in. Many things were crystal clear now which had before been puzzlingly opaque—Camphor's early press-agentry of Dianer's wealth; his discovery of the existence of the policy; his frenzied efforts to break off the match. He smiled frozenly upon the prostrated Mr. Sprott.

"Out of all that money, Camphor, you receives not one nickel. Ain't no man tries to do me dirt an' gits away with it."

"Aw! Robert. Di'n't I tell you——"

"You tol' me once that you was an awful liar, an' tha's the on'y time in yo' life you ever tol' the truth."

Dianer was palpitating with the wellnigh unbearable joy of the moment. She waddled about the room, her voice rattling on in high staccato. But the representative of the insurance company was eager to get the matter settled that he might make his exit. To that end he produced the check, the official receipt and his fountain pen.

"I wish now to pay this money to the beneficiary of Gandy Mathews' policy," he said shortly. "Having obtained proper proof of death it remains only to get the signature and hand over the check." He glanced swiftly about the room, and his voice cut through the silence: "Floral Mathews Sprott!"

The silence became deafening. The insurance man repeated his summons: "Floral Mathews Sprott!"

Floral struggled limply to her feet. "That's I."

He extended the fountain pen and the receipt. "Sign here."

A great light broke upon Camphor Sprott. The calling of his wife's name, the look of smug triumphant complacency upon the features of Lawyer Chew, the crushed expression that now decorated the countenance of Robert Crump, bridegroom —— Could it be possible? Dianer gone from his home, Robert Crump made miserable for life, happiness and affluence for himself——

"H-h-how come you to call Floral's name thataway, cap'n?" he inquired in a voice that quivered with pitiful eagerness.

"Because," snapped the insurance agent, "Floral Mathews Sprott, daughter of Gandy Mathews, is the beneficiary under this policy. This money is hers!"

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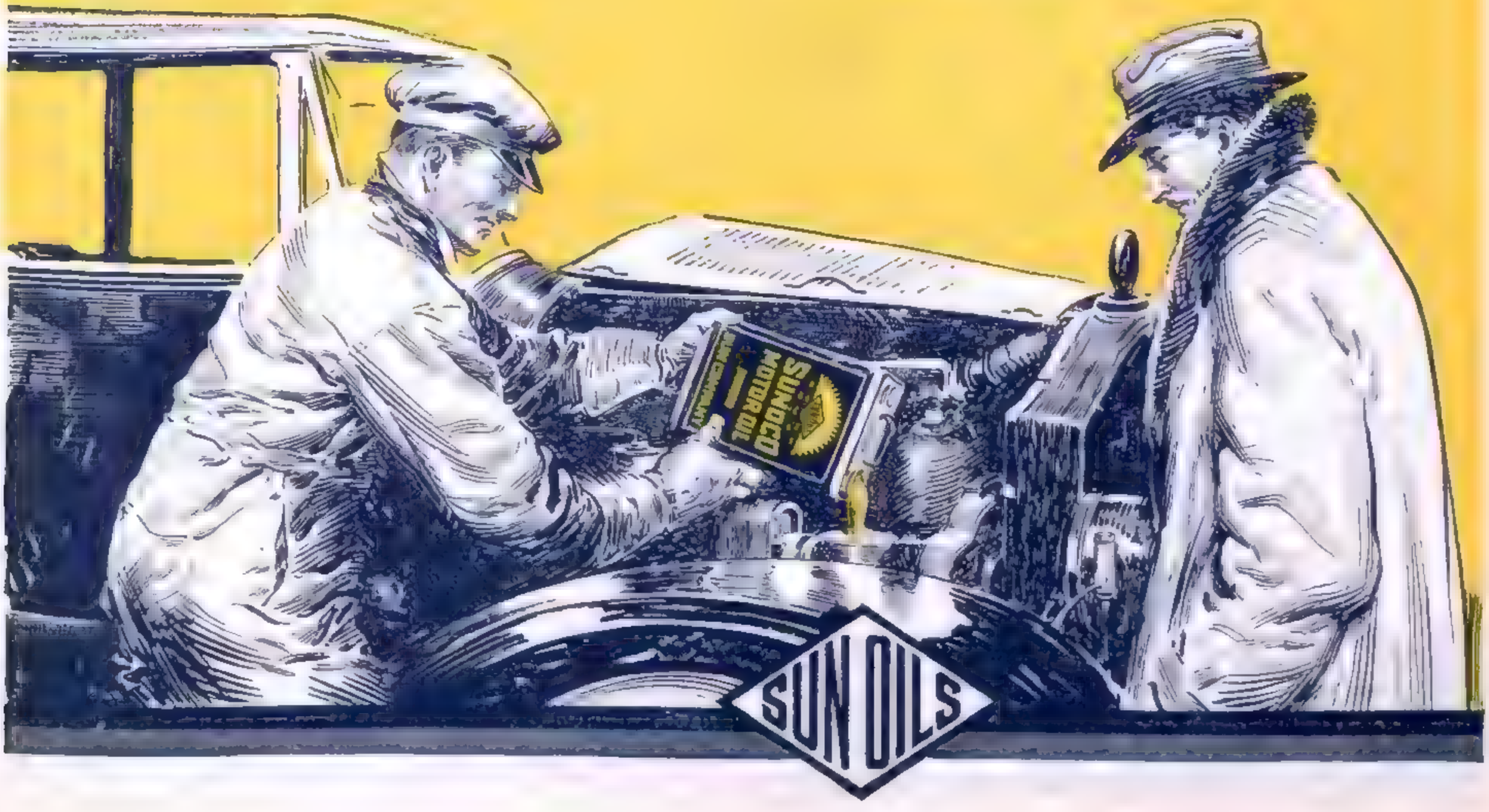

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THE SILENT PARTNER

(Continued from Page 19)

with it. Behind her Jenny Benton had risen; and as Coburn held her chair aside Mrs. Benton bent toward him, her head alluringly close to his shoulder.

"Don't be long, darling," she cooed.

"You bet, sweetheart!" assented Coburn, and Lisa writhed again.

In other days Coburn never had been vulgar and jocose. He may have been boyishly hilarious and buoyant; but that tonight he had shown himself gross and cheapened was not to be mistaken. After all, though, it was only to be expected out of that life he'd led—still was leading, hanging out in brokerage shops where a ready air of easy good-fellowship and joviality was the manner, the pose to be adopted, and, her disgust rankling, she stalked onward. . . . Easy money, hurried money. It was unquestionably certain that Coburn's had come like that. It was also as certain that the money had had an effect on him as certain. From the dining room she caught another hint of it, a fragment—"Half a million, eh?" A derisive laugh followed. "You must take me for a piker, Coombes!"

Boasting! Tipsy, too! The boyish swank and show-off that had led him to ask Coombes to dinner were bad enough, but to have him bluff and bluster like this! She winced again. She had not forgotten, though, that there was something more vital than this to be thought about; and, her face set and resolute, she swung round and crossed the room straight to Mrs. Nesbit.

The lady was momentarily alone. Gertie Harker and Mrs. Benton had evidently made poor weather in their efforts to open conversation in her august presence; and edging away, they were now in a corner discussing hats and gowns—these and other teatime modes at the Ritz. As Mrs. Nesbit looked up Lisa's eyes were narrowed. She was in no temper now for the guest's affected condescension; and as Mrs. Nesbit murmured "Well, my dear" Lisa launched bluntly into what she had to say. Anger again was uppermost. After she had relieved herself of that she meant to get at the other, the more vital matter.

"What did you mean, Nelly," she demanded, her tone flat, "by what you said about Harker?"

"Harker? I?" She disclosed her upper teeth in a questioning, affected smile. "Did I mention him, my dear?"

Lisa knew the figure she was cutting, but she was again too angry to heed.

"You know what you said perfectly. If Harker, as you say, has a right to question my husband, I'd like to know why."

"Oh, is that it?" smiled Mrs. Nesbit. She leaned back, her features again tolerant. "It's hardly worth discussing, is it? Any of your husband's partners would have the right."

"Any!"

The exclamation jumped from her involuntarily. Coburn was hardly the sort to hide things from her, she'd always assured herself; yet the revelations still kept on coming.

"Didn't you know, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Nesbit serenely; "my husband's one—so is Steve Benton. As your husband's partners they would all have that right. They would feel, too, it was a duty; especially," added Mrs. Nesbit, "if they thought your husband was going too far."

"In the way he spends money on—on me?" stammered Lisa.

"If you care to put it that way, my dear," asserted Mrs. Nesbit.

The color crept into Lisa's neck and face, then crept out of it. She pictured to herself, perhaps, the insolence of a fellow like Harker Nesbit, rather daring anything like that. Blandly, Mrs. Nesbit went on:

"You know, of course, my dear, in a stock market like this every cent of ready money counts. You never can tell what will happen. With the money your husband, for example, is spending on you it might mean the difference between ruin and success. But don't think I blame you," added Mrs. Nesbit.

Lisa, in spite of her inner thoughts, managed to preserve a cool exterior.

"Blame me? I hadn't thought of it. Why should you?"

"I don't," assured Mrs. Nesbit. "If I were in your place I'd get out of my husband myself every cent I could. The things a woman's entitled to I intend I shall get. That's why I married Nesbit."

The statement was straightforward enough. Lisa, at any rate, seemed to grasp what it conveyed.

"You were married before, weren't you, Nelly? Nesbit is your second husband, isn't he?"

"Yes; but I don't care to speak about the other, the first," Mrs. Nesbit was saying when Lisa spoke again.

"Your first was a failure, you mean? You mean he couldn't give you what you wanted?"

"Yes—since you speak of it, Lisa. He was quite hopeless—not in the least a money-maker; though there's no need to [illegible] of it."

"But it interests me," insisted Lisa. "I'm interested to know why you speak of him. Naturally, you would get rid of a man like that, a man who made no money; but why do you link him with my husband? By your own standard, think how successful [illegible]! Think of all the money he has!"

Mrs. Nesbit looked at her queerly.

"All he has?"

"Why, yes, Nelly! I see no reason to leave him yet. Why should I leave him, when he's making all he does?"

"My dear girl! My dear, dear girl!" said Mrs. Nesbit, a note of warm, generous benevolence in her tone. "When you're a little older, a little more experienced, my dear, you'll see the difference between just making money—that and having it!"

"What—" said Lisa.

Mrs. Nesbit gave her hand a kindly pat. "My dear child," she replied tenderly, "there's a wide, wide difference between the two. Unless I'm mistaken you'll find that out, my dear!" Then, leaning back among the pillows, Mrs. Nesbit glanced archly at Lisa. "Tell me, my dear. You've known Phil Coombes quite a while, haven't you?"

Lisa again colored faintly. She made no reply, but apparently Mrs. Nesbit did not expect it.

"That's what I call a man with money!" she proclaimed, adding eloquently, "I suppose you know, my dear, Coombes could buy and sell any of this crowd we're in."

The remark Lisa apparently didn't hear. She was still silent. She again had gone back to digesting that pregnant utterance, Mrs. Nesbit's dictum of the difference between merely making money and having it. Paper profits—that was what Coburn had; and the veiled menace in what Mrs. Nesbit said about finding out the difference had not escaped Lisa either. She was still filled with it when she heard the men push back their chairs from the table and rise. As they did so Coburn's laugh once more rang out boisterously.

"Money, eh? I ought to know, I guess. I've handled enough, haven't I?"

With a quick hand Lisa drew over her shoulders the filmy scarf she wore. The movement was as if she were momentarily chilled. . . . Money? Coburn? How much, after all, had he?

Gertie Harker's voice rose suddenly.

"Come on, everyone!" she piped. "Cut for partners."

The manservant was setting out the tables. With a shock Lisa realized anew that she still must face it for hours. Her face stony, she was still dwelling on the thought when she saw Coombes emerge hurriedly from the dining room. Lisa turned away as he looked at her. Then, after another quick look back toward the dining room, he went across the floor to where Mrs. Nesbit still enthroned herself on the sofa.

What he said to her Lisa was too far away to hear; but out of the corner of her eye she was aware that Mrs. Nesbit, too, glanced toward the dining room. A moment later she rose from the sofa and made her way to the card table where Gertie Harker and Mrs. Benton stood.

"Oh, I say," Mrs. Harker all at once protested, "I don't see why!"

Mrs. Nesbit gave her a furious scowl. Again she spoke, what she said apparently as sharp as the scowl that went with it, for Gertie Harker at once subsided. Then, fixing her features in a bland, propitiating smile, Mrs. Nesbit floated over to Lisa.

"Such a wonderful time! So good of you to have us! So sorry we must leave, my dear," she murmured.

(Continued on Page 54)

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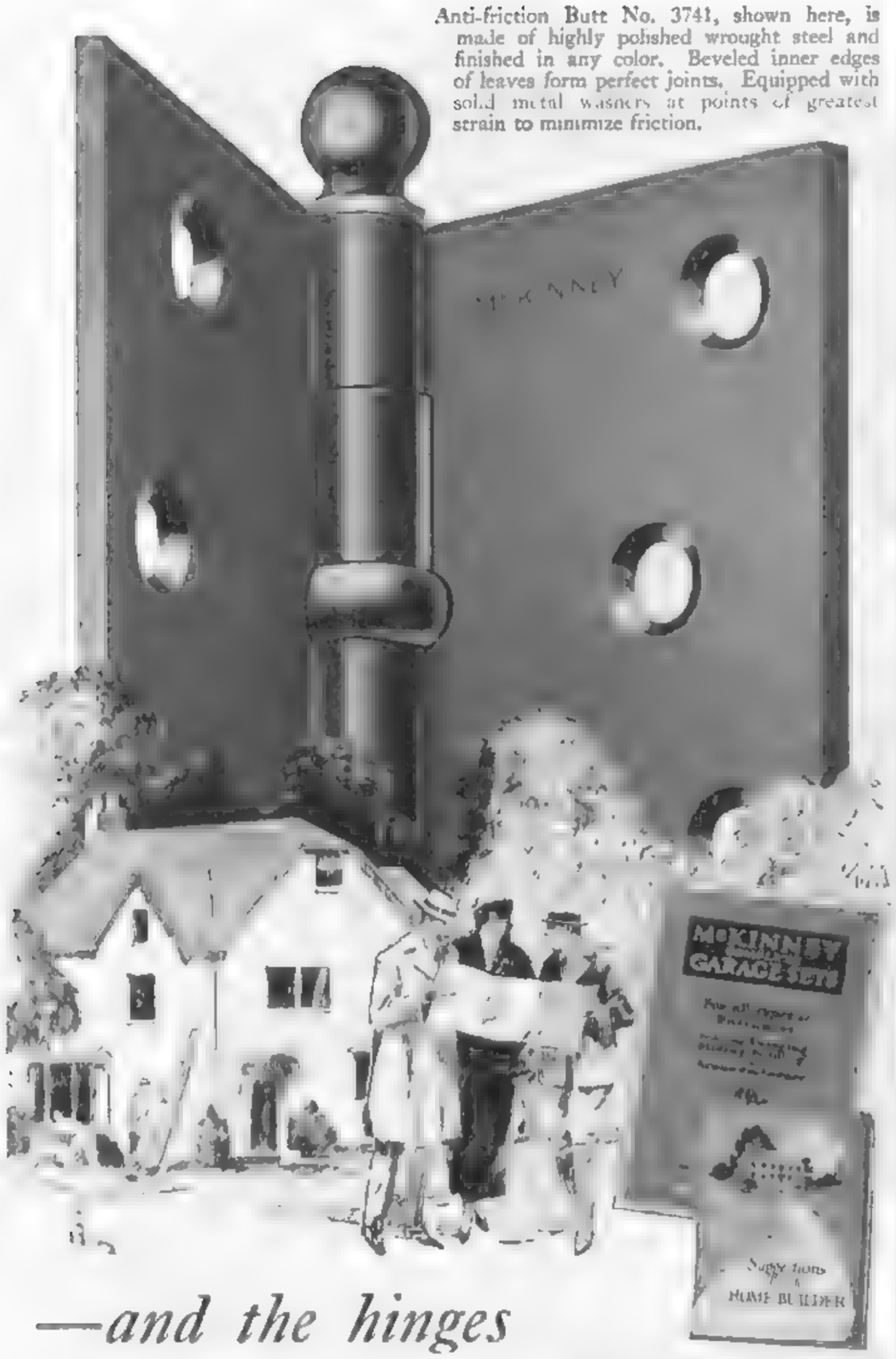

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"Really?" Lisa listlessly returned. She cared little. Her only concern was when they would all go.

"Yes, we're going on—to a musicale," said Mrs. Nesbit in her most ample social manner. She was the sort of woman that never merely went anywhere; she went on. The excuse she made now, however, was palpably false; at any rate, Lisa nursed no delusion as to Nelly Nesbit's real motive. The little byplay, the whispered word Coombes had spoken to her Lisa had not missed.

Gertie Harker came bustling up.

"Marvelous evening, Lisa! Simply perfect!" she rattled off. "So sorry we have to go too." Having freed herself of this perfunctory social pap, Mrs. Harker turned briskly to her husband. "Come on, Jim; I'm ready."

Harker scowled stupidly.

"Hey, what's th' big idea?" he questioned; and Mrs. Harker having divulged they were leaving, Harker scowled afresh.

"You hold your horses!" he directed grimly.

Mrs. Nesbit gathered in Nesbit. He seemed to have no need for explanations, and grinning covertly he followed her out of the room. Coburn at that instant rolled into view from the dining room; and seeing his guests already edging into the hall, he blundered forward, a loud protest on his lips.

"Here! Hold on there! What's all the rush?" he protested.

Harker caught him by the elbow.

"Say, Coburn, I want to talk to you," he said.

Still gripping Coburn's elbow, he led him into the dining room, and as the two disappeared Lisa laid a hand on Coombes' arm. The Nesbits, the Bentons and Gertie Harker were already out of view; she and Coombes were momentarily alone.

"Thank you, Phil," she said.

"I? For what?" he returned evasively. "I've done nothing."

Lisa did not mince matters.

"Thank you for getting those people away, Phil," she said, her voice grateful; and Coombes fumbled uncomfortably with his waistcoat.

There was a moment's silence. Then he looked up at her, his round, commonplace features lighted with sudden energy and earnestness.

"I wish things were different, Lisa. You know how I feel. You've known a long time now."

"I know," she answered quietly.

He gazed at her appealingly.

"I wish you'd let me talk with you—I've something to say, Lisa. Won't you let me say it?"

"No, Phil," she replied.

Coombes gripped his lips together.

"Good night, then," he responded crisply.

"Good night, Phil," responded Lisa.

As he strode from the room she looked after him, her lips twisted into a faint, wistful smile. Outside in the hall Bolter was helping the others with their coats and wraps; but though her guests had still to go, she did not linger. She turned away, heading for the door and the hall that beyond led to the sanctuary of her room; and as she passed the dining room a sound of voices came to her. It was Harker talking to her husband, and as she caught his words Lisa halted involuntarily. Harker's voice was raised angrily.

"That's what you say!" he rapped out hotly. "You say so, but that don't mean it's so. I want to know now how much you've dragged down out of our margins!"

"Now, now!" placated Coburn. "There's no need to get sore, Jim. A few thousands won't make any difference."

Harker's voice raised itself in a sneer.

"A few thousands, eh? They may seem only lunch money, chicken feed, to you, Coburn; but I tell you this: That money's as much mine as yours, bo, and I won't stand for it. You can do what you like with your own money—chuck it to the birds for all I care; but you can't do it with mine, I don't care who the woman is!" Then his voice became more a threat. "You bring back that money tomorrow, you hear?"

Bring it back? Lisa did not wait to hear more. Hurrying on, she glided down the hall to her room. There she closed and locked the door; and leaning against the paneling, she stood there with one hand at her breast and her breath coming swiftly. It was only for a moment though. Darting to her desk, she found the key, unlocked a drawer and opened it. Lying there among the papers was her beaded bag; and opening it with hurried, hasty fingers, she drew out from it the small leather cardcase it inclosed.

This she opened and glanced inside. Evidently she found what she sought, for a stifled murmur of relief escaped her. Thrusting the cardcase into the bosom of her dress, Lisa stood there an instant, her breast heaving. Through the door a murmur of voices came to her. It was Harker still threatening Coburn.

"You bring it back, that's all!" said Harker; and Lisa clenched her hands together.

"The cad!" she said, her jaw determined. "I'll show him!"

Downstairs, in the street the Nesbit limousine had just trundled away from the door; and lighting himself a cigar, Nesbit threw the match away with a grunt.

"Well, Nelly," he remarked, rolling the cigar over reflectively in his jaws, "if I'm not mistaken it won't be long before there's a smash back there."

"The Coburns, you mean?" she inquired.

Nesbit nodded. Under his close-cropped, bristling mustache his mouth widened in a grin.

"Yeah; she won't hang around long, I guess, once Coburn drops what he's got," he remarked. Then he looked over at Mrs. Nesbit, the grin widening on his lips. "What were you handing her tonight, Nelly, after dinner? I could see you from the dining room."

Mrs. Nesbit gleamed reminiscently.

"I? Oh, just a little common sense. I was letting her see how she's wasting herself, throwing away a chance like hers."

"You mean Coombes?"

"Coombes, of course," returned Mrs. Nesbit, and she shrugged her shoulders disgustedly. "The idea of her hanging onto that fellow Coburn when she could snap up a man like Coombes! Think of the millions he has!"

"Well, don't worry, Nelly," grunted Nesbit. "I give Coburn only a month or less."

Mrs. Nesbit looked at him swiftly.

"Do you mean with her—with Lisa or with his money?"

"Well, they're the same thing, ain't they?" inquired Nesbit.

■

THERE was this about it: Wrath, however righteous, is one thing; but sober second thought is another; and after that first transport of anger her resentment toward Coburn's partner, Harker, Lisa shook herself together. There was something else than Harker to think about. She remembered for one thing Nelly Nesbit's utterance, that dictum of the difference between merely making money and having it. Had Coburn anything after all? If he had it was, as she knew now, involved to the last cent in that deal he'd gone into with the others. And what if the deal went against him?

Drawing up a chair to the dressing table, Lisa sat there, staring at her image in the glass.

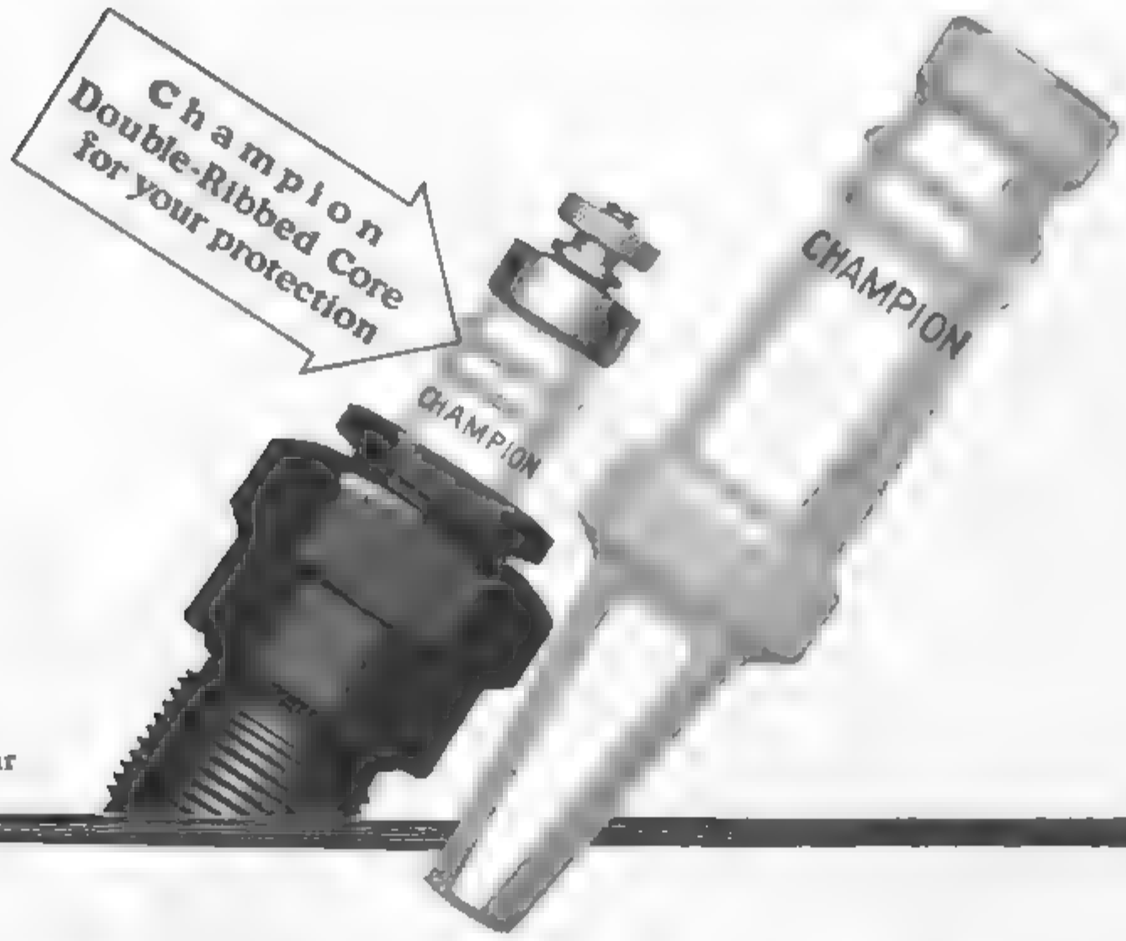
Paper profits! The very name signified their frailty. For five years, of course, these had been the foundation of that precarious existence they had led; but this was the first time the truth of it had struck home to her; and, her face moist, she mulled over the thought. Paper profits, in fact. Now, too, they were not even Coburn's own. Harker and the others seemed already to have a claim on them. The paper profits lacked now even the tangibility of paper.

Outside, the apartment had grown still. Minutes passed, but she did not move. She was still sitting there, her moist face betraying the nature of her thoughts, when she heard a step in the hall outside her door. It was only the manservant, however; and when he asked "Will there be anything else, madam?" she answered briefly "Nothing, Bolter," and plunged back into her thoughts again.

His footsteps departed. Then, as the clock on her mantel struck and the room was filled with the sound of its silvery, tinkling chime—eleven o'clock—she heard another step come toward the door. This time it was Coburn's. He rapped on the wood.

"Lisa, are you awake?" he called, and for a moment she was tempted not to

(Continued on Page 56)



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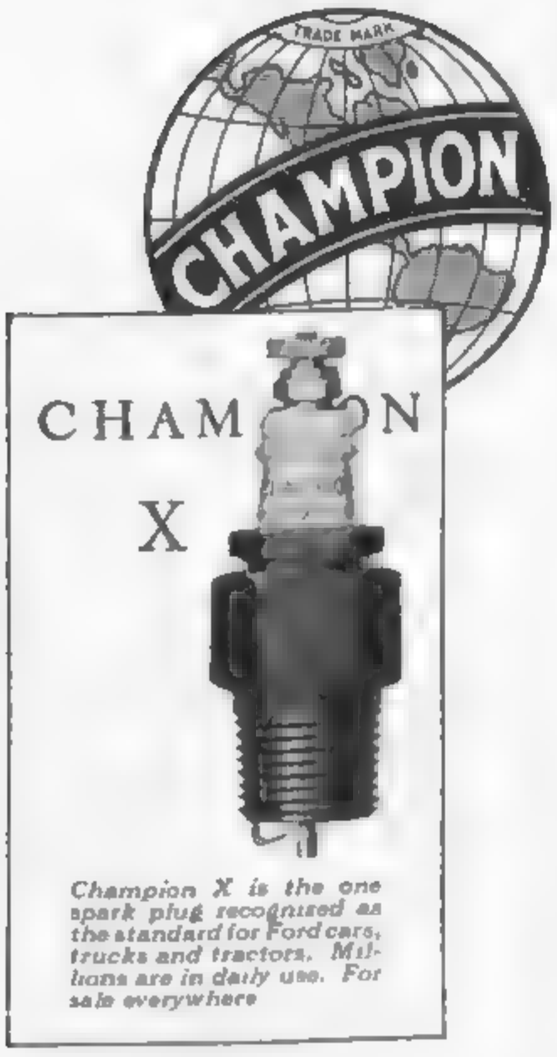
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(Continued from Page 54)

reply. As he tried the knob, however, she said brusquely, "What do you want, George?"

"Unlock the door," said Coburn.

She rose and went to it. Then when she had turned the key she retreated back to her seat at the dressing table. In that brief interval she had managed to make up her mind.

"I want to talk to you!" she said sharply.

"Yes, and I want to talk to you!" he retorted.

Lisa's back was to him. With swift fingers she was unlatching the catch of her necklace and drawing the pearls from her throat. At the note in his voice she turned and looked at him. Coburn had closed the door. The high flush had gone out of his cheeks and he looked inert and fagged.

"What did you say to those people tonight?" he demanded. "What made them clear out like that?"

"I say to them—I? Why not ask what you said to them?" It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him the spectacle he'd made of himself, but Coburn saved her the trouble.

"I know all about that," he returned sullenly. "I was tight—I made a fool of myself, I know; but never mind, I'm not bothering about that. I want to know what was said."

"I'm not going to speak of it," she said crisply, and Coburn took a step toward her.

"Yes, you are!" he retorted. "You said something to them, or Coombes did. It was you or Coombes. I intend to know which."

"Coombes?" She turned a startled face to him. "I don't know what you mean," she said, and Coburn gave a mirthless laugh.

"Yes, you do!" he returned. "He said something, and I want to know why. He seems to take a devilish keen interest in my affairs—in yours, too, I'd say!"

She was not prepared for this. It was anything but the topic she'd prepared herself to root out of him. Coburn, though, relieved her of the need of answering.

"I know what he said to you, of course. He filled you up with a lot of talk about playing the market, trading in stocks; that's what has you all stirred up now; I can see it from the way you look. I've heard it before, though; and if I'd listened to it do you know where we'd be now? I'll tell you! We'd still be hanging out in that dog kennel on Forty-eighth Street; that hutch we lived in when I had a job with him! That's nothing, though. I learned tonight something else about that bird. He's been hanging around you a lot, I hear."

"You heard—what?" she repeated.

She got slowly to her feet. What startled her as much as the tacit accusation was its vulgarity. It was another score to lay against those five years of theirs, the years of hurried, hectic money-getting. Before then he never would have been guilty of that grossness, and he seemed to realize it too.

"You needn't worry; I don't mean anything against you," he growled. "That fellow's up to something. I want to get at what it is."

She was not interested in that part of it.

"Which of those women told you that?" she demanded. "Was it that Harker woman?"

"Gertie?" He shrugged contemptuously. With the shrug, though, he evidently recalled something else. "That reminds me," said Coburn, his eye darting a glance at Lisa: "What did Gertie Harker mean about those dresses you got at Papillard's?"

It was something else she was not prepared to discuss. After a quick, sharp look at him, she wet her lips.

"You haven't answered my question," she returned. "Which of those women said that about Coombes? Was it Gertie Harker or that other woman, Jenny Benton?"

"How do you know it was a woman?" he answered evasively.

She knew well enough. She knew, too, that when it had been told to him it had not been uttered lightly. If Coombes was up to something it began to seem he was not the only one. Coburn, however, only shrugged his shoulders.

"You're making an H of a fuss out of nothing, aren't you?" he inquired. "What good would it do you if you knew?"

"For one thing," Lisa retorted grimly, "I could make sure it wasn't said here in this house again." Her mouth tightened. "I may as well tell you," she added, "I've finished with those women. I've stood them as long as I intend to, them and their vulgarity. I'll not have them here again even for your sake."

Coburn, though still angered, betrayed a feeling of dismay.

"Oh, come, Lisa!" he protested.

"That's flat!" she said, and Coburn's brows wrung themselves together again.

"You can't do that," he said uneasily. "You don't want to put a crimp in my business, do you? Look here now," he stuttered, waxing earnest, "I can't afford to make enemies of those people."

"Then it's true, is it," inquired Lisa deliberately, "that you've tied yourself up with that fellow Harker—with Benton and Nesbit too? I heard tonight you had."

After an instant a harsh laugh came from him.

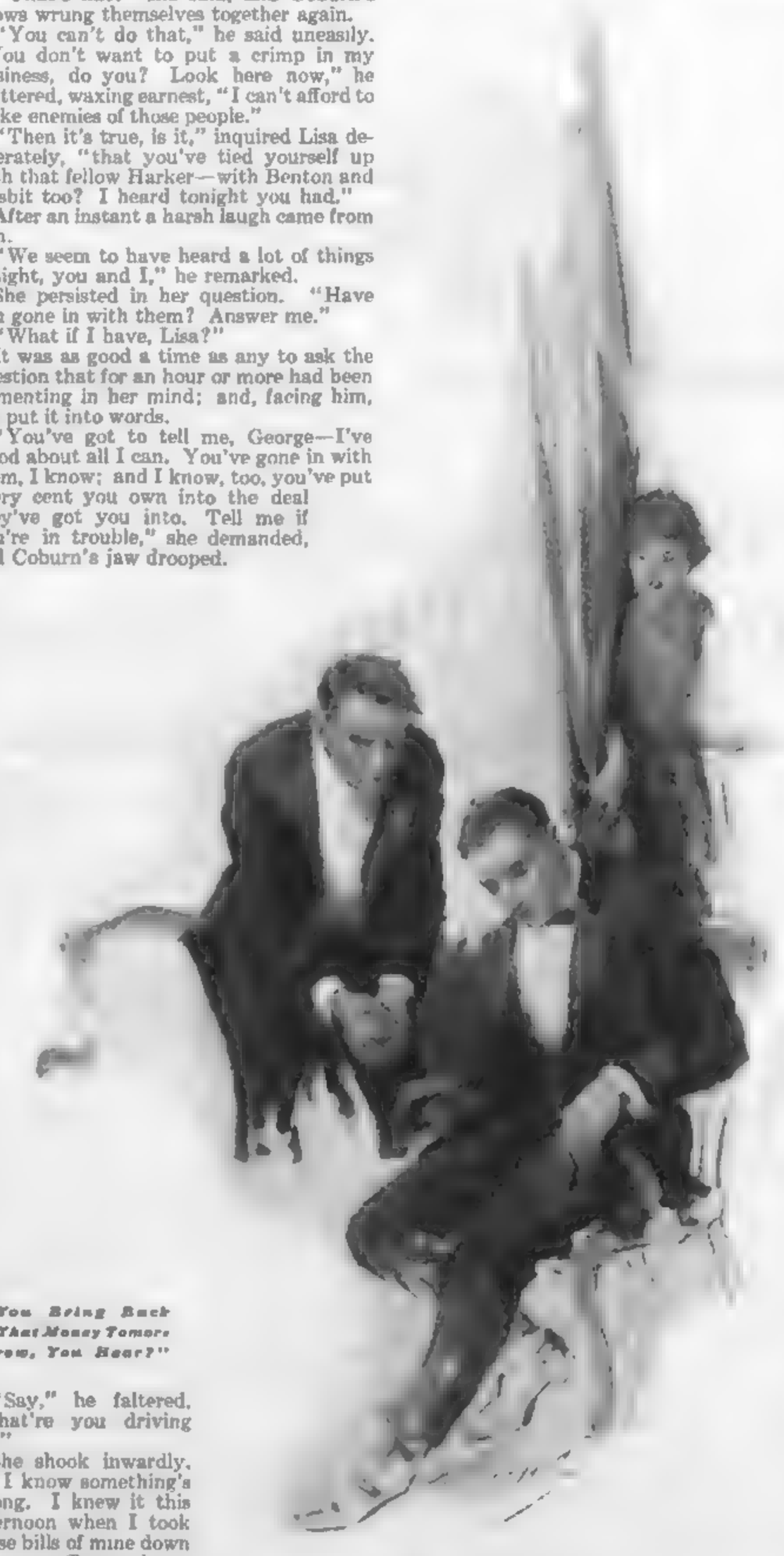
"We seem to have heard a lot of things tonight, you and I," he remarked.

She persisted in her question. "Have you gone in with them? Answer me."

"What if I have, Lisa?"

It was as good a time as any to ask the question that for an hour or more had been fermenting in her mind; and, facing him, she put it into words.

"You've got to tell me, George—I've stood about all I can. You've gone in with them, I know; and I know, too, you've put every cent you own into the deal they've got you into. Tell me if you're in trouble," she demanded, and Coburn's jaw drooped.



"You Bring Back That Money Tomorrow, You Hear?"

"Say," he faltered, "what're you driving at?"

She shook inwardly.

"I know something's wrong. I knew it this afternoon when I took those bills of mine down to your office and got the money for them and for my necklace. I knew it then, and ——"

"If you did," Coburn interrupted swiftly, "then why were you so dead set to get that twenty-five thousand out of me?"

"What? What's that?" It was her turn to stammer now. Coburn was eying her with the same look he'd worn when he asked what Gertie Harker had meant about the dresses, Papillard's.

"Yes," he remarked, "you meant apparently to get it if it was the last cent I had!"

If it was true she had no answer to it. A brief shiver quivered through her; and all at once she put out both her hands in a gesture of appeal.

"Don't let's quarrel, George," she begged. "Tell me the truth; I can stand it. Have you lost all you had or not?"

"For the Lord's sake," growled Coburn, "what's got into you anyway? No, I haven't lost it!"

"You're telling me the truth?"

"Do you think I'd lie to you?" he asked.

She knew he wouldn't. She knew he wouldn't stoop to that.

He was always straightforward, always honest, however else he may have failed; and in the blessed relief of it she could have cried aloud. There was something else, though, that she had yet to learn. If what he had was still his, she had yet to find how much it was.

Coburn looked at her sardonically.

"I can see someone's been filling you up, all right. Why are you so dead keen to find out what I've got?" he inquired.

She could have cried out again, this time for another cause.

"I am dead keen. So would you be if you were, like me, a wife. I can't sit here day after day, wondering if you'll come home at night a beggar, penniless. Is it ten thousand you have, or fifty thousand? What is it?"

A laugh came from him.

"Fifty thousand, eh? If it was that I might as well be broke!"

"Is it a hundred thousand—two hundred? It isn't the amount, it's knowing what it is."

Coburn shrugged.

"I don't know what it is; I haven't figured it. I wish you'd get yourself together. I've told you, haven't I? I told you the other day I was on the nick of making a knock-out, a killing."

Yes, he'd told her that. It was not the first time, either, he'd told it to her. A knock-out, a million, was a familiar topic to her. It seemed now, though, to excite her in another way.

"Tell me this," she asked feverishly. "If you were to get out now, if you were to turn into cash what you have, it would amount to something, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, but I can't get out," he growled.

"I know; but if you could you'd have something, wouldn't you? You'd save a part?"

"I don't see what you're driving at. Of course I would!"

A low cry came from her now.

"Then do it, George! I've begged and begged of you, but this time I mean it as I never meant it before. Save what you can, but do it while it's still possible. I'm scared, I'm all frightened! Look!" she cried. "Can't you see how I'm shaking? Think what it will mean if you are cleaned out and left penniless! Can't you think of me?"

"Have I ever thought of anything else?" asked Coburn.

"Then you'll do as I want? You will, won't you?" she begged.

Coburn was silent for an instant.

"I wish you'd understand," he said; "I can't quit, not while I'm in with those men. I can't leave them cold."

"They'd quit on you, George."

"You mustn't say that, Lisa," he returned heavily. "You don't want me to break my word."

"Then you won't?"

"I can't, Lisa. Maybe afterwards ——"

"Don't talk to me!" said Lisa flatly. She turned her back on him and walked across the room. "You won't quit, so that's all there is to it. I'm done, I'm finished!"

He looked toward her appealingly.

"Don't be foolish, Lisa! Let me talk to you."

She shook her head doggedly.

"I'm through with talking. You've made up your mind, so I've made up mine. You won't quit and that ends it!"

A sudden wrath again fired Coburn; and stung by her open contempt, he blurted back at her, "You bet I won't quit—not for any woman's reason anyway! I know what's my business; and while there's all this money in it I'll stick by it till the cows come home!"

She swung round to face him again.

"Listen to me now!" she said deliberately. "I want this to be understood: Since you intend to keep on, I mean to get out of it all I can. I warn you, George! You still have money—or so you say—and I'm going to get my share. You may think all the money's yours; but I'm not going to sit here day after day, night after night, sick with worry, and not get something for it." She picked up her pearls as she spoke. "Tomorrow, as a beginning, I'm going to take these back to Harrier's."

"You're going to do what?" he inquired.

"Yes; they're not good enough," said Lisa. "I'm going to get a costlier string."

Then she added, her voice still flat, "I'll show Harker! I'll find out if he can dictate how I shall spend your money! Before I get through with him he'll see that I am expensive!"

"Say, are you joking?" asked Coburn.

"I was never more serious in my life," she returned, and Coburn eyed her uneasily. "I mean to get everything else, too, there is in it!"

"Oh, so that's it, is it?" he growled.

"Good night, George," she replied.

There was a telephone on the stand beside the dressing table. Her hand on it, she waited till Coburn's step receded along the hall and she heard him close his door. Silence fell, and taking down the receiver she impatiently jiggled the hook. When the operator replied Lisa hastily gave her a number. She got the call a moment later.

"Hello! Is Mr. Coombes in the club?" she asked—"Phillip Coombes?" He was; and a moment later she was speaking to him, her voice guarded. "Can you hear me, Phil?—it's Lisa. I'll meet you tomorrow; I've changed my mind and I want to see you. . . . What? . . . No, nothing's wrong. I want to see you—to see you at once, Phil!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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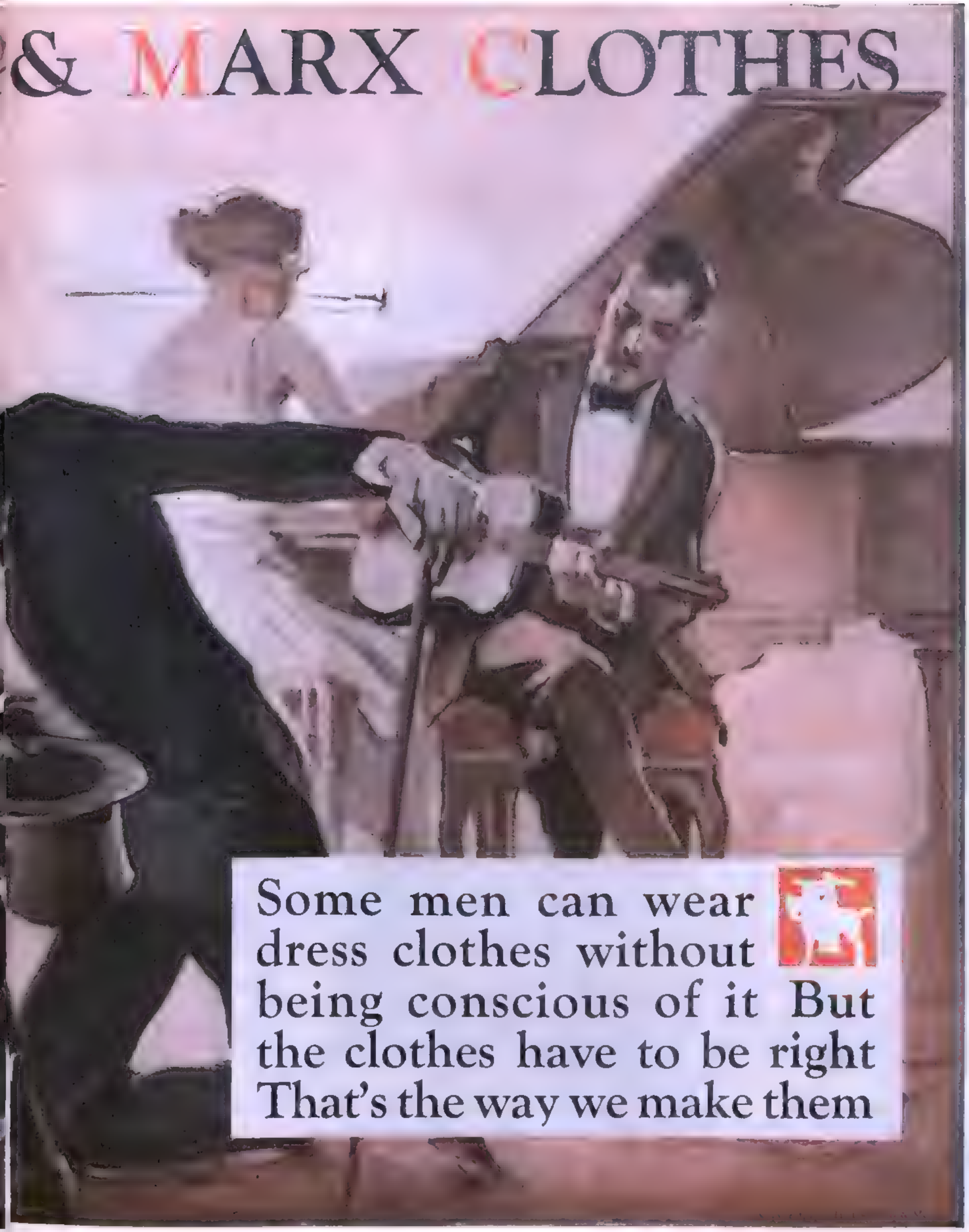

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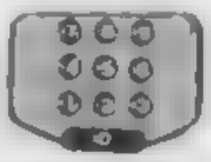

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ADDING AND FIGURING MACHINE

GYPSIES, NOBLES, PEASANTS, ETC.

(Continued from Page 15)

been courteous and immediate. We were brought up like that. But with the chorus, no matter how excellent its work, we have always just sat back and let it exit amid silence after it has done its bit to make grand opera safe in a democracy. We always have—but we never will again. Because, to lay aside our operatic generalities and become personal, we have lately seen the most famous Gypsies, Nobles, Peasants, Friends, Guests, Etc., in the world—in other words, the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera Company—in rehearsal.

Now, a regular routine rehearsal at the Metropolitan is all very thrilling and fascinating in theory, but it is not particularly impressive just at first sight—at least, the one we saw wasn't. The great auditorium was dark and, except for a little knot of three or four men about a third of the way back, quite empty. The orchestra pit was empty, also. On the stage apron which juts out over it, with their backs to the footlights—which were not lighted—were four substantial-looking gentlemen seated upon as many unsubstantial-looking little gilt chairs, and each with a music rack, with its green-shaded lamp, before him. These were the conductor, the chorus master, and two assistant conductors. Over at one side stood an upright piano. The big barnlike stage itself was littered with various odds and ends of scenery, rolls of carpet, and an assortment of chairs that ranged all the way from thoroughbred kitchens to the wabbly mongrel gilt affairs aforementioned, while overhead lights shone with singularly dismal effect upon twelve solemn, serious, sack-suited Latin gentlemen who were seated in a row upon a small raised platform in the center. A thirteenth gentleman, at the moment we entered, was addressing them in a mixture of Italian, French and English. Unfortunately, or perhaps not, though our English is flawless we always have to go into second to make the grade in French, and in Italian we run on only one cylinder, so although we could not catch the trend of his conversation our native wit led us to identify him as the stage director. And thus it proved.

The Dumb-bell Dozen

But who were the sad-faced twelve? As we asked ourselves the question the stage director clapped his hands as who should say "Now, children, all ready for the lesson!"

One of the assistant conductors seated himself at the piano, the man at the extreme left of the row grasped a property bowl and pitcher, and they were off. We use the phrase advisedly. They certainly were off—way off but not for long! A smart rapping on the conductor's desk, a moan of pain from the director—the piano stops, and with it the Dumb-bell Dozen. Back they go to the starting post. During the ensuing ten minutes of intensive pleading on the part of the director we rack our brains to recall an opera where twelve unusually gloomy gentlemen sit on a platform and pass a bowl and pitcher. They look like a jury—but of course we know better than that! Are they gypsies—nobles—peasants—friends—guests?

"*Voici le pain,*" sings the first, handing his neighbor the bowl.

"*Et le sel,*" sings another. To our astonishment, these are words we know. If they keep this up, we say to ourselves, we'll soon get the hang of it. Are they soldiers—matadores—guards? "*Voici le miel.*" The stage director signals frantically but fruitlessly to the man holding the pitcher, who apparently in a fit of acute depression has gone off into a trance and rouses himself just two and three-quarters seconds too late to sing "*Et voici l'eau.*" Again everything stops. The young *répétiteur* at the piano fills in a painful interval by gently strumming some operatic equivalent for Over the Fence is Out, the gentleman with the pitcher tries to look as if the eleven others were really responsible, the stage director has a good cry and seems to feel better afterwards, and everything begins all over again.

What opera is it? Are they courtiers? Villagers? Monks? Monks! Oh, now we know! Monks, of course! Only we had never paid any attention to them before. Who does, it, Thais? What Farrar or Jeritza will or, rather, will not wear, the Meditation—these are the things in Thais that have always focused our interest, not the Opening Chorus of Cenobites.

And right here the rehearsal became impressive. Impressive, because we became conscious for the first time of the tremendous effort, the enormous expenditure of energy, time, money and brains involved in what we are accustomed to thinking of as a detail in a Metropolitan production. For one solid hour we watched the twelve earnestly and gravely pass imaginary bread and honey, and greet the returning Athanael, whose rôle was assumed for the moment by the stage director, who sang like well, like a stage director—and who set himself the almost superhuman task of simultaneously depicting the distraught monk and disciplining his brother Cenobites, who persisted in exiting in the wrong direction, sitting in the wrong seats, kneeling when they ought to stand, and vice versa. Do you remember how hard you had to work at the last Christmas entertainment of the Maple Avenue Baptist Church, pushing and pulling those little boys into a formation that would eventually spell "Merry Christmas"? Well, multiply that by forty-seven, divide by twelve, take away what you first thought of and you will have a faint idea of this rehearsal.

Saying It With Music

But this is a slight affair compared with one that employs the full chorus—one hundred and twelve Italians, Frenchmen and Americans, whose number is frequently augmented by picked members from the chorus school. When you see Tannhäuser this winter you will enjoy the Pilgrims' Chorus even more if you will pause and reflect how they got that way. And in Act II, where the Nobles, Knights and Ladies

But perhaps you've forgotten Tannhäuser since the war, and we'd better explain that Act II is The Hall of Song, which is rather like a German equivalent for the covered grand stand at the Polo Grounds, and where there is about to take place one of those song contests which, strangely enough, come under the head of sport with the German people. The Nobles and Knights, all looking as if they had lost their election bets, and the Ladies, dressed oh, well, you know how the German nobility always did dress—have turned out in full force and every seat in the bleachers at the right of the stage is taken. The game in this instance is to see whether Wolfram or Tannhäuser can sing the longest and the loudest about love.

Wolfram wins the toss, and begins. Betting on him seems to be heavy among the Nobles, Knights, Ladies, Etc., and you yourself begin to think you have rarely listened to a longer song. In a nutshell its plot is that love is great stuff, and at its conclusion, after a matter of thirty minutes, you can see he has the crowd absolutely on his side.

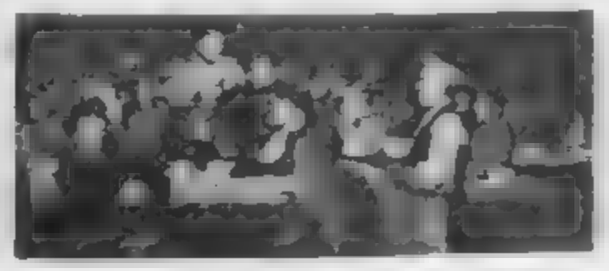
Then Tannhäuser rises. Instead of letting sleeping dogs lie, he takes issue with Wolfram. He mentions, very favorably, a lady named Venus—who was to mythology what Theda Bara is to movies—and right away things take a turn for the better and it looks as if a rather dull song contest would end in a good old-fashioned knock-down-and-drag-out fight. And now comes the part we particularly want you to notice!

"Away! Away! Nor near him stay!" sing the Ladies—in German, of course, so it sounds even worse than that—running in horror from the hall while the Knights, Nobles, Etc., flourishing their swords, rush towards Tannhäuser and the footlights.

"*Entsetzlich! Scheuslich! Fluchenswerth!*" they sing—which is not, as might be supposed, a hastily composed cheer of greeting to the newly elected president of the Hay Fever Association, but "Disown him! Curse him! Banish him!"

"Well," you say, "what's so wonderful about that?"

And we would be the first to agree with you if we hadn't seen it rehearsed for two hours. Have you ever tried to get out of one door of a Subway train at Times Square, for instance, when a lady near you decided to get out another? Do you remember what happened? Well, just multiply it by one hundred and twelve, and see if you don't change your mind about it. And take into consideration, too, that these people are singing—and singing beautifully and correctly. Have you ever tried a running broad jump while singing, say, a second to I've Been Workin' on the Railroad? Then try jumping over six or eight rows of benches at top speed and, as you land, sing "*Entsetzlich! Scheuslich! Fluchenswerth!*" on the right note at the right moment. Go on, try! We dare you!



These Nobles, Knights, Ladies, Etc., can do it. And not only in Tannhäuser but in fifty to sixty operas in four languages. Twice a day for two months before the opening night the chorus will rehearse, and every day thereafter except when matinées are given. Regular stock operas like Butterfly and Cavalleria Rusticana can be brushed up in one rehearsal, but Tannhäuser, which has been out of the repertoire for some years, will take a whole week's work, and William Tell with its tremendous choruses will require perhaps two. No other opera-going public in the world demands such a repertoire as the Metropolitan's; forty operas at least will be given in this present five months' season. And no other opera house in the world has a chorus organization to equal the Metropolitan's. Musicianship, repertoire, languages are not acquired overnight, and in such a rush of work they cannot be taught. Some of these Gypsies, Nobles, Peasants, Etc., have sung in it fifteen years. If you have ever heard Boris Godonof you know what beautiful work they can do: and if you have ever met Guilio Setti you know why they can do it, for Setti is the man who is responsible for it. He is the man who, coming here fifteen seasons ago with the incomparable Toscanini, made it what it is today—and he certainly ought to be satisfied! He is, in a way. Certainly he is proud of these peepl', as he constantly and affectionately refers to them.

"They are all ver' good, these peepl'," he explains. "They know many opera, many lang'age, but it is ver' difficul' sometime, because you know some peepl' who sing ver' nize have no rhythm, so we mus' work—work—work till they are pairefec'."

Setti's Simple Recipe

Mr. Setti says "pairefec'" with the air of one who believes implicitly—and who has demonstrated beyond all doubt—that perfection can be attained. His recipe is simplicity itself. "I work—I swear," he told us with such a charming smile that we felt encouraged to ask the question that had been burning on our lips for moments: "Do altos and tenors and sopranos, for instance, always have to stick together? Because we noticed that in Tannhäuser they all seemed to be running around and sitting any old place."

"They are pairefec'," repeated Mr. Setti confidently. "They know their part pairefec'—they sing him wherever they are."

Which shot to pieces the theory of our own barbershop-chord days that close harmony was so called because all the participants had to put their heads together!

"But aren't they ever wrong?" we insisted.

"Not for fifteen year have we had *scandale*," said Mr. Setti simply, adding in the tone of a fond parent who seeks excuses for his children: "Of course some paireformance not so good as other paireformance, but these peepl' they get ver' tire—they work hard, you know."

A shrug, so sympathetic, so indulgent, completes the sentence, and we realize how this man gets what he does from these peepl'—it explains, too, what we marveled at during the rehearsals, how one dignified "*Silenzio*" from him receives an instant response where twenty frantic "Sh's" from as many directors and assistants were unavailing. We mention this. He smiles. "Yes, I make good discipline," he says, pronouncing the word in French, which makes it a thousand times nicer. "It is ver' difficul' but ver' important. You see, these peepl' get ver' tire'—they work ver' hard, you know."

Yes, we do know, now.

Miss Keller has attained international fame for her mastery of handicaps. Though blind, deaf and dumb, she now "sees" and "hears" through touch. She converses fluently. She has devoted her life to the helping of others similarly afflicted

Miss Keller touring in the Catskills
—A painting by the Countess Elisabeth Zichy

"I knew we were in the Catskills by the atmosphere"

By Helen Keller

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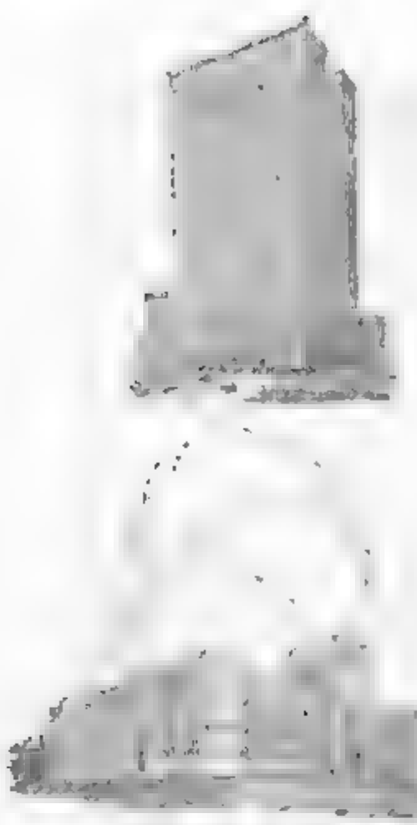

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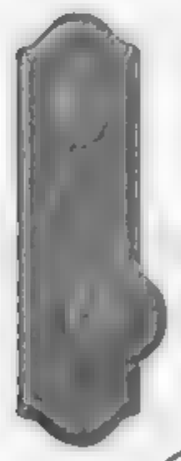

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 26)

of organized baseball, who was then confidential secretary to Secretary of State Gresham; for Edwin F. Uhl, who became minister to Germany; for Secretary of State Olney; he served in the solicitor's office, in the offices of the Second and Third Assistant Secretaries of State, in the State Department Library, in the diplomatic and consular bureau, in the bureau of indexes and archives.

In the latter bureau he worked with a temperamental young man named François Jones, who had worked in Paris and devoted some time to the contemplation of the evil effect of politics on the diplomatic and consular services. He and Jones spent many long hours in heated confabulations as to the best method of reforming the foreign service; and as a result of these heated talks they evolved, in 1895, a bill for the organization of the diplomatic and the consular services on a merit basis, instead of on a basis of reward for political services. In most respects it was the same sort of law that is now in operation.

In 1895, however, such a law was viewed as being the wild outpouring of a scatterbrained idealist. Legislators and diplomats alike screamed with laughter at the idea. Carr was pointed out to newcomers in the Department of State as the strange person who thought that the Government could be persuaded to select consuls and diplomats for ability; and when the full absurdity of the situation had been fully explained everybody would cover his face with his hands and shake with merriment.

This bill originated by Carr and Jones was introduced in the Senate in 1895 by Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who was a friend of Jones; and as a matter of courtesy it received a favorable report in the Senate. It hadn't a ghost of a chance of passing, however, and it didn't pass. But every year, from 1895 to 1905, either Senator Morgan or Senator Lodge introduced the same bill, and every year it was blithely chucked in the wastebasket without favorable mention of any sort. And all the time, in the background, Wilbur J. Carr moved calmly and benignantly hither and yon, saying a word here and a word there in favor of the bill, and keeping its provisions floating in plain sight on his large, calm memory.

Consular Service Reform

In 1902 Carr was put in charge of the Consular Bureau. In 1905 Elihu Root became Secretary of State, and one of the first things he did was to take steps to improve the consular service. He found Carr waiting for him calmly and benignantly, and with a mind stuffed full of a ten years' accumulation of calm, well-balanced, orderly ideas for improvements. Secretary Root and Senator Lodge viewed all Carr's ideas with appreciation, analyzed them, unanalyzed them, rearranged them, and drafted a new bill which Senator Lodge introduced in the Senate. The bill was passed early in 1906, with some alterations; but in June, 1906, President Roosevelt issued an executive order which made the law what it is today, prescribing examinations for all additions to the consular service and providing that promotions should be made for efficiency only. It was then noted that Wilbur J. Carr's calmness was unimpaired, but that his smile was a trifle more benignant than usual, especially in the presence of those persons who used to shake with mirth at his crazy ideas for the reorganization of the consular service.

Shortly after the reorganization measure was put through, Secretary Root requested Carr to take over the direction of the consular service, which had hitherto been under the Third Assistant Secretary of State. Being calm and unafraid of overtime work, Carr did this in addition to his duties in the Consular Bureau until late in 1909, when Secretary of State Knox created the post of director of the consular service, into which post Wilbur J. Carr calmly and benignantly merged himself. All the while he was seeing that the consular examinations were constantly improved, and securing the training of new consuls in consular classes, and making sure that consuls would be assigned to the proper posts by executive order, and in every possible way eliminating all traces of politics from the consular service and raising the standard of consular officers to a high plane.

Boss of the Service

Thus it may be seen how it comes about that the name of Wilbur J. Carr is a name to conjure with where the consuls of the United States of America are concerned. He has complete and absolute control of the consular service, and all decisions that are made concerning the consular service are made by him personally. Every man in the service knows him, and knows that he is deeply interested in the welfare of the service, and that he is therefore deeply interested in the welfare of every man in it, since the welfare of the service depends on the welfare of the individual members. Every consul further knows that so far as the laws and his responsibilities will permit, Wilbur J. Carr will administer the consular service in the way that will permit each man to develop to his fullest possible extent.

Every consul knows from long experience in the past that his rights will be safeguarded from unjust attacks and from political encroachment by Wilbur J. Carr; and this means much to men who are thousands of miles from home and who depend entirely on their own efforts for their future and their advancement. Wilbur J. Carr stands calmly and benignantly for merit, just as he has always stood, and not for political preferment or special advantages of any kind.

Consequently every consul comes at one time or another to Wilbur J. Carr, or he sits down at his private typewriter and writes to Wilbur J. Carr, telling him the troubles that have come to him through his lack of salary, or through an extravagant wife, or through an invalid daughter, or through various other matters common to consuls; or he lifts up his voice and cries a bitter cry concerning the post where he is posted, and pants as the hart panteth for a more pleasing post where he can serve the Government with greater capability and much greater pleasure. These are some of the matters which accumulate in stacks upon the desk of Wilbur J. Carr and require his personal attention; and it is his personal attention to them that has caused every consul in the world to bend an attentive ear to any traveler who mentions, in the gentlest of tones, the name of Wilbur J. Carr.

ADVENTURING

(Continued from Page 4)

Raise hell heself. I done it oncet. You'd never guess a little fellow like me ever done some ripsnortin'! But I seen a girl—now, Jay, don't you never tell the missis or the boy—I seen a girl and tried to take her. Girl named Minnie, Minnie Meyers. Had pretty frizzes. She didn't weigh no more than a hundred pounds. Use' to like 'em little. Don't tell the missis! And me two hundred and fifty or better. I made a grab—and missed her. That started things, down at Roanoke. Then I clum the mountains all the way to the top. Hotel up there. And I cleans out every waiter in the dinin' room, and I cleans out every cook in the kitchen, with flat white caps on top their heads. And I set me down with a carvin' knife, and I eat and I drink in the kitchen. And every time a face showed heself—white or black—I shied a plate at it. And I eat and I drink, mostly steak and fried potatoes; and I eat and I drink until I couldn't eat and drink and fight no more. No man licked me, Jay. I just naturally licked myself eatin' and drinkin'. Then I spent three months in the calaboose. Every man's got a right to go adventurin' oncet in a lifetime."

"I'm not much at eating and drinking, Hal."

"But I seen you fight."

"That's a long time ago," said Jay Singleton pensively.

"I counted 'em," continued the big foreman. "I marked 'em up, like countin'

(Continued on Page 64)

Race-Tested for Highway Service

THE notable success of Oldfield Cord Tires—their stride to top-notch popularity in three years—is a record unparalleled in tire history.

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Oldfield Cords have given this proof under the most widely varying conditions. Officially and unofficially, they have shown their endurance, their stamina and their economy.

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The fine appearance, the effective anti-skid qualities of the rugged tread, the long mileage, the economical service of Oldfield Cords, all commend them to the judicious purchaser of tires.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO

OLDFIELD *Tires*

Continued from Page 62

hides. And each time you threw a man into a vat I doubled up and bellowed 'Splash!'" Again he shook the beam house with his mighty laughter. "I've seen you fight, Jay. But I never seen you loose with the ladies. Say, Jay, I never seen you loose with the ladies."

"Don't know anything about the ladies, Hal. Only the old ones, and the young ones before they put up their hair."

"I suspicion you're goin' adventurin' maybe with the ladies in that boat named Beatrice. I suspicion it, Jay."

"Nope," said Jay Singleton. "Just going to row around a bit. Maybe along the coast line of the old U. S. A. Maybe some place else. Got a man, named Ackerman, can look at the stars and tell where you're at. I'll do the shoveling and he'll guide the thing. Maybe, Hal, we'll stop off at an island named Lesbos, where that girl named Sappho used to live. Just sort of going adventuring."

III

TO TRACE the transmigration of an impassioned soul down through the ages—the brilliant, the dark, the misty Middle Ages, all the centuries since Sappho sang her lovely lyrics—would require the lore of a mystic, a seer or an epic poet—perhaps all three combined. Impossible task! And yet we wonder. Where is she now? Did her swanlike soul fly to the Himalayas to sing at the side of the cradle of Gautama? And what form did it inhabit—oracle, virgin or slave—when Pericles ruled and when Plato walked the streets of Athens? Did it sing at Carthage? Was it inarticulate at Rome? And who can say whether the soul of Sappho looked from human eyes into the Dead Sea and saw a star arise over Judea? Yet surely it sobbed when the Christians burned her lyrics. And what salt sea rolled on, carrying her tears, when a blaze was kindled beneath the bare feet of a girl of Orleans? More happy that ocean's horizon she must have gazed upon when a youth named Mohammed was tending sheep, when knights were in quest of the Holy Grail, and back in those years when Rusticiano was listening to the travels of Marco Polo through prison bars. Indeed, in this our own amazing century where are to be found the immaculate form and violet eyes within which is the spark that surely was immortal? We know nothing about these things—merely names, words, conjectures. But here is a certitude: If she lives Sappho is to be found sitting by the sea.

Bogue Bank is an island, a surprising sand bar. Somewhat straighter than a scimitar, it is thirty miles in length with its concave side toward the ocean. Here end the inland waterways from the North, and each year a hundred yachts on their southern pilgrimage cautiously go out to sea. How many yachtsmen have crossed the shifting Beaufort Bar! How many, seeking a safer journey by rail, have intrusted their crafts to hired captains! Only the intrepid venture forth, for here the Gulf Stream, sweeping in toward the coast, causes hurricanes suddenly to rise. All night long Hatteras, Lookout and Cape Fear gaze with beaming eyes upon these restless waters. At high tide leave two red buoys and one black buoy to starboard, pass the marker with its bell at the entrance of the channel—and you have crossed the Beaufort Bar. Its breaking waves are astern, and you are out upon the ocean with head winds or a following sea. You have rounded the easterly end of Bogue Bank.

A surprising island, because at this end it appears to be barren, a waste of sand dunes that glitter in the sun and are pallid in the moonlight; surprising, because a fort is hidden here, old Fort Macon, ungarrisoned, abandoned by its Government.

But walk the wide beach with the combers rolling in, mile after mile, and you come upon a forest of oak and pine and the finest cedar imaginable. Farther still, across the island's waistline—its narrowest part—a man named Salter once made a path from Bogue Sound to the ocean. And Salter Path for a century or more has been a fishing village. But it was only eighteen years ago, nineteen at the most, that Clem Davis, one of the most resolute of these fishermen, expected a son. His son was to be named Joseph. His son was to be a preacher—Northern Methodist. Clem Davis had made up his mind, and his mind was unalterable; a boy named Joseph, preacher, Northern Methodist. Then came the day; and Joe was born. But, alas! Joe was a girl.

She was five and a half months old when her mother died of the fever; and thereafter Joe's cradle was attentively rocked by the ocean. Her cradle was a two-masted schooner. This was because Clem Davis was a blackfisherman.

One in a generation is all that Salter Path has produced. The men of Salter's, combining their gear, maintain a single fish house, launch a community-owned surfboat, and haul their catch up on the beach, where their women and children stand in small dark groups, looking on, calling advice, laughing at each comical happening, and holding their breath when danger threatens. The Salter's men stay close to shore.

But the blackfishermen ride out the hurricanes in chips upon the ocean. There is a handful of these men, and they know the sea as the farmer knows the soil, all its moods and vagaries. Most of them are "furerners"—Norwegians with gaunt bodies, high cheek bones and faded blue eyes. They are insensible to danger, or else have innate within them the hardihood to conquer the storms that pile tramp steamers upon the shoals and drive befogged liners to their doom upon this coast. In stubby two-masted schooners they go out under sail, or power, or both, it matters not the weather; and they keep on going until the shore line has long been lost to sight. Above the submerged wreck of a blockade runner of Civil War days they lower their anchors. And here they pull fathoms of fishline in over the low gunwales, one line, then the other, until the hold is filled with a smothered mass of blackfish. They stay until the hold is filled, through calm and hurricane, or else go to the bottom. And when they weigh anchor a pennant is hoisted, and when they come in across the bar the people ashore have a way of saying, "They're coming with the flag flying. They got fish. They got blackfish." A day or two later the mothers of large cities remove the bones and feed their children on several ounces of human courage; or, more vividly, one may imagine the number of people who, signaling the waiter for the next course, complain because it is drizzling outside.

Clem Davis' schooner was The Captain Clem. Its first owner had been a negro, named Palmer, the only black blackfisherman this section has known; and later you will see him on Front Street at Beaufort, and you will hear of him a gallant thing.

But during Palmer's ownership this stubby fishing schooner moved only under immaculate white canvas, while now her sails are gray with innumerable patches, and a pile of cogwheels, pistons, levers and rods surmounted by a funnel occupies the deck forward of the chart house. At a short distance this pile appears to be nothing but junk; and the closer the inspection the deeper the conviction grows. But, nevertheless, it is an oil-burning engine, which in calm weather blasts The Captain Clem through the water at eight miles an hour.

And this was Joe's cradle. Her nursemaids, out there beyond the sight of land in a treacherous sea, but within range of the steady beaming eye of Lookout Light, were Norsemen, heavy-knuckled, saturnine men, without sentiment and without fear—so long as blue water was under the keel. The deeper the better. They were deep-sea men, and they paid very little attention to Joe, very little indeed.

Her wet nurse was to have been a nanny goat; but the goat was washed overboard off Shackleford Bank, and Joe, hammocked beneath Clem Davis' bunk, was fed on condensed milk—diluted with water, often none too fresh. She drank it eagerly from a catchup bottle. And alone in the rolling gloom she cut her first teeth on a double-crown knot of cotton rope, and alone she soon learned that tears were of little avail. Her mewling was drowned by the sound of the sea.

At night she could hear the voices of the men, their grunts, their oaths, their occasional laughter. And one day she made a discovery: Her strength was sufficient to pull her body over the edge of the small swinging basket. On that day she rolled here and there on the deckhouse floor with the pitching of the schooner; but finally saw a curious thing. It made her squint at first, then open wide her large violet eyes and gaze in silent wonder. A beautiful thing, perhaps the most marvelous of all things—light!

A wide shaft of sunlight was pouring down the companionway, and it made an alluring spot on the floor. She crawled toward it. She reached it; and it enfolded her. It was warm upon her bare shoulders. It was the first thing that had caressed her since she was five and a half months old. They found her there, lying in the sunlight, silent, contented.

And now that Joe could crawl she was more of a nuisance than ever. For it must be remembered that Clem Davis was a resolute, unyielding man; and he had wanted a son. On days that were not too boisterous he would put her in one of the lifeboats or tether her on the deck where she could see the men hauling their lines over the gunwale and could hear the wind in the shrouds and the breaking of the waves against the bow of the ship and the gurgle of the sea at the stern. She learned to stand alone by holding to the mainmast, her arms encircling it. And her first serious fall was down the companionway to the galley. She cried, but no one came, no one heard, and so, discovering the remains of the last meal, she helped herself. Thereafter Joe ate from the plate of her father until she was old enough to have a plate of her own.

At night when the mood was upon him Otto Berg lifted up his mighty voice and sang in his native tongue, and sometimes the other men would join in; but more often they would merely listen, grunting now and again and pulling on their pipes, which made thick clouds against the black ceiling. When the singing had given way to crude conjectures and cruder jokes at the other end of the ship's cabin, invariably Captain Clem Davis, unique among his generation of Salter's men, would go to his locker, take out a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and after the ceremony of cleaning the lenses with the inside of his jumper pocket, he would read the Bible to himself, fashioning the words with his lips. Clem Davis was unique because he was not illiterate. He was a navigator, and had had a hand in building the schoolhouse at Salter's. Mentally and physically he was head and shoulders above his generation.

"Learn your lessons, sonny," was a common admonition at Salter's in those days, "an' you'll own your own schooner like Captain Clem Davis. Takes learnin'. He's got books aboard."

Also, Clem Davis had collected charts of nearly every navigable waterway in the world. These charts were his hobby. There were four lockers full.

He taught Joe the three R's. Something like this:

Two times two is fo'.
D-o-o-r spells do'.

In the cabin at night, with men singing and grunting, and the smoke from their pipes hovering overhead like gray cumulus clouds, and the wind making noises outside, and the schooner bucking and tearing at her anchors, and the watch coming down with black slicker shining from the rain, and the rain on the deck overhead and against the small ports, Joe learned her lessons and pored over the charts by the hour without once lifting her dark curls. And there were other things, too, that she learned.

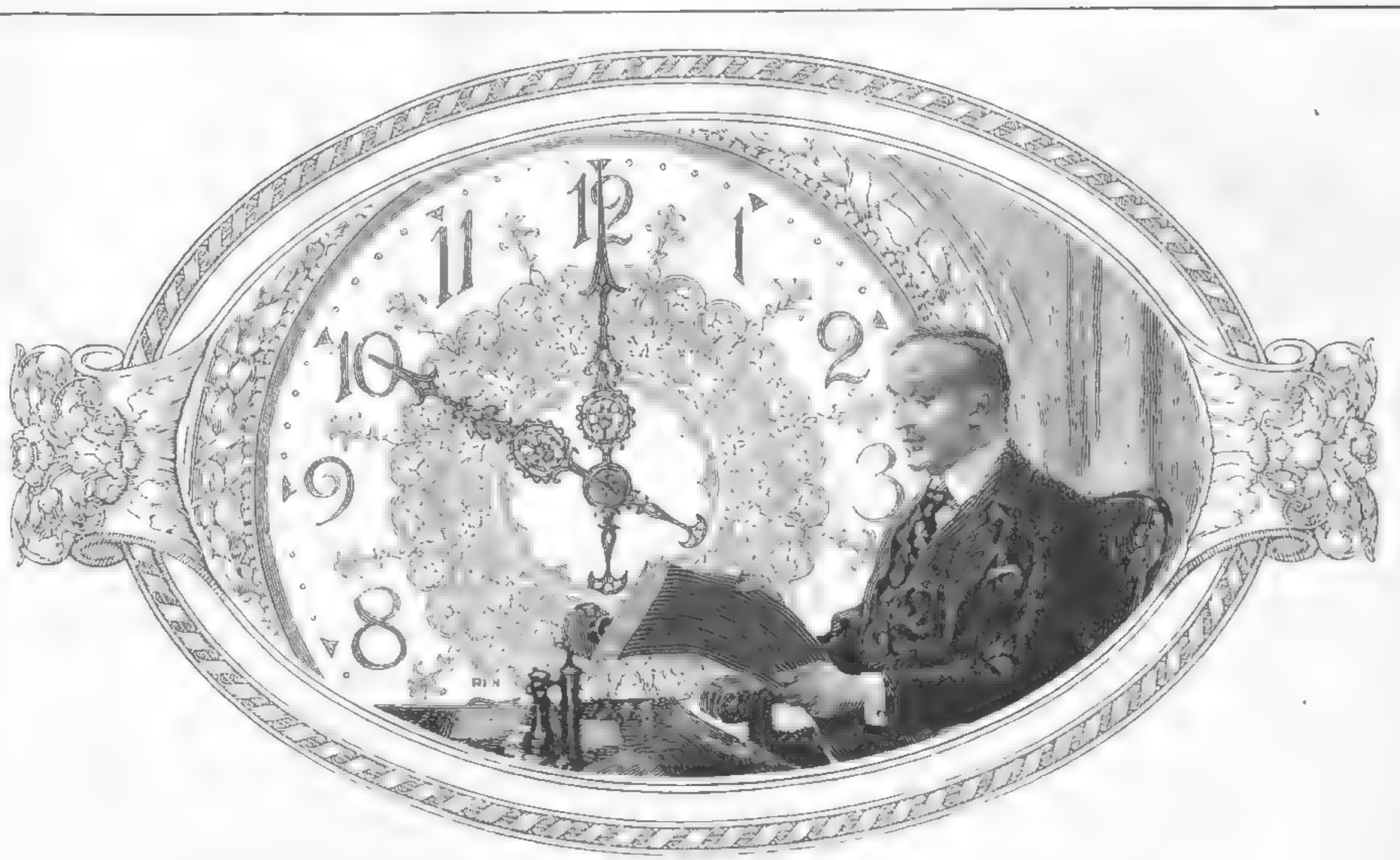
She learned something of men, got a distorted sinister conception of them early in life. When a new hand was taken aboard The Captain Clem, usually, for a time, he petted Joe, put his calloused hands on her head, stroked her hair, took her on his knee, made baskets, dolls and other toys out of twine and rope, even knitted garments for her to wear. But it did not last—that was the thing she learned—it soon died, leaving inside of her an ocean without any water in it, emptiness. When she got so she would follow the new hand around the deck, sit beside him when he was pulling in his lines, help bait his hooks, and climb on his knee in the cabin at night, then she could feel, actually feel inside of her, warmth and lightness, like drinking the sunlight, and this made her hop about on one foot, and sing a tune that she knew, and sing tunes she didn't know and had never even heard.

But it never lasted long. There always came a time when the new man grunted because she had stepped on his bare feet, and soon thereafter in the cabin at night he was sure to cross his knees when she tried to climb up, and he was sure to turn from her without so much as a word and begin to jabber in his own language to the other men. This always amazed her. She couldn't quite believe it, until the man shoved her away with his arm. Then she would stand in a corner gazing at him, and something would begin to go out of her—all the warmth, the sunlight; and there would come the emptiness. And suddenly, standing there, gazing through the smoke, she would see that this new man had great knuckles on his toes just like the other men; and he had creases in his face, and scars, and perhaps a beard, just like the other men, and the tobacco dribbled from the corners of his mouth. And she didn't want to climb up on his knee.

These men upon The Captain Clem were all the men in the world. All men were alike, with huge knuckles on their feet. Those upon shore were nothing, made no impression upon her mind, for Joe lived aboard the schooner, and the schooner remained at the fish dock only long enough

(Continued on Page 68)

Yellowstone Lake, Wyoming



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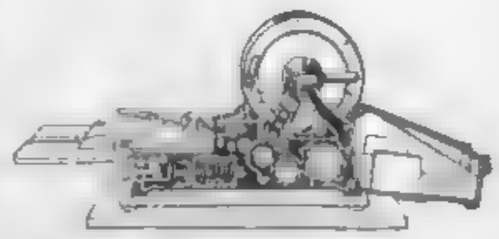

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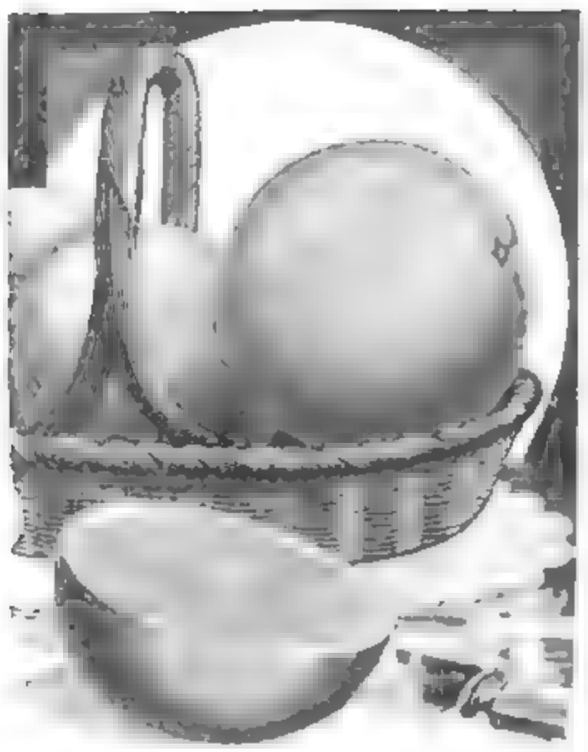

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Sealdsweet

FLORIDA

(Continued from Page 64)

to unload, then blasted its way back across the bar or else was anchored for a time in the canal that divides Town Marsh.

Clem Davis, of course, was somewhat different. Being her father, however, he didn't count. And, too, he never stroked her hair, never took her upon his knee, never made things for her of cotton strings and rope. He had wanted a son named Joseph, preacher, Northern Methodist. But on the other hand he never shoved her aside and never grunted when she stepped on his feet. And at night he taught her lessons out of schoolbooks, and sometimes when he opened the huge chests that held all the charts in the world and spread the charts on the table and traced rivers and blue oceans with his thick forefinger, he would mumble aloud so she could hear, instead of mumbling to himself. Also, Clem listened when she said things. Sometimes he answered her question after thinking a long while, sometimes he would not answer for an hour or more, sometimes days elapsed. Like this:

"Is the Red Sea big as Bogue Sound?"

Two nights later: "Yes. Bigger."

"Then how could people walk through it?"

After a silence of an hour: "The Lord parted the waters."

"Did what?"

"Parted the waters."

"Oh."

As she grew older Joe began to look upon these men with hate in her eyes, not unmixed with fear; and even the new hands when they tried to stroke her hair or take her on their knees were now repellent animals. And above all, men were never to be confided in. They would laugh and betray every confidence, even the most sacred. All men were like that.

She came to know something of their language, their guttural mutterings, their oaths and blasphemies. And there was a word Joe learned, and the word was "love." But love was a strange and hideous thing. Men talked of it only when they were drunk. It made them beat their wives, it made them tear their sweethearts' clothes, and grind their huge bony fists into the jaws and ears of other men less strong. A despicable thing was love, and a brutish thing was man.

Her idea of God was the Lookout Light. This beacon, high above the point of Shackleford Bank, was always to be counted upon. A fixed light, neither in calm nor hurricane did it ever waver. And that was her idea of God. It could see her out there upon the dark rolling waters, it guided the mariners, it could look within her very soul, and only an occasional fog obscured it, and even then it was always there. And so, when she gave the matter any thought at all, this was her idea of God—the Lookout Light.

And, too, the lights aboard The Captain Clem were Joe's particular charge. Each day, ever since she had been a wisp of a little girl, she had filled them and cleaned them and trimmed their wicks. There was the fat bracket lamp, with a reflector back of it, that sat like a contented idol on the wall above Clem Davis' shaggy head. And there was the restless swinging lamp, in the opposite corner, that cast its shadow on the floor, a mysterious distorted gray-black shadow that hopped into the bunks at times and clung there a moment, grimacing.

There was something satanic about this shadow. It fascinated her. And there was the stay light, like a clear star swimming through the night, when The Captain Clem was rolling and pitching at anchor. But most important of all were the running lights, green and red.

The glowing ruby light was Joe's friend and confidant throughout the years. She had called it "pete" before she could pronounce "port"; then it had become Pete the Port Light. And she told it everything. But the starboard light, perhaps because it was greedy, drinking more oil than Pete, or else because it shone so coldly, had been ever since she could remember the malignant eye of a green monster. She talked to it only when she wanted something direful to happen to one of the men, to Larn or Otto or Axel or Karl. Then she would put her straight little nose close to it and say things in short breathless sentences while the violet sparks of her eyes mingled with the revengeful green of its own. But to Pete she used to whisper all about some day when she would captain her own schooner. "We'll cross all the seas on Clem Davis' charts, and, Pete, we'll sail up the crookedest rivers."

Pete understood her thoughts. She used to sit near him alone in the dusk, not saying a word. She used to sit there listening to the wind and looking out at the water. The ocean sometimes did not go forward or backward at all, merely bobbed up and down; and sometimes it came rushing, plunging, falling over itself; and sometimes it slid like thick oil underneath the schooner, gray and fearful. But she did not mind how high the waves might be, up and up and down and down and down—pouncing upon The Captain Clem. She did not mind, because The Captain Clem always climbed them, then tobogganed pell-mell down the other side. And at night sometimes she just sat there looking up at the pointed white stars, or at the smoke-gray clouds that drifted slowly across the moon, or at the mares' tails that scudded so fast they kept her eyes dancing to keep up with them. Always when her confidences were of tremendous importance she would hold on with one hand and swing out and look into Pete's face to see that he was listening; and she would place her fingers over his large corrugated red eye to see the bones in her hand, then quickly take her hand away lest some tramp or seagoing tug mistake The Captain Clem's course and run them down far out there from land.

The gunwales of The Captain Clem were Joe's picket fence, the ocean her front yard. Her bed was a bunk against the wall of a tiny stateroom, exactly six by four feet; and lying there curled up with hardly room to turn over, Joe would gaze through the port, no larger than a saucer, and see the ocean streaking past. Light green was the water when the sun was upon it, dark blue when clouds were drifting overhead. At night she would count the large luminous balls of phosphorus like blurred fallen stars floating by.

Early in her teens she knew as much about sailing as any man aboard. And when she was fifteen she could handle the wheel, and Clem Davis signed her up as his mate. The men feared her more than they feared her father, and trusted her more. There was only one creature aboard The Captain Clem that did not move quickly when she spoke to him her pet turtle.

He had been given to Joe by the man on Piver's Island when Joe was nine years old. And the man had assured her that this little creature, the size of a silver dollar, would make the best of pets because it would live a hundred years, maybe a thousand. And, too, if she got tired of him she could make him into turtle soup. Joe had said solemnly that she wouldn't get tired of him; but nevertheless on innumerable occasions, far too many to count, she had threatened him with the pot. And she had named him Soupy.

With the men she was inarticulate, except for necessary commands. She despised them; and she seldom said very much, even to Clem Davis. But Joe talked to Soupy just as she talked to the running lights—giving him her confidences—all the most intimate things, both of the visionary pleasant kind and those that had to do with dark emotions, chiefly hate and revenge. But now she could, and often did, wreak her own vengeance.

It was in Joe's sixteenth year that Clem Davis dropped his line one afternoon and came running around the deckhouse in time to see this girl that he still considered a child lay open the brutish jaw of Otto Berg with a knotted piece of tarred rope. This man, who for years had sung at nights in the cabin, had laid hands on Joe, and she had responded with all the hate and the fear that she had treasured up for a decade.

This was the last trip Clem Davis ever made to the wreck of the sunken blockade runner for blackfish. He weighed anchor before the hold was filled on this day, and, reaching port, sold this old, old schooner that once had been Joe's cradle—sold it unromantically enough to one of the fish fertilizer factories at Beaufort, the town that looks out on the sea.

And it was here that Joe first tasted an exotic fruit called civilization.

IV

DUSK. Across the shoals and marshes of the back bay at Beaufort can be seen the derricks of the shipyard at Morehead. They are silhouetted against a sky of saffron and palest green. Joe is standing at the water's edge. A thong encircles her body, cutting into her breast, making it impossible to breathe. She is choked with land dust. Never, she has told herself, will she be able really to breathe again. Joe is waiting for Clem Davis, who is working at the shipyard. She is gazing across these placid waters that lead inland through canals and swamps and rivers, but seem to be imprisoned—barred from the ocean by a long low railroad trestle. And now the color is fading in the west and this mirror of water is becoming lifeless, smooth and drab. It is dusk.

Joe has been cut from her moorings—cast ashore in this little town of pretty girls and shabby houses. And the first thing civilization did to her was to give her a feminine name. The people of Beaufort call her Josephine.

One thinks of the Empress Josephine and visualizes Empire gowns and pointed white satin slippers and hips that swell the line of the skirt. But paint out the picture! Standing there—surely you can see her—slender and dark. Her hair is saved from being black only when the sun is upon it, revealing a deep wine color, too warm to be forgettable. Her features are chiseled instead of being molded; and her eyes are darker and far more colorful than the dusk, more like the skies of these Southern nights. Perhaps her body is beautiful; but she is too slight to be called Josephine, and much too exotic in appearance, too startling, to be thought beautiful at Beaufort.

Yet kindness is a characteristic of this town. Curiously, it is here enthroned, as wealth is enthroned in many villages. I know of no people so generous and kind. And in their effort to explain this girl, in their effort to excuse her, they have called her Josephine, the Blackfisher Girl. They put it this way: "You got to remember her bringing up. She's a blackfisher girl."

She was landsick during those first days—physically ill from the moment her front yard dwindled from a wide rolling ocean to a patch of sand and flowers surrounded by a picket fence. And shockingly enough, on that first day she confided to Soupy, her pet turtle, that for hollyhocks she did not give a damn. She was homesick for the crowded cabin at night and the grunts and guffaws of the men she despised, and the rank smell of their pipes and the smoke hovering against the black ceiling. And she was more homesick still for the steady beaming eye of Lookout Light, far off, yet always to be counted on. Instead there were sputtering street lights around which insects buzzed. And oh! for the shrouds to climb into, and the booming of the waves, and the rush of phosphorescent water past her diminutive window, and the narrow bunk.

Clem Davis was a foreman now in the shipyard at Morehead City, and Joe was waiting for him. This was during the war, when wooden ships were being built—ships that, uncompleted, were later blown to bits with dynamite. He returned to Beaufort each evening in a dilapidated open boat, propelled by a one-cylinder engine that coughed and missed fire and coughed and missed again. But tonight Joe hardly cared whether he came or not. She wanted to breathe; that was all; Joe wanted to breathe.

She slipped out of her clothes, all but a single garment, left them there on the sand, waded out into the dusk, breaking the mirrorlike water. The water was cool. It rose slowly, deeper and deeper, until it was above her waist. Joe waded to the channel, then swam on the slack tide under the drawbridge and along the front of the oyster houses at the westerly end of Beaufort. And lo! the thong that had cut into her breast was gone, the wound was healed; and she breathed easily with salt water against her lips, her hair trailing.

She rounded the sea wall, where the channel turns sharply to the east, and she paralleled the sagging wharves and worm-eaten piers, then turned from the town and struck south for the breakwater a mile away.

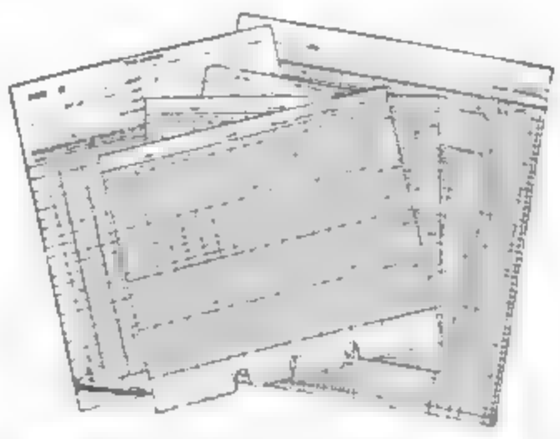
Joe swam to Bogue Bank that night, stood upon the smooth wide beach, looking back at the glow that hung like a nebula over Beaufort. The distance between herself and its narrow sandy streets made her exultant. She wrung the water from her hair. She could hear the booming of the waves on the other side of the narrow island.

Climbing a pallid sand dune she gazed down into old Fort Macon. Her bare feet

(Continued on Page 70)

All mixed up

A business executive ordered a purchase made.
A Purchasing Agent said he ordered it.
The Accounting Department never heard of it.
The Receiving Clerk said he never got it.
The goods were badly needed but no one knew where they were. Everybody cross and no results.



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A TUTTLE WALLER PRODUCTION

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Who hasn't played "Second Fiddle" in the family? All the pent up hopes of younger brothers, the shattered dreams of daughters, side-tracked until their elder sisters are safely launched -- these tragedies of youth will strike close to all men and women who seek through the medium of the screen a genuinely human tug at the heart.

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Miniature "Second Fiddle," suitable for wearing on lapel of coat, sent free to anyone giving us name and address of the manager of local motion picture theatre, with 2c stamp to cover mailing

HODKINSON
PICTURES
469 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Continued from Page 68)

were on the brown stone coping. The moat beneath her was black in shadows, and the refracted light from a slender moon revealed dimly the opposite wall with its embrasures and a door latticed by heavy wrought-iron strips. The ruins of a drawbridge were down there, the main portal sagged on its hinges. Beyond the rampart she could see a sector of the inner court, overgrown with rank grasses and shrubs, out of which arose a small yaupon tree and two tall dark cedars. All her life she had thought of trees only in the terms of spars and planking. But these cedars, standing side by side, were different. Their branches were interlaced. They rose above the grim fort that walled them in.

Inarticulate, unable to form emotions into words, only dreams, Joe rested there, gazing up into the deep sky with its pointed stars. The throb of the sea, its soft distant cadence pulsed with her pulse; the shadows, the mystery seemed to pervade her senses until—lying there on the coping, her feet dipping into the darkness of the moat, her coils of hair resting on her hands—she became a part of the lure of the night, a white star resting in its voyage, a slender ray of moonlight. No phrases formed in her mind. Her lips were parted, yet Joe was inarticulate. The portals of the fort seemed to be closing, its embrasures and battlements were manned, and she could hear the rumble of guns. Or was the battle inside of her?

Her heart had never pounded like this. Then, suddenly, her body was cold. She was trembling.

When Joe stood again knee-deep in Bogue Sound red lights gleamed at each end of the jagged breakwater. Out there the waves were crumbling on the shoals. She struck across the tide, a breathless swim in the night where the tide is like a mill race. At the end of the breakwater she paused, holding to a cross bar of the channel marker. The large red light high above her tinged the waves as they swept in, the water beneath her was black, unfathomable. A comber crushed her against heavy timbers and wrenched loose her grip. Then she slipped through the water, unimpeded by clothing, free in her beloved element; and making the channel she paralleled the rocks of the breakwater. And the tide was with her.

In the canal that cuts across Town Marsh two fishing schooners were moored, side by side, protected from the storms. Joe swam a circle around them. If one were only the old Captain Clem with its crowded deckhouse, low gunwales and pile of junk for an engine, she would board it, sleep there in her narrow bunk, never leave it again. Grasses scraped her knee, and she swam back into midchannel and floated a while, looking up into the violet night—a royal tent, old and tattered, that since the world began had canopied the couches of kings and princesses. The water washing across her body, she counted the stars as she drifted with the tide down the channel toward the town.

The lights in the houses at Beaufort—an illumined window here and there with black spaces between—made her think of ships in a harbor she had dreamed of long ago. All lights should be swinging high above the water—stay lights marking ships at anchor, red channel lights, white flashing beacons, fixed unfailing eyes, like the Lookout Light. Dark wharves and irregular rotting piers waded out to meet her. She turned toward Piver's Island.

On the sea wall above a narrow strip of sand two people were sitting side by side. Joe could see a girl's white dress. She could hear their voices, quiet voices coming to her across the water. And Joe wondered at this. She was mystified. Thoughts came into her mind and formed pictures—of two straight cedars rising above the fort that walled them in, of two ships in the canal, growing old together, of a boy and a girl upon a sea wall, talking quietly. Was there in the world some strange unselfish force? Could it be love? No, for love is a hideous thing and man a brutish creature.

She turned with the channel and swam toward the drawbridge, her young body gliding easily and freely through its own element. This was the thing she knew, trusted—a child's faith in its mother—the sea. It had cradled her.

■

AND now Joe has been at Beaufort for three months. Exactly three months ago Clem Davis sold his fishing gear and stubby schooner with its pile of junk for an engine and its patched gray sails that bellied in a wind and drooped in a calm. He sold it unromantically to the fertilizer factory at the easterly end of the town, beyond the new houses, beyond the new sea wall of concrete. And even now, with the wind coming out of the east, there hangs over the roofs of Beaufort, over the sea walls and the sea, a thin yellowish veil of smoke and the rankest of odors. Tons of fish are being cooked to powder to make rich the impoverished soil.

Fortunately the wind seldom blows from the east. So steadily it blows from the ocean—clean, saline, southwesterly—that the trees lean inland, their limbs grow long on that side, and even in a dead calm they present the picture of a hurricane. Also, when the breeze is from the ocean Beaufort girls have wavy hair; but when the breeze is from the land these girls, it is said, resort to tongs.

And Joe is learning these things. She hasn't curled her hair. It is much too long and heavy for that. But she has looked into a mirror. The other day, for the first time, Joe saw a full-length portrait of herself in a mirror. The portrait amazed her, but she was not abashed. It was strange, she thought, to look like that when she didn't in the least feel that way. She didn't feel rounded and smooth. She seldom felt smooth. And sometimes she was older than this reflection of herself, and sometimes younger. Sometimes she had lived forever, sometimes for only a day. Nor did the mirror reveal those dark emotions—anger, hatred, the desire for revenge—that through the years she had voiced in short sentences to the starboard light, with the violet sparks of her eyes mingling with its malignant green. No. This was merely the reflection of confidences she has whispered to Pete the Port Light—a wistful picture, lonely with longing, unreal as her dreams.

"I'm not like that at all. This is not really my body."

It revealed her, she thought, no more than a house reveals those who live inside. It concealed her real self.

Joe drooped there, thinking of the old Captain Clem, its singing shrouds. She could make the portrait of herself laugh, but she was weeping inside. And this is one of the things that Joe has learned: Women make the portraits of themselves laugh while they are weeping inside.

Also, she has learned other and happier things. She has had her fingers done. Georgia Neal, with whom she swims and with whom she sails in a mad unmanageable sharpie, has taught Joe to dance and to ride a banks pony. And the other day Georgia did her fingers.

"You have good-looking hands, Josephine. I'm going to do your fingers." And for one hour Joe gazed solemnly down upon the top of Georgia's bowed head, wishing her hair was like that—rich, gorgeous, golden sunlight; while Georgia applied the rose stick, buffer and file.

Late that afternoon Joe carried her hands carefully home and sat with them on her lap, fingers spread wide apart. She was waiting for Clem. When he came rolling in on his sea legs Joe spread her hands beneath the lamp, and Clem Davis frowned down upon the pointed, highly polished finger nails.

"Do you like them, Clem?"

"Do you like 'em?"

"Yes."

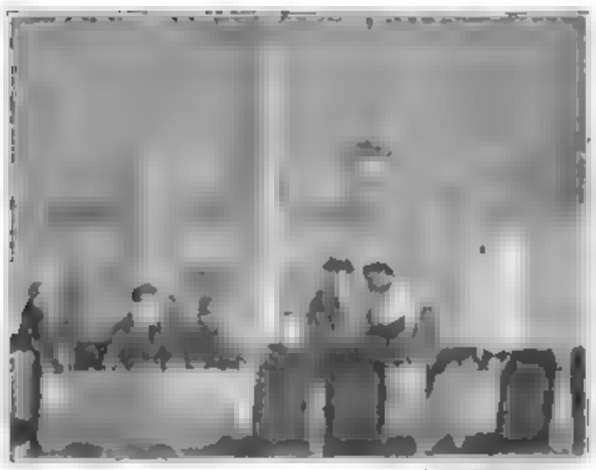
The following afternoon, it is said, Clem Davis went to the jewelry store at Morehead City. "I want the things that make girls' finger nails shine, the whole caboodle." He was directed to a drug store and bought four and a half dollars' worth. That night he said to Joe, "You were my mate for more than a year, without pay. Now you're going to have the things you want—dresses and trinkets, everything other girls have." He dug down into his pocket.

Things! What an amazing lot of things there are in the world! Joe tried to count them—the things other people have. Oh! These girls at Beaufort with gloomy closets bulging with sweet-scented dresses, hatboxes under their beds, bureau drawers filled with linen and limp silk, dressing tables holding a jumble of handkerchiefs, hair nets, ribbons, powder, bar pins, veils and rouge. She counted the garments they wore at one time—ten to sixteen. She had never worn more than six, and often only two—bloomers and blouse. Things!

(Continued on Page 72)

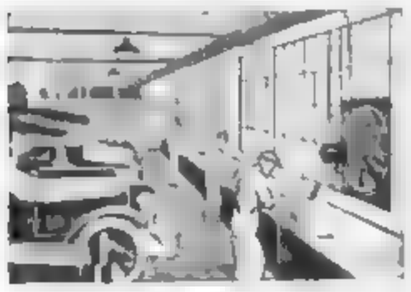
Fresh Air—The Wonder Worker!

Watch How Business Naturally Flows to the Restaurants Where the Air Is Clean and Appetizing



An "appetizing" atmosphere that will be welcome in the restaurant of appetizing food

There is a certain restaurant in a certain city that is distinguished not because its walls are spotlessly white—not because the food is so deliciously good—not because the cafe is clean and sanitary—but because its tables are always crowded morning, noon and night—winter or summer—with a throng of customers whose steady patronage has built up a most profitable business for the proprietor.



Banish poisonous gases, smoke and stagnant air from its dining and garages with an American Blower Ventilating Fan

Just across the street is another restaurant. Its walls, too, are spotlessly white. The food is deliciously good and the interior is clean and sanitary. Yet, most of the tables are vacant even during the rush hours.

Why is One Restaurant Crowded While the Other is Empty?

Why one restaurant is crowded daily—the other slighted, is not evident from outward appearances.

Not until you step inside the door of the neglected cafe do you discover why the chairs are unoccupied.

The Depressing Atmosphere Which Keeps Business Away

Is it any wonder that people avoid the restaurant where the atmosphere is most depressing, tainted with odors from cooking foods—air that can be best described as stagnant and "sour" every month in the year?

And is it any wonder that the crowds go where the air is pure and inviting—where there are no odors—no steam, fumes, or smoke from cooking foods—just clean, wholesome, "appetizing" atmosphere?

All-Year Ventilation Helps To Increase Business

That in brief accounts for the success of a certain restaurant owner and the failure of his competitor—failure which was inevitable because he did not realize the dollar-and-cents value of all-year ventilation that assures clean, fresh, "appetizing" air.

American Blower Ventilating Fans are converting many restaurants, formerly classified as failures, or indifferent successes, into prosperous business establishments because they eliminate the hot, stuffy, stagnant air—expel smoke, steam, gases and vapors or bring in clean, fresh, outdoor atmosphere.

Clean, fresh, wholesome air is far more inviting for better business

There is an electrical dealer in your city who will be glad to show you how you can assure yourself of clean, wholesome atmosphere by installing an American Blower Ventilating Fan in your place of business.

Let us send you a booklet which explains

Your Dealer Will Coöperate Without Obligation

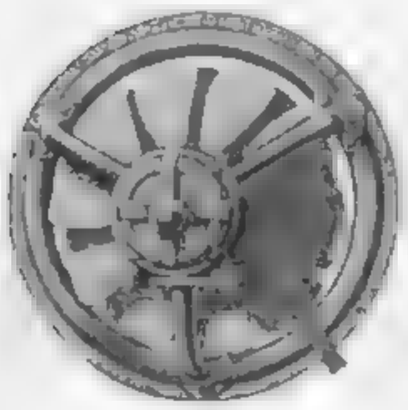
He knows how to use fresh air to increase profits in the restaurant business—and many other lines of business—and will give you the benefit of his experience without the slightest obligation. We suggest you see him at once.

Write for his name and our book which gives complete information regarding American Blower Fans.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT

Branch Offices in all Principal Cities FOUNDED 1881 *Canadian Sirocco Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.*

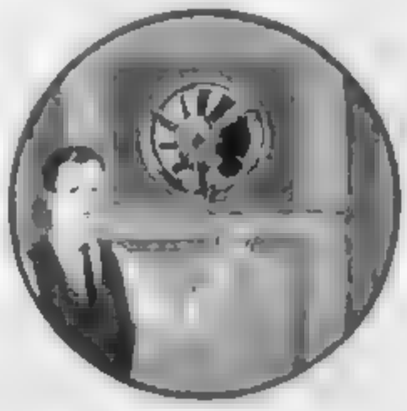
(157)



American Blower

"Sirocco"

VENTILATING FANS



(Continued from Page 70)

Things! Things! A world cluttered up. A billion people, each with a thousand things: Machinery and oil; perfume and slippers; prayerbooks and idols; toys—from childhood to senility; crowded show windows; huge warehouses holding more, for sale; cradles, sheet music and tombstones; broken things in the cellar, heirlooms in the attic; boxes, baskets, trunks, closets, rooms, houses, cities and continents crowded with things, and making more; slaving to buy, slaving to sell. A cluttered-up world, a rag bag rolling through space—where there are only the immaculate moons and stars.

When Joe was no longer amazed at these innumerable things she gloried in them, then finally became satiated, and emerged from the cluttered-up stage of civilization not wholly triumphant, but nearly so—in white duck skirt and blouse.

"All the girls at Beaufort are going to be school-teachers," she told Clem Davis, adding, "until they get married."

She turned down the page in chemistry she was trying to master and closed the book. Vaguely she was pondering the formula for water. She knew the ocean, but was unable to think of it as H_2O. What did it matter if it was two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, or exactly the reverse? If only she could be out upon it!

"There are worse things than being a teacher," declared Clem Davis heavily.

"Yes," she assented; "marriage."

He revolved this in his ponderous mind. Presently he said, "The shipyard at Morehead's going to close down. No more use for ships—the kind we've been building."

Joe jumped up from her chair, her eyes dancing. "You're going to buy back The Captain Clem!"

"No." He shook his shaggy head. And the girl knew that settled it.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm thinking of something," he answered evasively. "What you want to do?"

Joe told him, "I want a pilot's license."

And he studied her over the top of his steel-rim spectacles; his stolid gray eyes shone through heavy overhanging brows. Presently he said, "You're a girl. They wouldn't give it to you."

"They'll have to if I pass my examinations."

"Takes a lot of learning."

She nodded her head. "But I don't believe a pilot on this coast knows what water's composed of, or gives a ——"

"Now, now!"

"You want me to be a preacher."

"I don't."

"You do, Clem Davis. You've always wanted me to be a preacher named Joseph. You've never forgiven me for being a girl."

"I have."

"You haven't. But I won't be a preacher and I won't teach school. And I can't be a boy. It isn't my fault. It's your fault."

"It ain't my fault, Joe. I prayed ——"

"You prayed! You beat my mother when I was born."

"I never laid a hand on her."

"You never beat her, Clem Davis? Not once?"

"Never laid a hand on her."

"Then you didn't love her. And you hate me. You have always hated me, Clem; always."

"I never hated you."

"You do. I know. I've found out."

"I never laid a hand on you either."

"It isn't so bad to be beaten," said Joe. "You can get over that. I'd rather you beat me once in a while, and not hate me all the time. That's the way other fathers do. They love their daughters, and they beat them once in a while. But they don't hate them."

"How do they show they love 'em, Joe?"

"They say things."

"What things?"

"Say they're pretty, even if they are not pretty."

"You're pretty, Joe. Joe, you're right pretty."

"Don't!" She laughed hysterically. "I'd rather you beat me."

The blacksmith scratched his beard and gazed bewildered at this dark flower that was his. "Do you want a finger ring, Joe?"

"I want a pilot's license."

"I'll make 'em give it to you." He doubled up his huge hairy fist. "I'll pray."

"Will you give me a boat?"

"What kind?"

"A pilot boat—like the coast guards'; like they have at station Number 191."

Clem Davis settled deep into his chair, his beard in the hollow of his thick throat.

"Will you? Like the coast-guard boat?"

"Let me think. I'm making up my mind."

Joe broke a long silence: "Clem, have you made up your mind? Will you give me a boat after I get my license?"

He got up from his chair and thumbed the pages of a Bible. "I'll build you a boat."

"You! You, yourself!"

"I've made up my mind. No more blackfishing. I'm going to have a shipyard, here at Beaufort. I been thinking 'bout it. Now my mind's set on it—shipyard, right here at Beaufort." Thumbing the Bible, Clem Davis continued to mumble his plans. But Joe heard not a word he was saying.

"Joe."

She did not answer.

"Joe, I'm not denying I wished you was a preacher named Joseph. But I never hated you; never. And it wasn't my fault."

"You're sure, Clem?"

She picked up the book from the floor. And as she leaned upon the table the lamplight fell upon her hair, warm as wine. But Josephine was visualizing a ship—the first she would pilot across the Beaufort Bar. Would the day ever come? They'd have to give her a license, she told herself, if only she could pass the examinations. And determinedly she began to study with a cool clear mind.

VI

YOU can hear the hammers, the tap-tap-tap of hammers at the westerly end of Beaufort; you can see the glint of saws in the sunlight; and catch the clean scent of lumber—cypress, oak and cedar. A boat is building on the ways.

For nearly two years Clem Davis' small shipyard has fronted on Gallant's Channel. Adjacent is a row of oyster houses and sagging wharves and a clutter of miscellaneous boats—schooners, sharpies and skipjacks. Rowdy motor boats, piled high with planking and barrels, are passing, followed by ground swells and making noises like the detonations of fitful Gatling guns. You can hear them at dawn. These noisy motorboats are the chanticleers of Beaufort. And burying your ear in the pillow you wish for the days of the silent sail.

In from the ocean race the tidal waters, breaking over the bar, inundating the shoals with their yellow sands and the marshes with their yellow grasses. And these sands and grasses must be dredged now and again to give depth to the channel so that crafts can go inland through Core Creek, Adam's Creek and Neuse River. And, too, Gallant's Channel runs along the entire front of the little town, fringed by dilapidated piers and irregular fish wharves and wharves upon which the merchant stores have turned their back, to face on Front Street. Here, in the season, yachts and houseboats fill their tanks with gas and oil, and crowd their galleys with excellent provisions. Indeed, Beaufort acclaims itself a haven, a port of entry and a port of call—with a customhouse no larger than a box car. And here, it is said, the girls are so beautiful that far out at sea the sailors can detect the perfume of their hair—or was this said of Lesbos, or some other isle or port?

But beware! This is a tortuous channel, crowded in at the westerly end of the village between a sea wall and Piver's Island, whereon are visible the yellow buildings of a Federal turtle farm—a marine biological station maintained for turtle soup! And here, just nine years ago, Josephine's pet was hatched.

Today—the most eventful of her life—Joe is to be found at her father's shipyard. So follow Gallant's Channel. Just before you reach the sagging wharves of the oyster-packing houses you will see her sitting idly in an old dory that, years before Joe was born, was washed ashore from a Gloucester fisherman that ventured down here and met its doom. Joe is now in her eighteenth year—or rather, exactly, she is past eighteen by four full moons and a crescent. The sunlight is on her hair.

In the bottom of the dory Soupy is vacuously crawling over the broken ribs of this ancient bit of wreckage. Joe is paying him no attention at all. Her eyes are on the stubby fishing smack her father and his joiners are building on the ways; but in her mind she is fashioning something quite different—a graceful schooner yacht.

The month is September. The yachting season at Beaufort has gone. Months ago, in May, the houseboats and yachts and raised-deck cruisers passed this point and cautiously threaded the abutments of the drawbridge on their way to the North. They have passed, and the fact has played a part in Joe's life. Not a stone's throw from the water's edge her pilot's license is out there in a crude one-cylinder open boat. They have passed, but—it seems unfair—not an owner has intrusted his expensive craft to the girl. This is a point for silent thought between herself and Clem Davis. Patiently, night after night, for almost two years they worked together. And she took her examinations—flying colors. They had to give her that precious pilot license.

And Clem would have built the kind of boat she wanted, no doubt, if other work had not overwhelmed him. Two scows he has built—each sixty feet long; and on the ways is the third of a fleet of deep-sea fishing smacks, with cold-storage refrigerators and many modern appliances unknown to the old Captain Clem. Then, too, there have been innumerable boats hauled up into the yard to have their bottoms scraped, then painted with red copper paint against the insidious worm of these waters. So he gave Joe the small open boat that two years ago traversed the waters between Beaufort and the shipyard at Morehead City. He calked it and painted it and made it as fit as he could. But it still coughs and misses fire and coughs and misses again. A miserable little pilot boat. But nevertheless at Beaufort they will tell you there isn't a man on the coast who knows more about the Beaufort Bar, its shifting sands and the canals and bays and inlets, and the Gulf Stream, with its vibrations, that makes of Hatteras, Lookout and Cape Fear things to be dreaded—not a man on the coast with more knowledge of the sea than the girl who is sitting here. But the Yankee yacht owners didn't know this. They wanted a man at the wheel, not a girl in white skirt and white blouse with a dark ribbon knotted around her waist and burning eyes and hair as warm as wine. They wanted a horny-handed pilot who could spit tobacco.

Clem Davis, on a night, pondered in his heavy mind the spirit of this child that was his. She had said the next yacht would take her on. Always the next. Finally a solution suggested itself: "If you want to do something, Joe, there's worse things than teaching."

"Yes," she assented, as two years before—only she had now learned to laugh—"there's marriage. The girls, all of them, are teachers. And, Clem, I'll tell you why: They reckon on getting positions in other towns, meeting men, marrying them. That's the reason."

"That ain't so."

"It is."

Anyway, she could pilot a ship across the bar, but she could never solemnly persuade a lot of youngsters that all the rolling water out there was composed of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. It didn't seem to matter, just so long as it was deep and blue under the keel.

This phrase had formed a refrain for her thoughts—deep and blue under the keel—a theme that mingled with the tap-tap-tap of hammers as she sat in the old dory fashioning a dream. She was watching the men work. The planking was being nailed on—not riveted. Clem Davis had a theory—copper rivets corrode. Above the planking, which had reached no higher than where the water line would come, the ribs of the boat on the ways stuck up like the half-skeletonized form of a curious leviathan.

The boat that Clem was building was dumpy in appearance—broad of beam, heavy. But Joe had lengthened it out in her imagination. She had clothed its ribs with smooth gleaming white sides, and added a graceful bowsprit with a flying martingale of chain. She was visualizing the most graceful of all ships—a schooner yacht with cabin of polished mahogany, small square windows, and a row of ports with brass finishings. Gay awnings were over the deck, and small lifeboats hung from the davits. She hanged the tall varnished masts—so she could sail up the crookedest rivers. Only suppose if it were real and belonged to her! Now she was bending on the canvas from mainsail to jib topsail and picturing her schooner yacht, starboard sheets aft, with the water curling back from the prow and rushing in a wave swiftly past the portholes with a sob, a sigh and a song. And at night she could see it cutting the restless rolling ocean, lights in the cabin, the running lights, red and green, and the phosphorus in its wake. She could see it with masts stripped, and hear the throb of its engines, and feel it tremble in the sagging moment, and feel it plunge ahead. All ports—she would sail all the blue oceans on Clem Davis' charts.

Joe glanced down at her pet in the bottom of the old dory and sighed—an unusual thing for Joe to do. But it was an alluring vision. And, strangely enough, she had never seen a yacht exactly like the one she had imagined, never up to this moment. Prophetic, curious vision.

Soupy had got on his back. His short crooked legs were wiggling, clawing at the air. The girl leaned over. She played a little tattoo with her finger tips on the hard yellow shell of Soupy's stomach.

"Suppose I should leave you that way? What would you do? It might teach you a lesson. But I'm not a teacher. Some day—are you listening?—some day ——"

A dark object had got into the corner of her eye. She glanced up. The ponderous drawbridge was slowly lifting itself skyward. The concrete counterweights began to dip into the water of Gallant's Channel.

"It must be a tug and a string of barges, Soupy. Nothing else, this time of year."

There was a quick intake of breath, almost a sob; and not another word for a long, long while. No other sound as, cautiously feeling its way against the swift flood tide, there came through the drawbridge a gleaming white schooner yacht. First she saw its tall varnished masts, then its long graceful bowsprit with a flying martingale of chain. It couldn't be true. Who would be so ignorant as to thread Dismal Swamp with its miasmic fevers at this time of year? No, it was a phantom. She had created it in her imagination; and now, pleasantly enough, it was sailing past just so she might see what a beautiful thing it was. Yet, strangely, she could hear the throb of its engines. And now she could see the row of ports with glistening brass trimmings, and the cabin of polished mahogany, gay awnings, and lifeboats hanging from the davits. It was going past—her yacht. She had created it. It was hers. But it was passing by. Nor was it a dream. A phantom ship would never cause the boats at the oyster wharves to rock like that. A phantom ship would leave no wake. And now she could read a name in golden letters across the overhanging stern: Beatrice. And now her own little pilot boat was rocking on the ground swell and the Beatrice had turned with the channel between the sea wall and Piver's Island. And now the Beatrice had vanished from sight.

Joe breathed again—tremulously.

"Soupy!" The little turtle was still on its back, its legs waggling ludicrously. She picked it up. "You didn't see it! I created it. I must. I will have it!"

The next moment Joe had climbed a ladder that leaned against the stubby fishing smack, unfinished on the ways. Holding to the planking she looked down upon the heavy shoulders of Clem Davis.

She called to him. "A yacht has just come through the draw."

"What! What's that?" He laid aside the auger he was working with. "September! This time of year!" He gazed up incredulously at the alluring head above the planking.

"I'm going down to the oil dock to pick her up," said Joe. Her voice was low, yet steady enough. "She's never been in these waters before. I've never seen her before."

"Must be only a tramp. What's her name?"

"Beatrice. She's a marvelous schooner yacht."

Clem Davis pulled his beard thoughtfully. "Never been here before," he agreed. "Joe ——." But the girl had disappeared. Clem climbed to the deck beams. "Joe!" he called. She was at the water's edge, unfastening a skiff. "Don't be disappointed," he shouted. "Joe, if—if —— Don't be disappointed."

"I won't," she called back. "Not this time, Clem. It's mine!"

Now she is turning over the engine in her dilapidated little pilot boat. The engine coughs and misses fire and coughs and misses again. And now the boat is making a graceful curve away from its moorings, into Gallant's Channel, with Joe standing wind blown at the bow, her hand upon the wheel.

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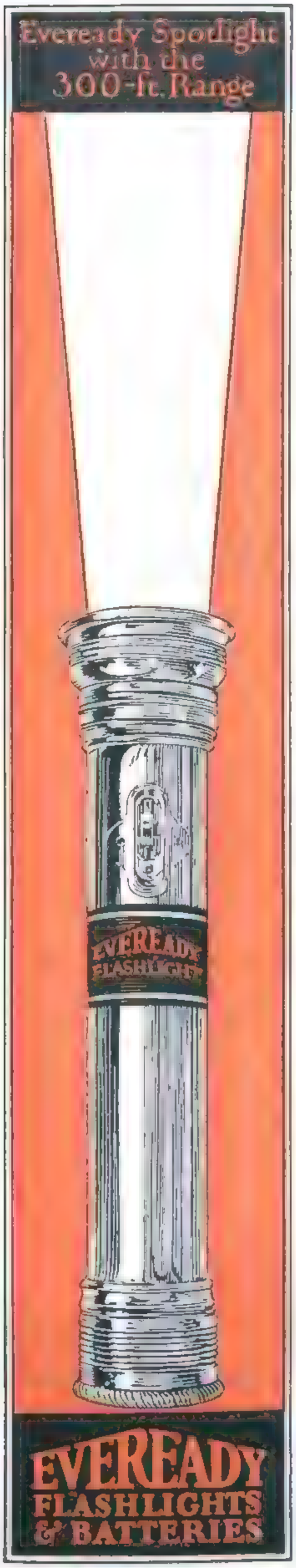

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GLORIA SWANSON in
"My American Wife"
A Sam Wood Production
By Monte M. Katterjohn, based on the story by Hector Turnbull

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production
"Adam's Rib"
By Jeanie Macpherson
With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon

"Drums of Fat"
With MARY MILES MINTER
Supported by George Fawcett
Adapted by Will M. Ritchey from "Sacrifice"
By Stephen French Whitman
Directed by Charles Maigne

JACK HOLT in
"Nobody's Money"
By William LeBaron
Directed by Wallace Worsley
Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix

A George Melford Production
"JAVA HEAD"
With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Hatton
By Joseph Hergesheimer
Scenario by Waldemar Young

BETTY COMPSON in
"The White Flower"
Story and direction by Julia Crawford Ivers

MARION DAVIES in
"Adam and E..."
Directed by Robert Vignola
From the play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton
Scenario by Luther Reed
A Cosmopolitan Production

AGNES AYRES in
"Racing Hearts"
With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix
By Byron Morgan
Directed by Paul Powell
Scenario by Will M. Ritchey

A James Cruze Production
"THE COVERED WAGON"
By Emerson Hough
Scenario by Jack Cunningham
Paramount's great epic drama

"THE Nth COMMANDMENT"
By Fannie Hurst
Directed by Frank Borzage
Scenario by Frances Marion
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-Do-Well"
By Rex Beach
Directed by Alfred Green
Scenario by Tom Geraghty

DATE

ALICE BRADY in
"The Leopardess"
By Katharine Newlin Burt
Directed by Henry Kolker
Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller

POLA NEGRI in
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"BELLA DONNA"
Supported by Conway Tearle and Conrad Nagel
By Robert Hichens
Scenario by Ouida Bergere
Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corporation

A William DeMille Production
"GRUMPY"
With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel
By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval
Screen play by Clara Beranger

"THE GO GETTER"
By Peter B. Kyne
With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes
Directed by E. H. Griffith
Scenario by John Lynch
A Cosmopolitan Production

GLORIA SWANSON in
"Prodigal Daughters"
Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn
From the story by Joseph Hocking
A Sam Wood Production

A George Melford Production
"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi and Lewis Stone
By Waldemar Young
Suggested by Hector Turnbull

An Allan Dwan Production
"The Glimpses of the Moon"
With BEBE DANIELS and Nita Naldi
By Edith Wharton
Scenario by Edfrid Bingham

MARY MILES MINTER in
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
With Antonio Moreno
From the novel by John Fox, Jr., and the play
By Eugene Walter
Directed by Charles Maigne

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
With Theodore Kosloff and Charles de Roche
From a Pictorial Review Story by Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

JACK HOLT in
"The Tiger's Claw"
By Jack Cunningham
Directed by Joseph Henabery

WALTER HIERS in
"Mr. Billings Spends His Dime"
With Jacqueline Logan
By Dana Burnet
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"THE RUSTLE OF SILK"
With Betty Compson and Conway Tearle
By Cosmo Hamilton
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

DATE

"HOLLYWOOD"
A James Cruze Production
By Frank Condon
Twenty-five stars in support

"VENDETTA"
With Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens
By Marie Corelli. Directed by Alan Crosland
Scenario by Frances Marion
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"White Heat"
By R. G. Kirk
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by Percy Heath

AGNES AYRES in
"Contraband"
By Clarence Budington Kelland
Directed by Paul Powell
Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix

BETTY COMPSON in
"The Woman with Four Faces"
By Bayard Veiller

GLORIA SWANSON in
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
A Sam Wood Production
From Charlton Andrew's adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play. Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn

A William DeMille Production
"ONLY 38"
With Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett
By A. E. Thomas
Screen play by Clara Beranger

BEBE DANIELS and BERT LYTELL in
"The Exciters"
By Martin Brown

WALTER HIERS in
"Seventy-five Cents an Hour"

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ"
With Nita Naldi, Jacqueline Logan
Conrad Nagel and Robert Cain
By Harold Brighouse
An Al Green production

DOROTHY DALTON in
"Fog Bound"
By Jack Bechdolt
An Irvin Willat Production
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

ALICE BRADY in
"The Snow Bride"
By Sonya Levien and Julie Herne
Directed by Henry Kolker

JACK HOLT in
"The Light to Leeward"
By Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Joseph Henabery
Scenario by Jack Cunningham

POLA NEGRI in
"DECLASSE"
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THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS

(Continued from Page 17)

Then did a stranger of comely mien appear among the Blackfeet, a chief of vast attainments, skilled in all the arts, and through his careful guidance the tribe was once again instructed in all the useful crafts. The buckskin and basket work of the squaws was of the finest, theirs the secret of preserving and storing food in ways unknown to other tribes. The warriors carried lances and mighty bows against which no other fighting men could stand. Such vast knowledge as that possessed by the strange chief could emanate but from one source, the Great Spirit, and it was whispered about that the noble stranger was his son. The Blackfeet regained their sovereignty over all the world as the chosen of Manitou

Then the stranger departed as he had come, and was seen to ascend a lofty peak on the way to rejoin his father in the sun. He disappeared in a great storm that eddied and crashed about the mountain crest, and there was deep mourning in the lodges of the Blackfeet. The storm cleared and it was observed that great masses of snow had fallen upon the peak, filling the crevices in such fashion that the profile of the departed chieftain was held there in white relief against the mountain. For as long as this snowy image should survive, the people would retain the memory of his visit among them and profit by his teachings; and to this day the great banks of snow and ice have never melted, but remain for all to see—the profile of the great chief, left there on the mountain as he was going to the sun.

St. Mary is one of the most beautiful of all mountain lakes. Its one end is touched by the automobile road that follows the east edge of the park, while its other extremity, some twelve miles distant, reaches to the foot of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain. Lofty ranges flank it on either hand, and the shores are heavily forested.

Over Gunsight Pass

This lake constitutes another gnawing point for the nibblers who would whittle away our national parks. There is no present concentrated attack on St. Mary Lake, which fact is no indication that another move will not soon be launched, for it is locally remarked that its waters flow through the same channel as those from the Sherburne Lakes' dam; and since the cost of that project is rather excessive, it might well be lumped with a future reservoir site on St. Mary Lake and the cost of the whole averaged up—or possibly down—to make the expense of the whole within reasonable limits; in other words, to promote one project in the hopes of bolstering up a similar one that seems to be considered rather a fizzle.

It seems inevitable that it will come to a focus again on the platform of pulling the Sherburne project out of the hole; and when the matter comes to a head don't forget the ancient formula under which it will be presented—the old rallying cry of practicality on the grounds of the added production possible through its utilization. And remember that its damming would increase national production to the same extent that the utilization of the little lake in your city park would increase local production.

The accessibility of St. Mary Lake has already brought it into favor with the traveling public, and it is visited annually by thousands of tourists, a popularity that is destined to increase enormously. A launch makes two daily round trips between the chalets that are located some twelve miles apart on its opposite extremities. Its waters are heavily stocked with fish, and Mackinaw trout weighing up to forty pounds are taken there annually.

Gunsight Pass was visible from Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, marking the route by which we would leave the east slope of the park on the following day. The pass is well named, for it is a perfect reproduction, on a gigantic scale, of the rear sight of a rifle, the sloping sides of the depression curving down and inward, sliced in the exact center by a square-edged notch.

The trail over the pass was not yet open, even though it was late in July; but Brooks had a trail crew out working on the sidehill switchbacks that had been wiped out by snowslides or spring freshets, and he stated that the trail would be passable by the following day; so we started for the pass in the early morning. The Gunsight Chalets once stood on the shores of the lake of the same name, but an avalanche wiped them out a few years ago and the buildings have not been replaced. We passed the scene of the disaster, and the terrific force of the snowslide was quite evident. The chalets had been leveled to the ground, their timbers splintered and strewn along the course of the slide.

When well up the divide I turned and looked down the country. Far below us a long string of horses moved out of the timber and took the first steep ascent. Some twenty or more of the guests at Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, hearing that the Gunsight Trail was open, had elected to ride through the pass. We watched them mount towards us and the tiny figures appeared as a procession of ants creeping in single file along the trail.

We nooned on a shoulder of meadow that was dotted by a dozen springs. Across from us the red cliffs were washed smooth as glass by the water that poured from above. The stratifications, some of white and some of a pale-greenish hue, pitched abruptly, and the water followed the same general slant, sheering sidewise and down from one to the next, and the whole streaked glistening face of the cliff seemed to undulate as some great flag rippling in a gentle breeze.

A white haze began drifting in through the breaks in the ranges to the westward, curling and eddying in the conflicting air currents, and it seemed that a storm was brewing somewhere over beyond those hills. We had encountered marvelously fine weather throughout the entire two weeks since our arrival in Glacier Park, all cloudless days excepting one, when the last twelve miles of a ride had been covered in a drizzle that ended in a deluge while we were still some distance from our destination. However, we had weathered it without the least discomfort, as there is a heavy slicker tied behind every saddle that the company sends out. It is a part of the regular equipment—another point in favor of a large, well-equipped company as against a score or so of individual concessioners, for it is the only place I've ever visited where a slicker goes with every horse that is rented out for an hour or for a month. It usually transpires that the guide's slicker is the only one in the outfit, and when a storm blows up, the prettiest girl gets the slicker and the rest of the party gets wet.

The white haze continued to eddy and puff in the distant breaks, but the threatened storm failed to materialize, the cloud banks proving to be smoke from forest fires farther to the westward and thrown back by a shift of the wind.

Native Nomenclature

Beyond our nooning point there were great snowdrifts banked across the trail. The trail crew had worked paths across the more precipitous of these, so they could be crossed without difficulty. There were other spots, however, where the snow was too spongy and rotten to hold the horses, and there was some little floundering and sprawling on the part of the animals as we tacked across them, seeking the more solid stretches.

A tangle of peaks opened out beyond Gunsight Pass, that country to the south of the pass and west of the Continental Divide being virgin territory, an expanse of three hundred square miles or more that is penetrated only by a few ranger trails leading in from the western edge of the park but not crossing up through the high divides to link up with the present trail system. It is never visited by outsiders, and only occasionally by rangers, a dormant area which will eventually be developed by trails for horsebackers and hikers and become an active part of the greatest of all pack-trail parks. Down there the mountain goats range in bands of hundreds, and the rangers who have visited it tell trout stories that test the credulity of seasoned fishermen.

This southern portion of Glacier, perhaps through its isolation, retains much of its native nomenclature. The whole of Glacier Park in fact is fortunate in that respect. The nomenclature of most mountain countries is extremely hackneyed. Each has its Rainbow and its Bridal Veil Falls, its Lookout, Table and Cathedral Mountains, its Devil's Slide and Lover's Leap. Step off the train in any mountain resort and ask the first jitney driver to conduct you to those points and he'll evince no more surprise than if you named the leading hotel as your destination. For the rest, the native names have been long since replaced by those of individuals who had perhaps attained some fleeting political prestige, the significance of the titles long since lost in their turn, once the individuals had been replaced in the public eye.

But Glacier Park is young, fresh and unspoiled even in this respect. In addition to the native names already mentioned, she has her Scalplock and her Snowslip Mountains, Little Dog and Running Rabbit, Rising Wolf, Loneman and Almost a Dog, White Calf and Red Crow, Threesuns and the Wolftail among a host of others, each with its perfectly good claim to the title, supported by the traditions of the Blackfeet who made these hills their home. The exalted magnificence of this country must have lifted the first white men above hackneyed expression, for they, too, showed some originality in naming various features, both fancifully and in the bestowing of titles that are applicable from a topographical standpoint: Mt. Despair and Peril Peaks, Rotunda Cirque, Rampage and Razor Edge, Goathaunt, Hanging Gardens and the Glacier Wall, in addition to those previously cited. We searched in vain for the old familiar names and found them not.

Within a few miles along the Continental Divide to the east of Gunsight Pass are the Blackfeet, Harrison, Pumpelly and Red Eagle Glaciers, while the Sperry Glacier lies a few miles to the west.

A Bread Line of Squirrels

Assistant Chief Ranger Gibbs, from the west side of the park, was to meet us somewhere en route, so Brooks turned back at Gunsight Pass. We dropped down the rock slide on the west slope of the divide and met Mr. Gibbs rounding a shoulder above Lake Ellen Wilson. The trail held to the sidehill far above the lake, and Gibbs led us out upon a rocky nose, from which point of vantage we could look down into the gorge below the outlet. A solid wall blocked the cañon and the water roared down over it for a drop of over two thousand feet within a few hundred yards, tumbling from shelf to shelf and eventually finding its way to an unnamed lake in the bottoms at the base of the wall. There was another lofty intermediate divide to be ascended and another abrupt descent before reaching the Sperry Chalets. Some twenty or more goats were within sight of us as we crossed out. They stood about on the ledges of a cliff while the kids romped about on their precarious playground.

The Sperry Chalets were of stone, and a rock ledge furnished a natural stairway from one building to the next. Goats were feeding here and there along the divide that rose immediately in rear of the chalets. A porcupine waddled across a snowdrift, and a dozen nutcrackers winged from tree to tree, their raucous notes echoing among the rims. Squirrels had congregated in swarms to feast upon the waste food thrown from the chalets. We begged a handful of rolled oats and a few scraps of bread from the kitchen and sat upon the rocks a few feet from the buildings. A dozen squirrels regarded us from the crevices of the rocks, and a bread line formed when we tossed a few scraps of food before us. Its ranks were swelled, and within five minutes there were at least forty squirrels scampering and frisking within a few feet of us.

Perhaps half the aggregation consisted of the mantled ground squirrels, strikingly marked fellows with deep chestnut heads and shoulders, and with two broad stripes of the same color reaching back through the buff body shades on either side. The rest of the bread line was made up of the big Columbia squirrels and a sprinkling of tiny chipmunks. They grew bolder and accepted food from our hands, then swarmed all about us, quarreling over the division of the spoils.

A twelve-year-old girl from Massachusetts had joined us. A mantled ground squirrel perched on her knee; another chose Mrs. Evarts as the most likely prospect and explored the pockets of her jacket for food. A chipmunk fed from my hand, a big Columbia squirrel dipped into my

(Continued on Page 78)

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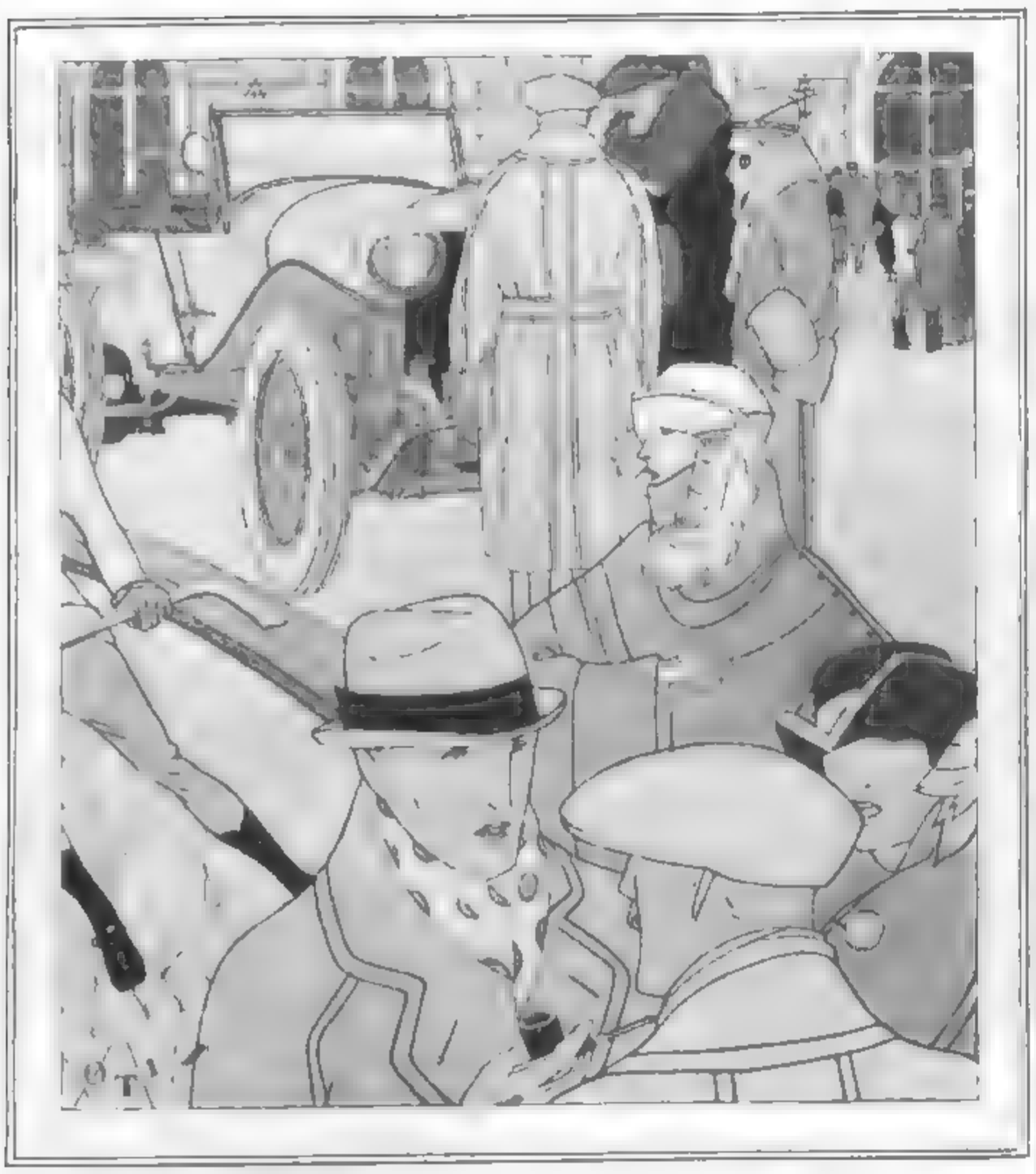

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STABILATORS

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(Continued from Page 76)

pocket for a crust of bread and an instant later a mantled fellow whisked up my back and perched himself on my shoulder. I felt his quivering nose exploring round my ear and moved my head lest he mistake that member for a crust of bread and set his teeth in it. The nutcrackers croaked from near-by limbs, but declined to approach within a dozen feet. Within a very short space of time the mantled squirrels appeared to have been stricken with a severe case of mumps, the pouches on either side of their faces distended with food. As each one loaded to capacity he darted off to deposit his spoils in some secret cache, which was undoubtedly robbed by another while he came back to collect still more.

Do not imagine that I am one of those wizards who can step into any strip of woodland and loose a soft whistle which calls all the wild animals forth from their forest retreats to lick his boots while the birds fight for first place of honor on his head. It is merely the fact that the natural inclination of most wild creatures is to make friends with man if conditions permit. During the summer of last year, in various protected localities, I fed black and brown bears and some four or five varieties of squirrels from my hand; approached within three feet of marmots and three varieties of grouse; saw both Canada and black-crested jays dart down and snatch bits of food from our table; watched over three hundred head of mule deer grazing in one open meadow. On one occasion three whitetail bucks entered camp, approached within twenty feet of us and attempted to rob the pack panniers of salt; and on another a brown thrasher lit on my head and gave me a good going-over while I was stationing a camera near her nestful of young. Any other human could have done those same things.

We rode other stretches for weeks at a time where it was impossible to approach within a hundred yards of a woodchuck, and all that we ever saw of deer was their tracks.

After dinner Gibbs told us of his ascent of Chief Mountain and the discovery of the skull of the sacred white buffalo left there so many years ago by the great chief when he made the pilgrimage to the mountain to intercede with Manitou. From the porch of the chalets Gibbs pointed out various spots where he had hunted goats and grizzlies in the old days before it became a park; but we could not see any considerable distance even with the glasses, for that ominous white pall of smoke kept rolling in from the west.

The West Side of Glacier

A party of hikers left the chalets in the early morning to make the climb to Sperry Glacier, and we watched them toiling up the precipitous trail. Our own way led down the west slope to Lake McDonald, the largest body of water in the park. The hotel near the upper end of the lake is owned and operated by John Lewis, who has conducted both a fur-trading and a summer-hotel business there since long before the country was set aside as a park. Even though the only present means of communication with the outside is through the medium of a launch that makes regular round trips to the lower point of the lake, his place has attained a deserved popularity. The lake affords excellent fishing, and Mr. Lewis keeps up a great flock of canoes and rowboats for his patrons.

Mr. Eakin, superintendent of Glacier, had dispatched a launch to meet us. We had heard much of the wonderful view that was to be obtained from Lake McDonald, but the drifting white smoke from adjacent forest fires shut down around us as the launch sped down the lake. Once it eddied and lifted momentarily and a stretch of the shore line was visible. A construction gang worked there on the new transmountain highway that follows round the lake shore behind the first fringe of trees. Later in the evening the news reached Mr. Eakin that a fire had broken out midway of the lake on the southeast shore. The smoke from fires to the westward had effectually concealed the start and progress of this new menace, and it had spread over a thousand-foot front before its presence was discovered by the fire guards. Mr. Eakin promptly threw the entire road gang into the breach as fire fighters, and the conflagration was checked and put under complete control by midnight.

With the exception of Lake McDonald, the whole west side of the park in either direction from that point remains undeveloped and largely inaccessible to the average tourist. Mr. and Mrs. Eakin called for us at daylight the following morning and we set forth for a look at the country to the north of Lake McDonald. A road runs through the park, paralleling the Flathead River, which defines the west boundary; but as it is rather a primitive trail, Mr. Eakin elected to use it only as a one-way route for our return and chose a highway that travels through the Flathead National Forest outside of the park. A six-hour drive brought us back to the park line at a point a few miles from the Canadian boundary, where we were met by Fred Gignilliat.

The character of the country on the west slope of Glacier differs somewhat from that of the east side. Flanking the Flathead River, it is rolling and heavily forested. There are dense stands of tamarack and stately cedars, some of these latter eight feet through at the butt. Between Lake McDonald and the Canadian boundary there are five large lakes that form watery aisles through the rank forest growths. Long and narrow, their upper points bore back into the heart of the glacier-crowned ranges of the Continental Divide. Above and beyond the head of each lake there are smaller lakes perched in isolated pockets of the peaks.

Something to Look Forward To

It is Mr. Gignilliat's purpose to open up this country to tourist travel by means of his Skyland Camps. That his development will be quite in accord with the true purpose of a national park is assured by the fact that the advisory council of the Skyland Camps is composed of such well-known lovers of the out-of-doors as Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Louis Hill, Ernest Thompson Seton, General Gignilliat and others.

He had horses waiting, and we forded the Flathead River and rode some six miles to the outlet of Kintla Lake, where he had two tents pitched upon the proposed site of one of the Skyland Camps. It was our intention to boat up the head of the lake the next morning and climb the three miles from that point to Upper Kintla Lake, which is said to be the one wildest spot in the whole of Glacier Park. Having seen Indian Pass at the head of the Middle Fork of the Belly River, I was inclined to be somewhat doubtful as to Upper Kintla's undivided claim to that honor. However, the whole of our trip through the back country of Glacier had inspired an almost daily succession of retractions on my part.

The view of Two Medicine from the point of the Mount Henry trail, Cut Bank Pass and Red Gap each had eclipsed the others after I had proclaimed each one in turn the end of the trail—the final word in wild magnificence that could be equaled nowhere else in all the hills. Then Indian Pass had eclipsed them all. Now, as we listened to the tales of the Upper Kintla—its waves lashing the base of the thousand-foot walls that reared above it, the massive bowlders that dot its surface as a fleet of miniature islands, moss-covered and dripping from the misty froth of the cataracts that churned down from the glacial rims above—I wondered if still another retraction was in order, and looked eagerly forward to viewing that spot upon the morrow.

But the fates intervened and we did not reach the Upper Kintla. In a way it is just as well that we did not. We had already seen so much in Glacier, and if there is anywhere another spot that is at all comparable to Indian Pass, Red Gap and all those others, then we shall some day see that spot as well. It leaves something to look forward to.

Two small rowboats had been brought into the camp, but their every seam had been sprung by the long, rough trip and they were distinctly out of commission. Mr. Eakin essayed a trolling trip near the outlet in the more seaworthy of the two, but within fifty yards our craft was half full of water and floundering crazily from side to side with the swashing lust of this fluid cargo.

It was decided that we should make an early morning start with the horses and attempt to ride round the lake to its head and climb to Upper Kintla. In most of the

(Continued on Page 81)

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Aerial Photograph of the Capitol at the United States [illegible]

What Happened in New York!

AT THE New York Automobile Show, just past, an exceedingly critical nation placed an unmerciful magnifying glass on practically every car in Christendom.

Chassis were studied; bodies, interiors and tendencies were noted; refinements critically examined—even the most infinitesimal details were weighed and discussed—pro and con.

The great surprise of the whole performance came in the medium-priced class of motor cars. During the slashing public examination, one car seemed to be singled out for singular recognition.

And that car, we are proud to state, was the Rickenbacker Six. This great car seems to have stood as one apart—so brisk was the demand—so intense the interest!

The eyes of the entire country have been focused on the Rickenbacker Six since its announcement a year ago. But could anyone anticipate the huge success with which it has met? Most assuredly we could not.

For its success has swept beyond even our most visionary calculations. To attract such a tremendous audience and hold its sustained interest, as we did during the New York Show, gives the Rickenbacker Six that very definite and final mark of genuine distinction.

A year ago we announced to the world a new conception in motor design. This design, due to our ingenious tandem flywheel principle, proved o be absolutely free from all vibration at all speeds! In this decidedly advanced feature, we believe, Rickenbacker leads the field—the world.

Owners discovering the superiority of a motor of this type became more discriminating in their choice—more insistent on having a Rickenbacker Six. This we know from the huge influx of orders. America's hat is off to the hat-in-the-ring car.

And now a new Rickenbacker series is about to be shown at America's other great national automobile event—the Chicago Show. We want you to again look this exceptional Rickenbacker motor over.

Examine it carefully. Have a demonstration. Drive the car yourself. Take the wheel and test it at any speed.

Go as fast as you wish—or as slow as you wish. Either way! We defy you to find a particle of that extremely detrimental fault—vibration!

The car has so many refinements—too many to enumerate here—but no detail has been overlooked. For example, the Rickenbacker is equipped with the internationally famous Bosch electric lighting, starting and ignition system. This gives you some idea of the high standard and quality basis upon which this car is manufactured.

It's the easiest car in the world to drive. Its lightning get-away astonishes veterans. Yet it purrs along with the ease and silence of an electric.

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A • CAR • WORTHY • OF • ITS • NAME

(Continued from Page 78)

mountain countries of the West one can ride pretty well all over them by using some care in selecting the route, but in these damp forests of Glacier the undergrowth is of such matted density as to render travel difficult and often impossible except on the trails. The trail to the head of the lake was reported impassable, but Mr Eakin, accustomed to Alaskan and Canadian travel under difficulties, decided that this rumor might prove incorrect; so it was settled that we should start at daylight with the horses. But when morning dawned there were no horses visible.

The horse wrangler had been up a good portion of the night in an effort to keep his charges in hand, but it was an exceptionally difficult place in which to hold stock—all heavy timber without one open, grassy meadow where horses would be satisfied to linger. They had eluded the wrangler in the early morning hours and started down country. He was off in pursuit of them and failed to show up for breakfast. He likewise failed to appear for lunch, and in the meantime we had fashioned wooden calking chisels and were working on the gaping seams of the boats with strips cut from burlap sacks and soaked in tar.

Outdoors in the Raw

Trout swarmed in the stream below the outlet and Mr. Eakin caught a mess for lunch. Eventually the boat was pronounced seaworthy, but it was then too late to essay the twenty-four mile round trip to the Upper Kintla; all of which was well, perhaps, for that white pall of smoke had shut down across the hills and obscured all save those objects in the immediate foreground; so, even in the event of our reaching the upper country, it is doubtful if we could have obtained view of any point more than a few hundred yards distant.

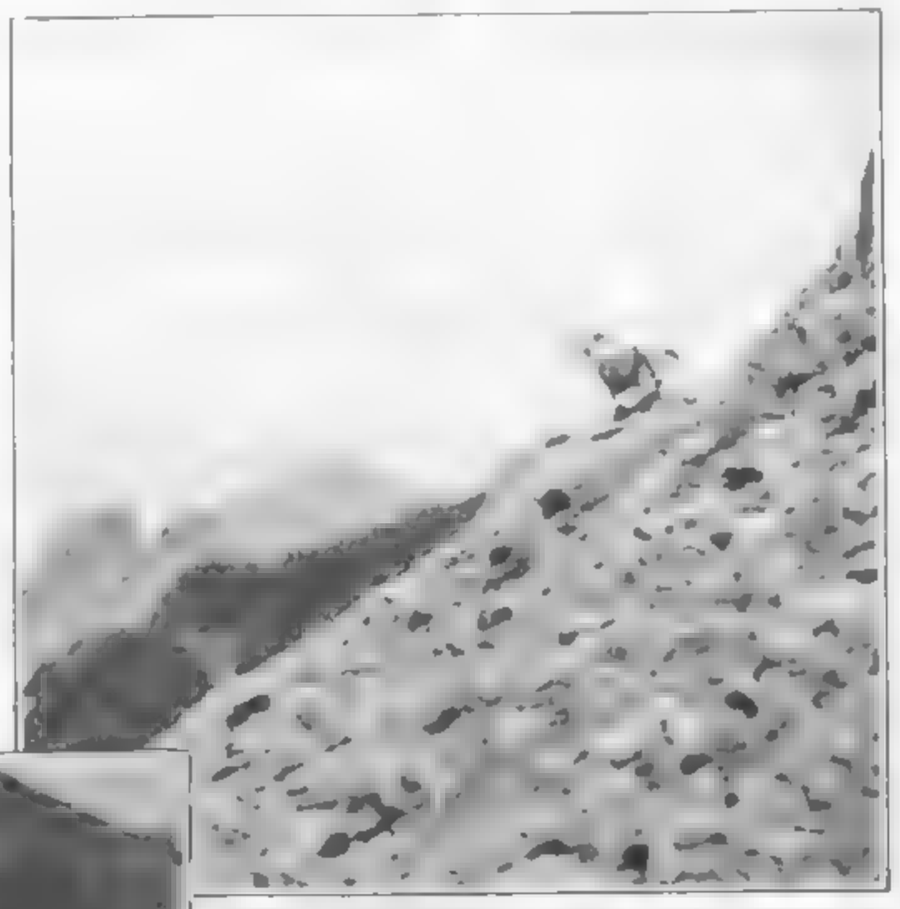
Neither the wrangler nor the horses put in an appearance, and shortly after two o'clock I started walking down country, reached the Flathead River and attempted to ford it. The slippery round stones afforded the worst possible sort of footing, and when some fifty yards out the current was propelling me toward a deep hole which, had I floundered into it, would have resulted in a ruined camera. The recollection that I had left Mr. Eakin's fly rod on the shore furnished an excuse for turning back, and he joined me as I made the bank, both of us fording the river a short distance upstream. We saw the wrangler returning with the truant horses, and some two hours later he rode up to the car with the ladies.

Later in the evening, as we topped a ridge, the smoke seemed to flatten out as if under some mysterious atmospheric pressure, and we looked out across it for our first glimpse of the country round the head of the Kintla. It was sufficiently wild and rugged to satisfy the most exacting. The splintered snow caps of the peaks towered above the low-hanging blanket of smoke, appearing to rise on the far shore of some milky sea. Then, as we watched, the surface of the sea buckled upward in a heaving tidal wave that drowned them out.

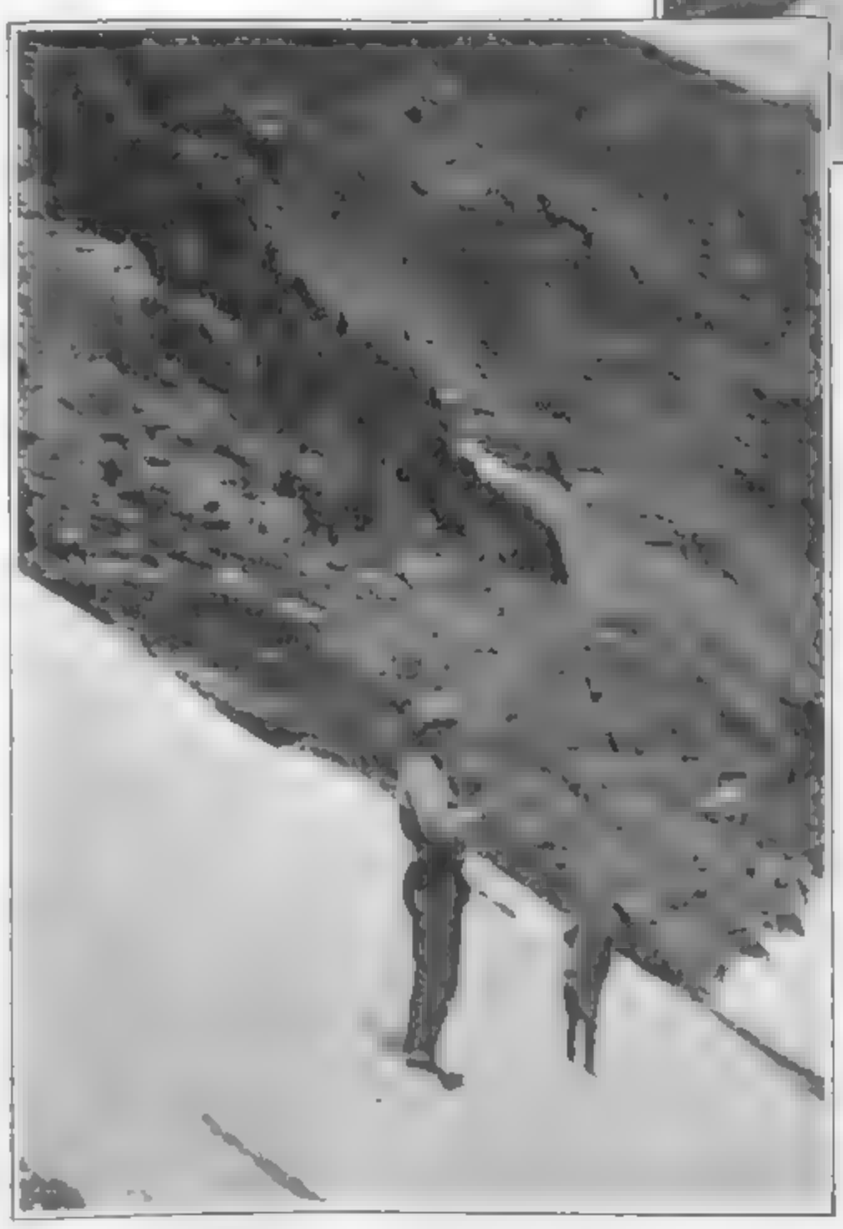
The road that runs through the park, roughly paralleling the east shore of the Flathead, is a somewhat primitive affair, dodging trees and bowlders every few yards. It is doubtful if there is a fifty-yard straightaway throughout its length, and the stub road that turns off to Bowman Lake proved to be an accentuated edition of the same. Only one car had traversed it prior to the time we essayed the trip. There were bogs, stumps, bowlders and numberless grades to be negotiated, and those grades were steep and excessively sidling. Once the two outside wheels slipped over the brink on a tipping sidehill stretch, and it became necessary to back the car down the grade while it had a dizzy list over the precipitous slope to the right. After attaining the top of this rise we were temporarily stranded astride one of three ten-inch logs that were supposed to furnish solid bottom in a bottomless bog. Then a crumpled fender in rounding a hairpin bend on a too narrow turn and we came out on the lower point of Bowman Lake, the site of the first of the Skyland Camps.

The main log building stands behind the first border of trees on the lake shore, with the smaller cabins and tent houses ranging behind it. This first camp of the chain is to be operated as a boys' recreational camp, where youths of from fourteen to twenty will be instructed in horsemanship, swimming, boating and all branches of woodcraft, thus bridging the gap until such time as the regular run of tourist travel shall begin on the west slope of the park. A score or so of boys were already settled there for the summer, and others were expected within a week. An open fire crackled in the big log living room; another outside, a few yards removed from the lake shore. This last acted as a beacon light when we turned back after rowing a mile or more up the lake.

One of the guests had come in with a dozen trout weighing from one to three pounds apiece, caught in less than an hour in the stream just below the outlet. Farther up the lake, round the inlets of the little creeks that pour into Bowman, there is even better fishing, and trout ranging up to thirty pounds in weight are no novelty.



"The Two Younger Rams Had Selected a Rock That Was Thrust Forth From the Rest of the Slide"



"Triple Divide is So Distinctive That it Leaves its Own Indelible Imprint Upon the Minds of All Who View It"

This west slope of Glacier is the best moose range in the park. Their numbers are variously estimated at from thirty to fifty. The boys from the camp had sighted moose along the lake shore above or in the meadows downstream from the camp with almost daily regularity. This region is also the chosen range of the deer, and the country was literally swarming with these animals. The winter snows lie deep through these west-slope forests, and the summer precipitation is heavy, furnishing sufficient moisture to produce rank jungles of underbrush. Moss hangs in ragged festoons from the branches of the trees. Both moose and deer are browsing animals, subsisting throughout the winter on the tender shoots of this undergrowth that furnishes cover through the summer months. The moss, too, is a staple article of diet, apparently acting as a winter substitute for the grass that is buried for half the year under a six-foot blanket of snow. Moose and deer winter through in good shape in this region; which is not true of the elk, for that animal is more strictly a grazing creature. Though the elk browses to a certain extent, he must also have grass, without which he will most certainly perish no matter how abundant the browse; so this section of Glacier will never serve as an elk preserve, although there are between two and three hundred head of elk in other parts of the park.

Each individual cabin and tent house in the Skyland Camps is equipped with an outside table where water, soap and other commodities are replenished each night so that the guests may find everything in order when they first arise of mornings. But when I stepped out after a good night's sleep the individual bar of soap which should have graced the table just outside our door was nowhere in evidence. The granite washbasin reposed on the ground. Others were questing about for soap, but every table in the camp was similarly soapless, and it seemed that some cleanly soul must have raided the whole place during the night.

Mrs. Evarts, remembering the ways of the Yellowstone bear, thought first of that animal, as she had on the occasion when a porcupine entered Lew Sarett's cabin on the Belly River; but the tracks pointed to deer as the culprits that had cleaned the camp of soap. That was the first time I had suspected that deer had a leaning toward soap as an article of diet, so I rather imagined that this affair had been the work of certain perverted individuals and was not in the least indicative of the appetite of deer as a whole. A month or more later, in a different section of the country, I staged a general wash-up on the banks of a mountain stream, and later discovered a buck licking greedily at the bowlder where my bar of soap had reposed. Thus it appears that a fondness for that article is a trait of the deer tribe in general. Perhaps there is salt in soap.

During the forty-mile drive back to the railroad at Belton we saw a number of deer bounding across the road at different points, their white flags flashing as they disappeared in the timber.

Throughout the three days in this northwest edge of Glacier we met but one tourist car. It is a wilderness undiscovered by the tourists, and our search was for wilderness—some few areas that might be retained as pack-trail parks, wilderness preserves for the pleasure of those present and future millions of our people who would follow the trails and take their outdoors in the raw.

However, the whole of this northwest section of Glacier should not remain undeveloped. There must be a balance in all things, and the greatest part of this region must be made accessible. In addition to the three lakes formerly cited, there are three others—Trout, Quartz and Logging lakes, each long and narrow like the others. All these west-side lakes swarm with fish, as do the creeks; and the Flathead River, the boundary stream, is one of the best trout streams in Montana. As a whole the west slope of Glacier furnishes fishing that is unsurpassed in any area of similar size in America. All this should be made accessible to the people.

The present road can be improved without any very great expense, as there is no engineering problem to be solved. A stub road should be built to the lower point of every one of those west-side lakes and a Skyland Camp erected there. This would afford camp sites and excellent fishing for at least thirty thousand campers annually. And once that development is accomplished, the tourists will come. Then the communities out across the Flathead to the westward will realize that a popular national park is a tremendous financial asset to adjacent localities.

At present a considerable portion of the west side of Glacier Park is grazed. Some few of the local people would object to any discontinuance of this on economic grounds, but it will be to their own eventual advantage to discontinue it; not all at once, but on a percentage scale of decrease annually as the development for tourists is carried on. This move should be instituted by all means, the same as it should become the policy of every national park in the system to start at once upon the permanent elimination of all grazing in the national parks. Here and there a great uproar will arise, with all the usual accompaniment of economic fallacies and the accusation that such a move will hamper national production.

It will—to exactly the same extent that the prohibiting of grazing in your little city park hampers local production.

Trivial Grazing Disputes

The parks belong to a hundred million people, and they are entitled to clean camp sites, the same as the city dweller is entitled to find the park where his children play on Sunday afternoons a well-kept, enjoyable spot instead of a stock pasture. The two are absolutely analogous from every angle, recreational and economic, and whatever is true of the one as a local item is equally true of the other as a national problem. Instead of conceding a bit at a time for grazing, the time has come for the national-park service absolutely to reverse that procedure and establish the percentage yearly decrease that will positively abolish all grazing within the boundaries of every national park within the next five years, and thereafter keep the matter on that basis for all time, and finally settle these trivial grazing disputes that are set forth as national crises of production, whereas, in cold fact, they matter but a trifle even locally. As regards the feasibility of it, any city has the power to appraise and condemn a man's own deeded real estate and appropriate or destroy it for public improvements, city-park purposes and what not.

Why, then, should the fancied rights of a few score individuals to graze their stock upon the parks that belong to the nation as a whole be considered so much more inviolate? The elimination of grazing in the parks would not even constitute a condemnation of a man's personal holdings, but would merely be ordering him off an area where he has no rights but theoretical ones at the best. Even so, it would not be best, perhaps, to thrust financial loss upon any stockman. A careful board of appraisers could estimate his probable losses and he could be reimbursed, even though, as a matter of pure business, he has no right

(Continued on Page 84)

Something that your wife should know about iron

The freedom from impurities of a certain kind of iron is almost as important a matter in your home as it is in your business

RUST does more damage in your house than moths do, and most of it is unnecessary. Fortunately there is an easy way to ward off its ravages.

In the first place, you should stop thinking of rust as something that descends on us from without, like the locust, and destroys property. The makings of rust are in the stove you buy or the washing machine or the roof, if these things are made of sheet metal that contains impurities.

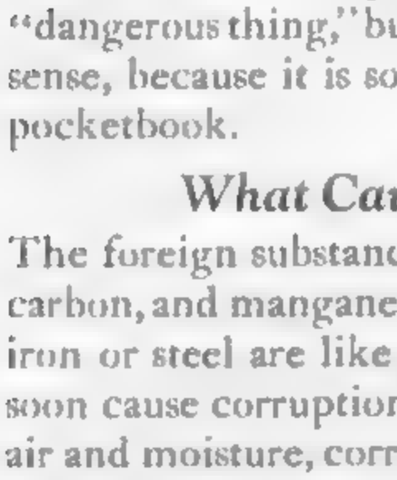
A little knowledge about iron is not a "dangerous thing," but just plain common sense, because it is so important to your pocketbook.

What Causes Rust

The foreign substances such as sulphur, carbon, and manganese found in ordinary iron or steel are like nests of germs that soon cause corruption. When exposed to air and moisture, corrosion sets in and the spots of impurities accelerate the rusting of the metal and create holes, which shorten the life of the material.

What the Ancients did by Luck We have accomplished by Science

Iron objects made by the men of bygone ages have lasted in good condition to this day, because the metal—probably by luck—was pure.

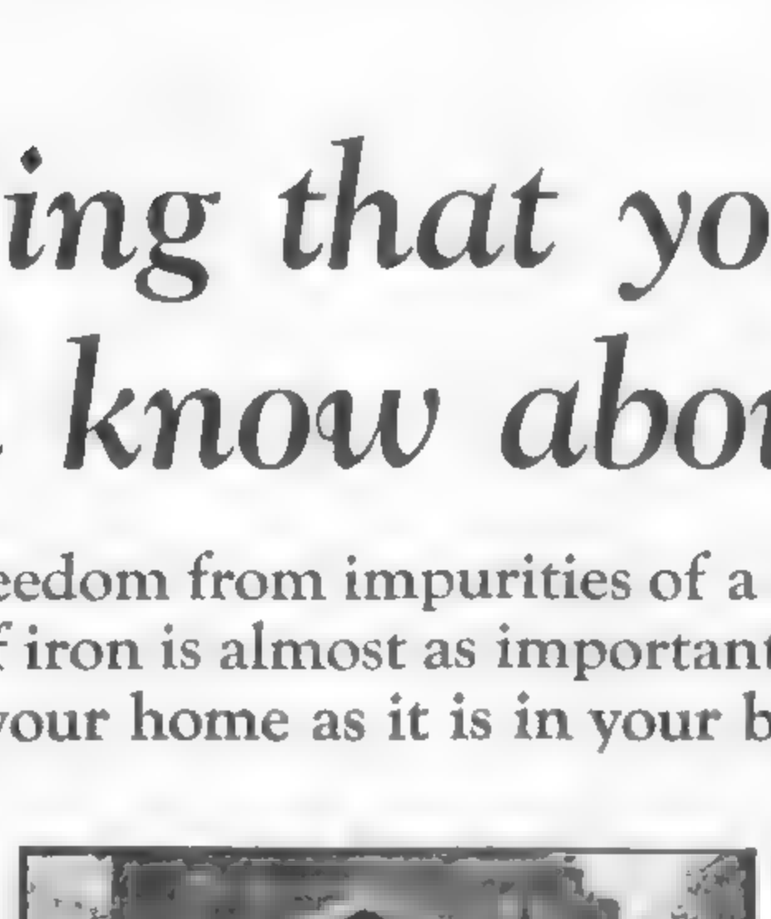


Dark areas show impurities

Microphotographs showing difference between ordinary steel and ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

A score of years ago a group of men dedicated their lives to producing on a commercial scale ingot iron free from practically all impurities. Most mills had neither time nor inclination for such a pursuit, even had the way been known.

We built a complete laboratory, got



The pillar of Delhi, India, has defeated the elements for sixteen centuries because it happened to be made of pure iron
Reproduced from The Journal of the Iron and Steel Institute, Volume LXXXV, No. 1

more metallurgists, devised manufacturing methods, erected mills, acquired mines, and the result is ARMCO Ingot Iron, a product that is known the world over for its exceptional purity. (It contains less than 1/5 of 1% of rust-provoking impurities.)

Is it Costly?—Yes and No

The scrupulous selection of raw material, numerous extra processes of manufacture, constant vigilance, and the rejection of all finished product that is not letter-perfect—these things, obviously, make ARMCO Ingot Iron cost more than ordinary iron or steel. Yet it so defies time, retards the ravages of rust, and lends itself to the many needs of humanity that it is true economy to use it and to buy articles made from it.

The Age of Iron

The list printed on the opposite page gives many of the common uses of ARMCO Ingot Iron, both in industry and in and about the home. This is the iron age we are living in, and you have no idea, until you get interested in the subject, how many ways *you* use sheet iron. It is in your basement, in your kitchen, all over your house, on your roof, in the garage, in the culverts under the road. Wherever you go on the street or by train you are constantly being served by ARMCO Ingot Iron.

How it Enters into Your Daily Life

When you start for home tonight in your runabout, unknowingly you may be driving a car, parts of which are made of ARMCO Ingot Iron. The vacuum system or some accessory may be made of it. If, however, you take a trolley home, a large part of the car in which you ride may be made of ARMCO Ingot Iron. Much of the transmission system that supplies current to that car may also consist of the same metal.

Meanwhile, ARMCO Ingot Iron is playing its part in your home. As a gas range, it cooks your evening meal; as a huge tank holding millions of cubic feet

This is a scene in the Armco Research Laboratory, where our metallurgists are devoting their own lives to finding ways of extending the life of iron and steel.

of gas, it supplies the fuel to the range. Down in the cellar, as a gas water heater, it heats the water for your shower.

After supper ARMCO Ingot Iron continues to work for you. Your wife places

the dishes in an electric dish washer. She puts them to drain on a porcelain-top table or on the enameled lids of the wash tubs. She places the left-overs from supper in the refrigerator and throws the refuse into a galvanized garbage pail.

On your supper table there was probably some milk. In forty-quart cans ARMCO Ingot Iron brings milk to the city. It is the roof of the freight car that transports these cans. As metal culverts it carries small streams under the roadbed; and as bond wires carrying the current for automatic signals it speeds the train in safety.

On the Farm

On the farm, ARMCO Ingot Iron is used in the milking machine that milks the cows. As wire fencing, it keeps the cows from straying out of the pasture. It is the metal in the conveyor which carries stable refuse to the barnyard; it is in the grain bins, water troughs, feed hoppers, and galvanized pails.

At the farm house ARMCO Ingot Iron does duty in the shape of a furnace; a washing machine; a water tank that supplies the house with running water; a kitchen range; in the form of wash tubs; an acetylene or gasoline lighting plant; or a sewage disposal system.

In the Metropolis

In building structures you meet ARMCO Ingot Iron in the form of roofing, gutters, cornices, skylights, window frames, and ventilators. In the tallest building in the world, the Woolworth Building, New York, the plaster is laid over rust-resisting Herringbone Lath made of ARMCO Ingot Iron.

When Coated with Zinc

More ARMCO Ingot Iron is probably used in zinc-coated sheets than in any other form. You will find it in the shelves of your refrigerator, the drains on your house, or the hot-water tank in your kitchen.

The zinc (commonly called galvanizing) is put on as an added protection, and it becomes practically one and inseparable with ARMCO Ingot Iron, because of the dense, uniform soft surface of this special iron.

Enamel that Stays Beautiful

If the base metal in your enameled stove, refrigerator, table top or tub covers is ARMCO Ingot Iron, you can be sure that the smooth satin finish will last indefinitely. There are no little gas pockets in ARMCO Ingot Iron that act like tiny volcanoes and break the enamel coating. There is no unevenness. The velvety surface of this ingot iron takes and holds enamel with lasting beauty.

In the modern kitchen ARMCO *Ingot Iron reigns supreme because of its great durability and the lasting beauty it gives to enamel.*

The registered trademark "Armco" carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them

*In the eaves trough, spouts, flashing, skylight of a house—wherever metal must meet the challenge of air and moisture —*ARMCO *Ingot Iron is a true economy.*

How You Can Tell "Armco" Ingot Iron

You will find this label in blue and gold on household articles such as refrigerators, stoves, enameled table-tops and washing machines. Manufacturers who use ARMCO Ingot Iron know its worth and its reputation and are proud to put the Armco label on their products. It is a mark of distinction and a mark you should always look for. If the sales person in a store does not mention it, ask him for one "made of ARMCO Ingot Iron."

ARMCO The Armco triangle is stencilled on our ingot iron at the mills so you can identify it in sheet form for building and other purposes. On account of its wear and its easy "workability," sheet metal men and builders are glad to supply you with ARMCO Ingot Iron. It will pay you always to specify it and to identify it by the trademark. It means relatively as much in your home as it does in some great industrial plant.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

Here are some of the everyday uses of ARMCO Ingot Iron

WITHIN THE HOUSE

Stoves
Washing Machines
Garbage Cans
Ash Cans Pails
Refrigerators
Furnace Drums
Hot Water Tanks
Table Tops
Tub Covers
Electric Light Reflectors

IN INDUSTRY

Welding
Smoke Stacks
Oil & Water Tanks
Acetylene Tanks
Freight Car Roofs
Coal Car Sidings
Drainage Systems
Car Heaters
Gasoline Tanks
Coal Tipples
Wire Fencing
Metal Doors
Grave Vaults & Caskets
Culverts
Flumes
Farm Equipment
Boiler Tubes

IN BUILDING

Coping
Roofing
Siding
Flashing
Eaves Trough
Down Spouting
Skylights
Ventilating Systems
Window Frames
Metal Lath

A WORD ABOUT METALLURGY

Armco metallurgists, working in the most complete laboratory of its kind in America, have developed not only ARMCO Ingot Iron, but also Armco steel sheet specialties for the automobile, electrical and other industries. Leading automobile manufacturers use Armco steel sheets on account of their exceptional bending and drawing qualities. Armco steel electrical sheets are widely used because of their high permeability, low core loss and non-aging qualities. The American Rolling Mill Company are makers of high-grade special sheets to meet the demands of exacting manufacturers. Technical information will be supplied to any manufacturer as to Armco products and their adaptability to any particular need.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, O.

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

Watch This Column

"The Flame of Life"

Right now, in the leading motion-picture theatres everywhere, PRISCILLA DEAN is enjoying another great triumph in the UNIVERSAL-JEWEL production, "The Flame of Life," adapted from Frances Hodgson Burnett's world-famous novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

* * *

From intimate, first-hand knowledge of the mining districts of Northern England, Miss Burnett gathered the material for this romance, which, by the way, was a companion story to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it was read by the whole civilized world. It is a natural love-story of such democratic and dramatic atmosphere that *everybody* should see the picture.

* * *

The thrilling mine catastrophe which brought out the nobleness of character of the mine-worker's daughter, and appealed to the heart of the young superintendent, or over-man, is only one of the many intensely startling scenes. It required many weeks of patient effort to stage it properly.

Associated with MISS DEAN is a company of stars, such sterling people as Robert Ellis, Wallace Beery and Beatrice Burnham, under the direction of Hobart Henley, who directed the Universal picture version of Booth Tarkington's masterpiece, "The Flirt." You know them all, hence you can appreciate what there is in store.

* * *

This picture demonstrates, as many recent UNIVERSAL-JEWELS have done, that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS. Keep your eyes open for "The Flame of Life."

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 81)

to utilize the public domain for his own personal profit except through a tradition which he himself founded for his own exclusive benefit and seeks to keep alive for the same reasons.

In the final analysis, such a move will result to the benefit of the local inhabitants themselves. They won't believe it, however, until it has been demonstrated on the spot. A demonstration, positive and conclusive, occurring right next door won't serve to convince them. I was once a local inhabitant myself, and it required a demonstration to convince me; so I speak with first-hand knowledge, having seen both sides.

I was one of the few local residents scattered along the Cody road to the Yellowstone, and watched the first few straggling tourist cars roll past. The families of local ranchers stood in their doors and waved a greeting to each passing car. In those days my infant son watched that ribbon of road by the house and announced the appearance of each car by a joyous whoop. That was seven years ago. Today I should be obliged to picket the infant to keep him from dodging the traffic there.

I stood there again during last summer Something over twenty-five thousand tourists rolled up that road in the three summer months. Those tourists left more cash in the country than the entire gross value of all the crops and stock produced in a strip fifty miles wide along the entire east side of the park!

Park Service Plans

I'm convinced! In fact I am so thoroughly convinced that I'm willing to go on record with a prediction, even though it is most unwise to indulge in prophecy. We passed one tourist car in three days on the northwest slope of Glacier. Ten years from now, provided that the development cited be accomplished within the next three—the improvement of the road from Lake McDonald to the Canadian boundary, stub roads built to the point of each of the five main lakes, the installation on each of a good hotel or camp and camp grounds, along with a few of the latter on the Flathead River—the tourist travel will exceed ten thousand souls in a single summer in that country between Lake McDonald and the Canadian line, inclusive; a travel that will even then be in its infancy. And those tourists will leave more cash in the adjacent country than three times the entire gross value of all the stock that is grazed in that same section of the park.

The main bulk of the summer tourists have not yet discovered Glacier Park, but when they do there will be an ever-increasing stampede toward that country. Those stub roads should be built to the point of every one of those west-side lakes; but not a foot of road should be built beyond their lower points.

Glacier possesses every potentiality for becoming the greatest of all summer playgrounds in the world. Much of that charm is founded upon its wilderness features. It is sufficiently large to permit of a balanced development that will fit the future requirements of every citizen in the nation, no matter what his tastes. The east side is now opened by a road that roughly parallels the boundary, and with stub roads leading back to every main point of interest, a system of excellent hotels and chalets, an increasing chain of automobile camps, all those features are susceptible of almost unlimited expansion. A strip could be similarly opened along the west side along the lines previously cited. These areas could be developed to accommodate several hundred thousand tourists and campers annually, all of whom could view the best scenic effects of the whole Northwest from the transmountain highway which will soon be completed across the park. The back-country chalets could be enlarged and increased in number to accommodate the increasing travel of those who follow the trails, and there will still remain the north-central and south-central areas for wilderness preserves.

It is some such system that the present personnel of the national-park service is planning to inaugurate. A recent bulletin points to the advisability of the preservation of certain wilderness areas in some few of the larger parks that are suited for that purpose.

The present park-service officials are endeavoring to keep our parks intact. The best method of helping them to attain that end is to put through certain laws that will deprive them of departmental executive authority along those certain lines, even though that assertion, at first glance, appears as if we would reward their efforts in our behalf with ingratitude and gross lack of confidence.

In these days of the bureaucratic mind, when it seems that the sole purpose of every commission and committee is to reach out for more and greater powers and amplification of activities to the point of overlapping in every direction, it does seem difficult to comprehend the fact that any governmental branch or bureau would so far shatter tradition as to court legislation that would tend directly toward lessening its own powers of authority. Yet, in a sense, that is exactly what the national-park service is doing.

Two years ago the service was instrumental in the passage of a bill which provided that no reservoir site could thereafter be granted in a national park without an act of Congress. They labored for a period of years to get this measure, which automatically deprived them of the power to grant such reservoir sites themselves. This was not for the reason that they feared the temptation would prove too great for them to withstand, but through the knowledge that in the very near future there might be some director of national parks or some Secretary of the Interior whose views might coincide with those of the nibblers. Vested with authority to sponsor any sort of development in the parks merely by his executive permission, such a one could wreck in five minutes all the constructive policies that the present officials have faithfully labored for years to introduce.

Mr. Horace M. Albright, of the national-park service, has made a recent recommendation that new automobile roads in the parks be placed on the same basis as reservoir sites, thereafter requiring an act of Congress before a new stretch of road may be authorized.

Bear in mind that before and since that recommendation the service has gone steadily ahead with the broad general program of building automobile roads that tend to make the parks accessible to the greatest possible number of people at the least possible cost. The purpose of that measure would not be that of retarding sane development of the parks, but rather to put a check on that tendency, which seems a part of our present frenzy of road building, to build a road of some sort up every creek bottom and round the shores of every lake.

There should be another law dealing with the percentage decrease of grazing the parks that would abolish it for all time at the end of five years. The present officials may institute that procedure by departmental decree; but without a specific law to back them up such a move would avail them little, for the next group of officials to succeed them in office could as easily hand down another departmental decree that would annul the preceding one and permit the grazing of every foot of every national park. We could then rise and protest to our hearts' content, but our protests would avail us nothing.

Alias Saddle Horse Park

Congress would not pass any measures in park matters over the protest of the park-service officials. It isn't done. That is just how insecure a basis our park system rests upon today. Whether or not the whole structure falls a prey to the nibblers depends entirely upon the attitude of some future park director or Secretary of the Interior, and the only way in which we can render it secure is to put through these measures while the present officials are advocating them. It is difficult to imagine that any group that succeeds them will take the field and campaign for measures that will directly lessen their own executive authority. So let us get these measures now before it is too late.

Glacier is the logical choice for the first and greatest of our pack-trail parks. In the first place it has the virgin wilderness, which essential is becoming very rare. It has the most startling massed succession of scenic effects to be found anywhere in the country. The lay of the land is such that it can be developed by motor road to accommodate hundreds of thousands of automobile tourists without in the least interfering with the preservation of the two U-shaped wilderness areas in the north and south central parts. Glacier is already becoming known as the Saddle Horse Park, a familiar nickname that will stick. The largest saddle-horse concession in America, perhaps in the world, is already in existence there, equipped to handle the increase of pack-trail tourists as they appear, an increase which is destined to be large. Glacier has the start in this respect and should retain it. Those five west-side lakes, beyond their lower points, should be developed only by trails that circle them and lead back to the glaciers among the peaks behind, eventually to be linked up with the comprehensive trail system of the other side. All travel beyond the points of those five lakes should be by boat, on horseback or on foot.

Aside from recreational advantages, much might be said of the economic possibilities of a pack-trail park. Ten years ago every national park was considered a white elephant by the adjacent communities, which sought its scrapping and development. Today certain ones of them have attained such popularity that chambers of commerce for a hundred miles around are passing resolutions recommending their preservation, seeing in each one the greatest economic asset in its respective state. This popularity is yet in its infancy, and the less-known parks are coming into their own.

Mr. Hall's Museum

A few wilderness areas, if preserved, have the same potentialities for the future. Without going into theoretical surmise, the fact that last summer the nickname of the Saddle Horse Park attracted over five thousand horsebackers to Glacier, one of our least-visited parks, shows that even today there are economic possibilities in a pack-trail park, once it becomes known as such. Another area, one of the few where a man may travel more than a half day's ride from an automobile road, was penetrated by possibly fifty people two years ago. Their accounts of its charm and its seclusion popularized it, and last summer in the neighborhood of five hundred souls followed its trails with pack trains.

It is well known that novelty attracts. Ten years ago the mountain highway for automobiles was a novelty. Popularized wilderness resorts have long been a fad that draws the annual millions of recreation seekers. Regular summer-resort amusements were the rule. It has now reached the point where nearly every available foot of beach and the majority of our mountain lakes have become resorts of one variety or another. The staple brand of amusements, while they still attract, are no longer considered a novelty.

In 1921 Ansell F. Hall, naturalist, installed a natural-history museum in Yosemite National Park. By his own almost unaided efforts he gathered together such collections and specimens as he could secure, and his progress was truly remarkable. His fellow naturalists gave brief lectures on various branches of natural history, showed moving pictures of the budding and unfolding of flowers. Free nature-guide service was installed, and there were twice-daily walks of a mile or more, during which the nature guides explained the habits, uses and oddities of every flower, tree, insect, bird and animal encountered on the tour; the various processes by which certain rocks, agates and petrified trees had been formed. During the 1922 summer-tourist season in Yosemite that tiny museum and its nature-guide service was patronized by sixty-four thousand tourists! The reason for its popularity rested not upon the fact that people were tiring of regular summer-resort amusements but for the reason that they could find them anywhere from coast to coast, while this other was a novelty.

A few more years and there will be an automobile road up the bed of every mountain stream, encircling every lake shore, with feathering branches traversing the floor of every gulch; sufficient mileage to render it impossible for any man to cover the half of it, even though he should motor every day for the span of his natural life. The wilderness will have vanished. Some bit of virgin country will then be the novelty that will attract. Then Glacier, with its magnificent wilderness areas, its mountain fastnesses swarming with wild life, its timber-line trails to perpetual snow fields and ice-fringed lakes—then Glacier, the pack-trail park, will have the call.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

THE PASSING DOWN OF THE *"ART AND MYSTERY"* OF WATCHMAKING

DEEP in the heart of each old guild watchmaker was a sincere love for his craft and a devotion to its ideals and traditions.

So that the "art and mystery" of watchmaking would be carried on by loyal hands from one generation to another, each craftsman took to himself the task of instructing an apprentice.

But so serious was this work, so necessary that it be taught thoroughly, that no member was allowed more than one apprentice at a time. Laboring alone with his single student for five years, the master poured into eager ears all the knowledge he had gained in a lifetime of patient effort.

Through two more years the youth was made to toil as journeyman, when he would produce the "masterpiece" which would gain him admittance to the guild. And there he would work a lifetime to perfect his art.

Thus were the young fingers guided to perform tasks of infinite delicacy, and so was born in the young watchmaker a love of fine craftsmanship which would live to be passed on to some pupil of a future generation.

And so this devotion to the old guild ideals has come down through the centuries to the craftsmen of the Gruen Guild of Watchmakers. In workshops that suggest the guild-halls of old these descendants of the ancient masters labor unhurriedly, but with the most modern methods known to watchmaking, producing the finest timepieces of today.

It is but natural, then, that the men and women of America should recognize in the products of the Gruen Guildsmen watches of a higher accuracy, dependability and distinction.

The sale of Gruen Watches is confined to the best stores in each community. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.

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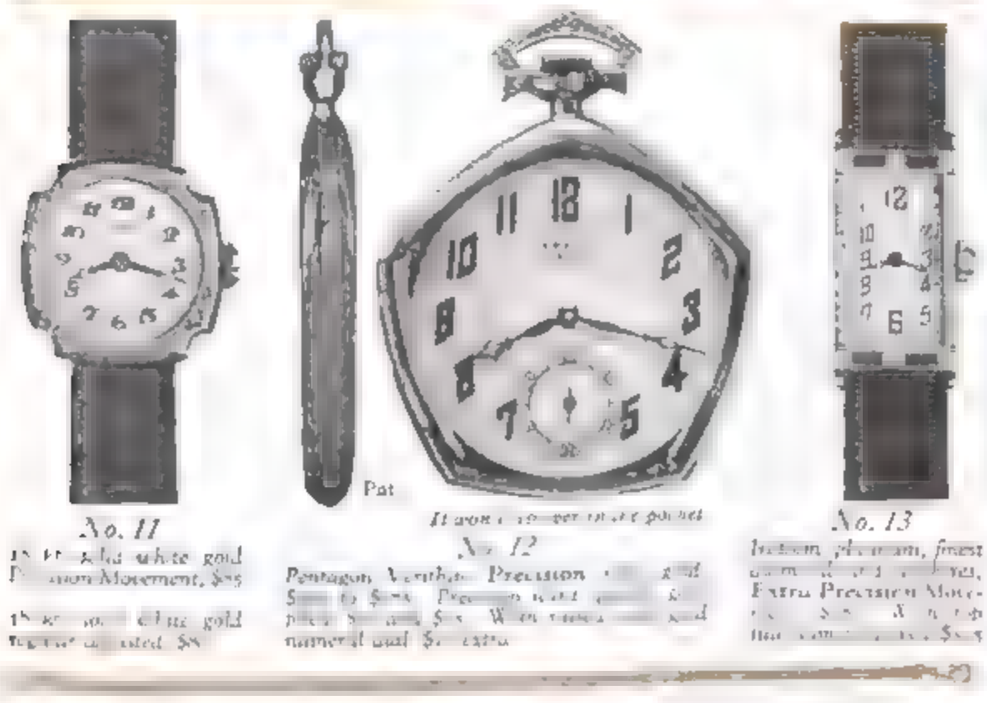

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When your car's in the shop you want quick action. You want your car back just as soon as you can get it—you need the transportation. But it takes many different sizes and over-sizes of piston rings, pistons and pins to fit all motors. To prevent delays in securing them McQuay-Norris has built a Jobber, Service Stock and Dealer distributing system that makes immediate size service available promptly everywhere.

Piston rings, pistons and pins are the three vital units that determine a motor's power and economy—its gas and oil consumption. Their renewal means added car life and usefulness as well as economy and satisfaction.

The McQuay-Norris line takes care of every size and price requirement—with the utmost promptness and least delay. Your repairman either has McQuay-Norris equipment in his shop, or can get it immediately from his supply house.

Write for free booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power"—full of interesting facts about motor wear and care. Address Dept. "B."

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In Canada, $1.50

Superoyl—keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

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JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

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Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper. Price per ring—

25c

In Canada, 30c

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THE WORLD DO MOVE

(Continued from Page 9

Down a long dim corridor carpeted in red I was led and was abandoned in the trick lift, also carpeted in red. In semi-darkness and prayer I followed directions and pressed a button opposite the number three. I myself knew I wanted to stop at the third floor, but did the lift know it?

For the first time in my English experiences something moved instantly and fast. In fear I opened the lift door. The cage stopped with a suddenness that cracked my head against the top bars and, as we rebounded, left my liver up there. Between floors I hung in the cage. All I lacked was a piece of cuttlefish in the bars, a bit of seed and the gift of song.

I touched another button that threw 'er into reverse, and we began a tail spin downward. I ran the scale on the vertical row of buttons in my best concertina technic. We shimmied. Every time I'd open the door to see where we were, all action would cease. Then I thought of the hurrah and excitement there would be in Brielle if one of the home-town boys were killed right inside Buckingham Palace, and I sent the lift up and stuck to it.

The lift stopped at the third floor, as it probably had intended to do right along if not irritated at its door and buttons. A man in gold clothes greeted me when I tottered out of the cage. Instinctively I gave him the Knights of Pythias grip, only to find I had misjudged him. Past red-upholstered lounges and chairs he led me along a wide red-carpeted corridor to a large oblong room in the royal domestic holy of holies, situated along the central façade of the palace and looking down upon the Victoria Memorial and the trees of the Mall beyond.

Imagine my surprise when I noted that the big room was carpeted in red! As soon as I can get round to it I am going to open a highly specialized factory in London for the sole manufacture of red carpets and red rugs for hotel and palace purposes, monocles, light gray felt hats with black bands, yellow gloves, white spats, boiled-mutton dinners, umbrellas, walking sticks and double drinks of Scotch. I'll do it for the wife and kiddies' sake. They want me to make the peerage.

The Ducal Phone Book

As I sat alone and unguarded in the room I recalled that line to the effect that "Belgium entered the war to protect her honor, France and England to save themselves, and America for souvenirs." The three windowless walls of the room were lined with glass-inclosed cabinets, the shelves cluttered with hundreds of little gifts, many of them with cards attached, that royalty had exchanged with royalty: dolls, worse for wear, that Princess Mary had played with; a gold-mounted fountain pen marked "from Alexandra" to someone or other; autographed gift photographs of the home folks, from one of Victoria down to baby pictures of the Prince of Wales; playthings that had been Edward VII's when he was a child; and bits of jewelry, gift books, figurines, ivories, medals, small flags, more dolls.

The cases, unfortunately, were locked. The only souvenir lying round loose was a London telephone directory. It was merely a paper-covered telephone book, but across the cover was pasted a slip of paper on which was typewritten:

PROPERTY OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK

Before I could button my coat completely over the book the door opened and into the room breezed my dashing young sharer of the case of Bass. In my embarrassment the only thing I could think to do was to grab the duke's desk telephone and ask Central for the only London telephone number I was thoroughly familiar with.

"Bucknum Palace speaking," I stammered. "Put me through as usual to 0599 The-Meadway-off-Finchley-Road-by-Gulders-Lane-'Ard-by-'Amstead-'Eath."

She was out.

I turned to my friend then and learned authoritatively that not only had Queen Mary and umbrella fared forth but that the king and the Duke of York at the moment were following their not uncommon practice of taking an early morning ride in Rotten Row. Princess Mary—Mrs. Lascelles, you know—of course was out, having been married some months previously and just settled in a London home of her own that is somewhat smaller than the Grand Central Railroad Terminal but even cozier. The two younger princes also were out, one with the Tenth Hussars, and the other was out, as usual, with the Royal Navy. Splendid lads, the folks tell me.

Then there was the eldest boy, known to the family simply as David, to be accounted for. What might be called his show or bench name is His Royal Highness Edward Albert—after the folks—Christian—after the queen's Scandinavian folks—George—after Saint George—Andrew—after the Scotch Patrick—after the Knights of Columbus—David—probably after Lloyd George—Windsor—after the war had begun—Prince of Wales.

Nobody Works Like Royalty

He was out. They all really were out, not merely hanging back at the head of the stairs and listening, after the American fashion, while the hired girl down at the front door is compelled to make a liar of herself. Young David Windsor, in fact, moved out of Buckingham Palace, bag and baggage—box and luggage, he called it in 1919, and began to "live bach"—as the king put it that day he passed me—in a little brick house of his own up the street, called St. James's Palace. But his revered grandmother, Alexandra, can see his front door from her own home opposite. If he tries to sneak in the back way or through the side door at a too late hour another watchful relative, Uncle Duke of Connaught, can spot him, uncle's windows covering both these entrances. And just a short distance down the street is always Queen Mary. Ophelia's dying words were right—life is just "one damn thing after another."

If I had arrived at the palace gates a bit earlier I might have had a little chat with the king and the Duke of York. His majesty will cuss me out, I suppose, when he picks up this edition of his SATURDAY EVENING POST and learns that I have told the democratic-American-royalty-despising trippers who clutter up London each summer how simple a matter it is to get into oral touch with the king.

The bobby on the beat, the passing butcher or baker, anyone, down to the commonest sort of—well, even an American may speak to King George and the Duke of York as they ride out the palace gates with an equerry following on almost any pleasant morning during the season. Merely get up as early as royalty does, fellow democrats, and wait at the gate nearest Constitutional Hill, and your "Attaboy, king!" as the king and young duke pass almost within arm's length, will cheer up the king's whole day.

The king and the Duke of York rise between seven and 7:30 o'clock each morning, the queen at eight o'clock. Thereafter the royal family's day during the London season is run by the clock. King and duke have returned from their ride and always are seated at breakfast with the queen precisely at nine o'clock.

Always before 9:30 o'clock the king receives his private secretary and runs through a clutter of documents made ready for his approval or disapproval, and hears a generalization of letters important enough to be brought to his personal attention. From ten o'clock until 12:30 o'clock his majesty confers steadily with various officials of state. Then he lights up again—the king is a heavy smoker—and strolls in the gardens back of the palace, usually accompanied by an equerry, until it is time to come in and sit down to luncheon with the queen and the Duke of York at 1:30 o'clock.

Queen Mary receives a lady in waiting immediately after the family breakfast, and digs into a mass of letters and other papers that have been boiled down to the gist of their importance. Then for the rest of the forenoon the queen lets go and has a fling.

The queen's idea of a real good time is rearranging palace furniture, "neating up." First and last, Queen Mary is a housewife. Queen Mary likes to roam the vast and somewhat dreary palace and change a table or chair from the east side of the room to the west wall merely because the table or chair is near the east wall. She stands at a door and looks in and the old place is never the same again. If her majesty were not Queen of England I fancy she would be at her happiest as forewoman amid the quick turnover in the furniture department of one of our big American mail-order warehouses.

Functions of a public, semipublic or private nature that are to be blessed with the presence of royalty usually take up most of the afternoons of the king and queen during the season. When the queen can get a free afternoon she usually goes for a drive that frequently leads toward the door of one or the other of the queen's two favorite interests—London's hospitals and London's art galleries.

The nightly dinner of the king, queen and duke, served at 8:30 o'clock, is a simple affair, simply served. Except at formal affairs the king's missus permits him to wear a dinner coat, the only stipulation being that even on the hottest nights in the summer social season he must keep his coat on at the table. It was a pleasure to learn also that not once during these family dinners does his majesty so much as sup even light wines or beers. He drinks instead—so I was told I might tell the world—not a thing stronger than Scotch whisky and heavy port; one, just one, Scotch and soda during the meal, and one glass of rare old port at the end of dinner.

The retiring hour at Buckingham Palace each night is always on the dot of 11:15 o'clock. As the queen prepares to leave with her ladies in waiting for her bed chamber there is a bit of ceremoniousness on the part of the king and duke in their good nights to her majesty, including the kissing of the queen's hand and the formal exchange of "sire" and "ma'am"—that homely "ma'am" being the prescribed way for king as well as commoner to address England's queen after the initial "your majesty" has been said.

The City and its Rights

There is formality likewise when king and duke bid each other good night, the hand kissing, however, giving way to stiff-backed military salutes. But nightly before the Prince of Wales was set up in his own establishment there was always—so I have been told by one who knows—a final little scene in which royal formality was brushed aside.

After the final "Good night, sir," and the last click of heels and military salute had been finished, father and son would instantly relax into father-and-son smiles.

"Good night, father," the prince would say, with not even a "sir" or a heel click added.

"Good night, David," the king would respond to the king-to-be, with an answering smile and an affectionate pat on the shoulder.

That affectionate father-to-son good night, however, probably would be just short of high treason if it had not been preceded by the highfalutin good-night ceremony just preceding it. In the Briton's mind the rule about following the rule merely because this is the way it always has been done amounts to a matter of morals.

There is the well-known British insistence, for instance, that the ancient little historic London in the middle of the greater London, comprising only six hundred and seventy-five acres in the heart of the closely packed metropolis of vast thousands of acres, alone is the City of London, in popular phrase and even in its separate municipal government to this day. And the little City lying within a radius of a mile or less of St. Paul's Cathedral—its gates and walls and barriers rotted or torn away ages ago—alone enjoys the dominion of the Lord Mayor of London, dresses its policemen in different togs from the uniforms worn by the rest of the London bobbies, and altogether carries on as it did long before Will Shakspere was the Augustus Thomas of the city.

The cocky little City to this day will not permit even the King of England, at least when the king rides forth in kingly state, to cross unchallenged the city's more or less imaginary boundaries. In front of London's Law Courts, where the Strand continues onward uninterrupted, except that here it suddenly changes its name to Fleet Street, there was in former days Temple Bar

(Continued on Page 89.

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The Watchdog of the Telephone—the condenser. So called because it keeps electric currents where they belong. Winding the condenser, from linen paper and tin foil.

Paper!
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UNSUSPECTED because unseen. But it's there. And it gets into action every time you say "Hello!" In helping to keep voices on the telephone track, paper has long proved its value. Each year the Western Electric Company uses 5,500,000 pounds of it in the production of a million telephones and 6,000 miles of telephone cable.

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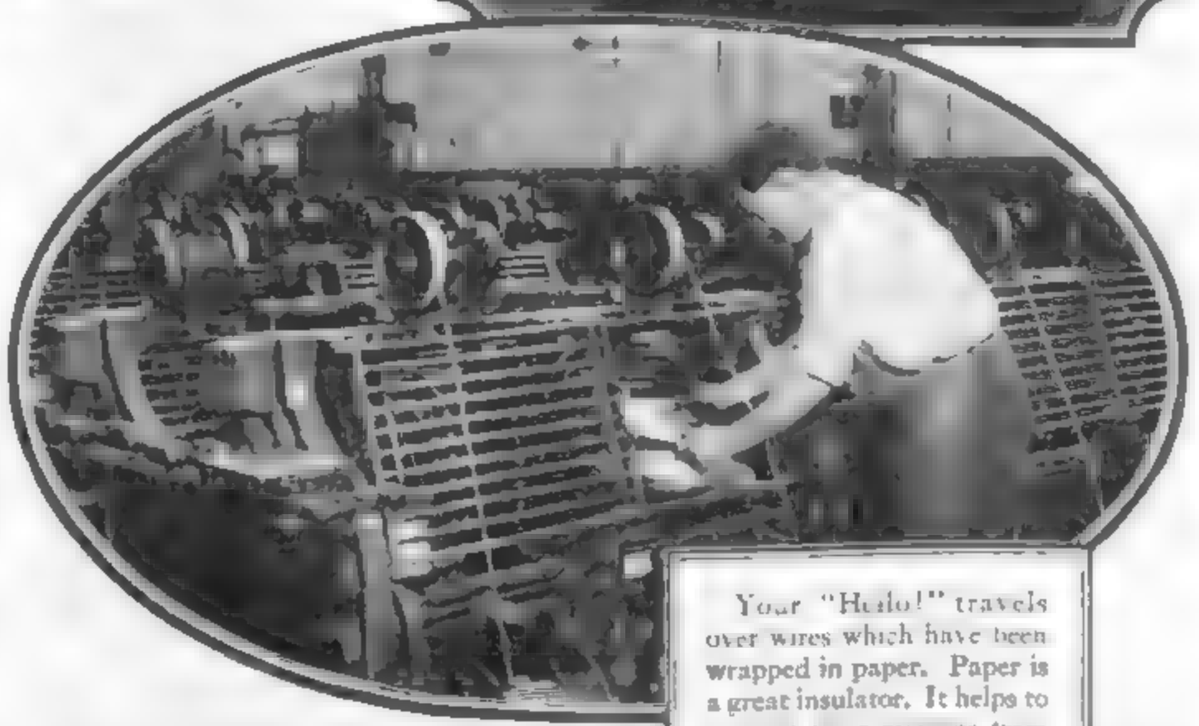
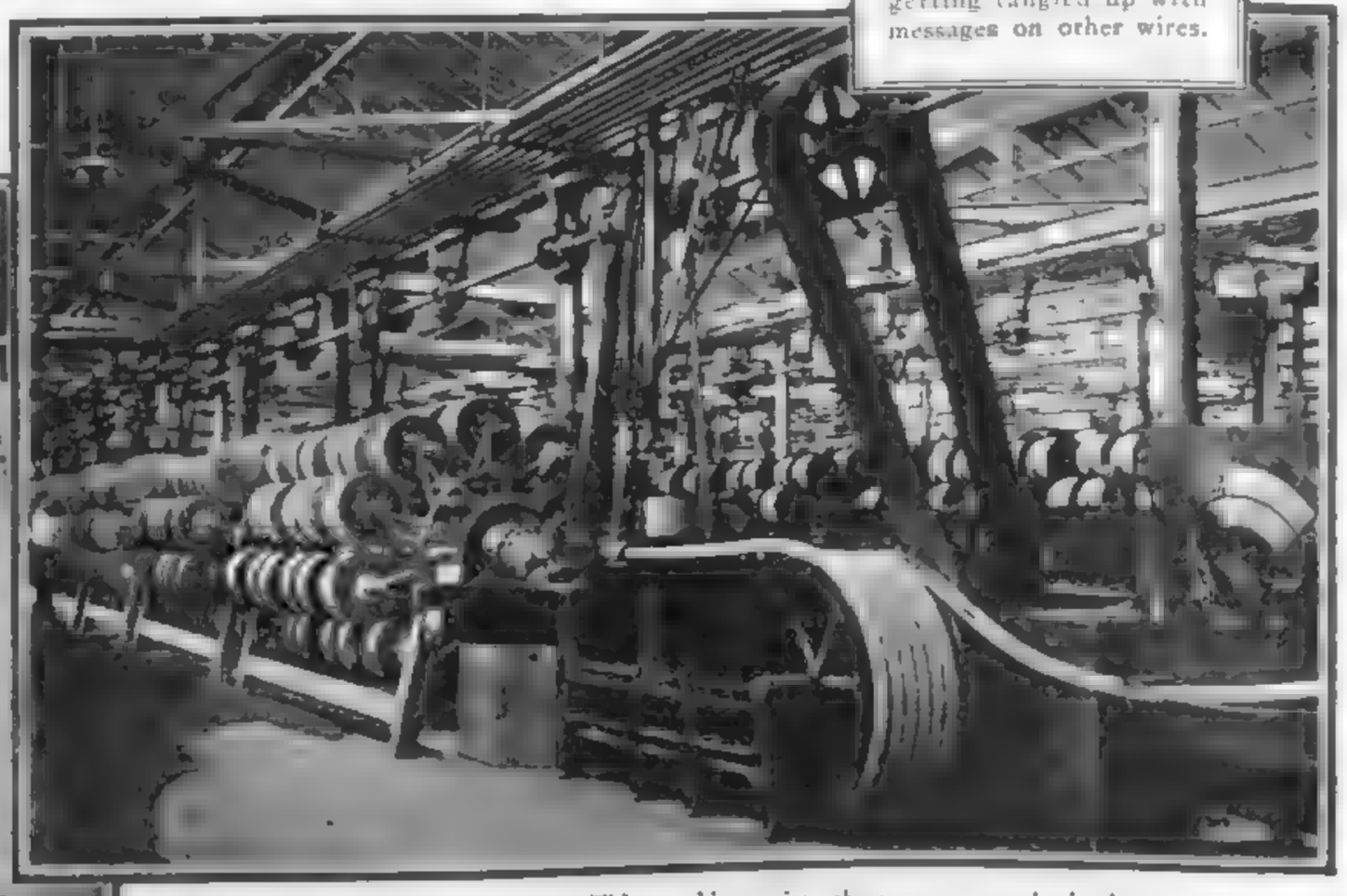


Your "Hello!" travels over wires which have been wrapped in paper. Paper is a great insulator. It helps to prevent your message from getting tangled up with messages on other wires.

You've heard of a "dry" voice. Maybe the expression started here. For days the cable is kept in an oven heated to 230°. This thoroughly dries and seasons the paper covering.



This machine twists the paper covered wire into a cable, and it then covers the cable with a wrapping of paper before the final lead sheathing is applied. Your conversation has plenty of company in a cable—as many as 1,200 people talking at the same time.

(Continued from Page 87)

that really barred the monarch's way until he formally had asked the permission of the City to enter its holy precincts. The actual gateway was removed long ago, but a British custom is not so easy to abolish.

The king today could easily throw 'er into high, step on the gas and scoot into the City before the cop on the beat could ditch his majesty; but King George, as I have intimated, is a regular fellow. Custom is custom, and therefore his majesty always ——

But the American reader will more easily picture this still popular old custom of giving the king the gate in his own capital if the reader will visualize the whole big show as happening in our own metropolis.

Let us suppose that merely a small part of New York City, bounded by Forty-second Street, Fifty-ninth Street, Fifth and Tenth avenues, alone considers itself the city. One of the really great men of this small region—Jake Shubert, we shall say—is the Lord Mayor.

Lord Mayor Jake on an afternoon is just about to send his working clothes down to Tiffany's to be replated when up to his door comes Barnum's circus parade. A line of trumpeters first plays the overture to Götterdämmerung, and then somebody dressed in a new platinum suit advances and informs Lord Mayor Jake that My Lord Gamaliel, Defender of the Republican Faith and Emperor of All That Part of the United States North of its Middle, has just arrived at the Pennsylvania Station from Washington on the 4:58.

My Lord Gamaliel, it seems, is now waiting in a solid gold bus of state down at Forty-first Street to get Lord Mayor Jake's permission to cross Forty-second Street into the city and then proceed to the Palace Theater to see Joe Jackson in his bicycle act. Instead of remarking comically, "Well, what of it?" Lord Mayor Jake climbs into a solid gold rig of his own and, accompanied by a parade dressed in plush, goes down to Forty-third Street.

An orchestra leader named Sig now advances to the Forty-second Street car tracks—all traffic is blocked for miles by this time—and plays on the sliphorn the first bar of They Were Trying a Old Lady for the Stealing of a Horse. From Forty-first Street now comes John Philip Sousa, and, pushing an answering sliphorn into Sig's face, tears off the second act of Die Walküre—Joe Jackson, up at the Palace, in the meantime having almost finished his act.

Customs Too Old to Die

A comedian advances and goes through a scene or two of Shaksperean dialogue with one of the Administration's star comedians, who wears whiskers. Only a few "thee's" and "thou's" reach the crowd on the side lines, but Press Agent Walter Kingsley, of the Palace show, sees to it that everyone learns why My Lord Gamaliel wishes to cross the street. And at last, after a final program of vocal and instrumental selections, My Lord Gamaliel is permitted to cross Forty-second Street and goes on to the show, only to find that Joe Jackson has finished his act long ago and the supper-bill news-bulletin movies are holding the screen with a picture entitled, New York City—President Harding Arriving at Pennsylvania Station Today on Secret Mission of State.

Less than one hundred yards from the spot where England's king is always held up at the now imaginary Temple Bar the visitor in London daily may see and hear another ancient performance each evening a few minutes before six o'clock. Many centuries ago on this spot were bowling greens, where the legal lights and law students of those ancient days played at bowls just before the evening meal. Nightly they were called from their games to table by horn blasts blown by Temple warders.

Almost since time out of memory the one-time bowling greens have been covered with asphalt and stone flagging, law edifices, business buildings and the sole leather of London's hurrying throngs. Nevertheless, nightly these days three venerable cockney gentlemen, Senior Warders of the Temple, step forth with their ancient horn, which itself is more than five hundred years old. Each warder in turn blows the old horn to call from the bowling greens that do not exist the players that have been in their graves for centuries. For this all-important nightly duty the warders still receive four pounds sterling a year, which they split three ways.

It was an aged Scot, uncovered a few years ago in comfortable quarters in the basement of the London Times plant, who gave further evidence that it is easier to start something in England than to finish it. When Lord Northcliffe bought the paper and made a personal inspection of his new property he came upon the old man and asked him what his duties were.

"I'm Petty Cash," the old man answered.

He could explain his duties no more fully to Northcliffe than to say that each evening since his young days he had received a sum of money in the business offices of the paper, taken the money to his basement office, and then had sat there all night every night waiting for something to happen. Throughout much more than a quarter of a century nothing had happened.

Investigation uncovered the fact that late one night long ago an unexpected need of one hundred pounds in the editorial department, hours after the cashier had gone home, had caused annoyance. The next day old Petty Cash, then a youth, was installed in the basement with his emergency fund in case there should again be a sudden midnight call for money.

Older than the horn blowing for imaginary bowlers at the Temple is the still surviving ceremonial of locking each night in the Tower of London wholly imaginary doors and gates at points where neither door nor gate has existed for many centuries. But back in the days of Edward III the tower guard was challenged each night at these given points, and consequently must continue to be challenged. Even the language of the ceremony has not been changed.

When the chief warder answers "Keys!" and the challenging sentry demands "Whose keys?" the chief warder still answers "King Edward's keys!" He squares himself, however, with the present administration by concluding the fancy-dress parade each night with a loud "God bless King George V!" Over here, of course, somebody named Clem would merely lock up the dog-gone place and hurry off to the 9:30 showing of the movies.

Still Looking for Guy Fawkes

The superintendent of the House of Lords, accompanied by a solemn procession of Beef Eaters, each year still, on a November day, makes a careful search for criminals in the cellars beneath the House. The searchers are making sure that Guy Fawkes is not there. Sure enough, he isn't. But they are going to keep on looking until they get him.

Not far from Lincoln's Inn there was a tilting field, in the Strand neighborhood, in the days of Henry III. At one tilting contest Henry was so impressed with the horseshoeing prowess of a traveling blacksmith that the king granted to the farrier a strip of land close to the tilting field. The annual rental was placed at six horseshoes and sixty horseshoe nails. The horseshoes and nails are still turned solemnly into the Royal Treasury each year.

When the murderers of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson were sentenced to death a short time ago I happened to be in London. In front of the bewigged occupants of the bench were placed small bunches of sweet herbs just before sentence was passed. Why? Because back in the days of the Great Plague in 1665 the combined sweet odors of thyme, mint and marjoram were thought to keep the plague at its distance. Legally the Great Plague is still putting London flat on its back.

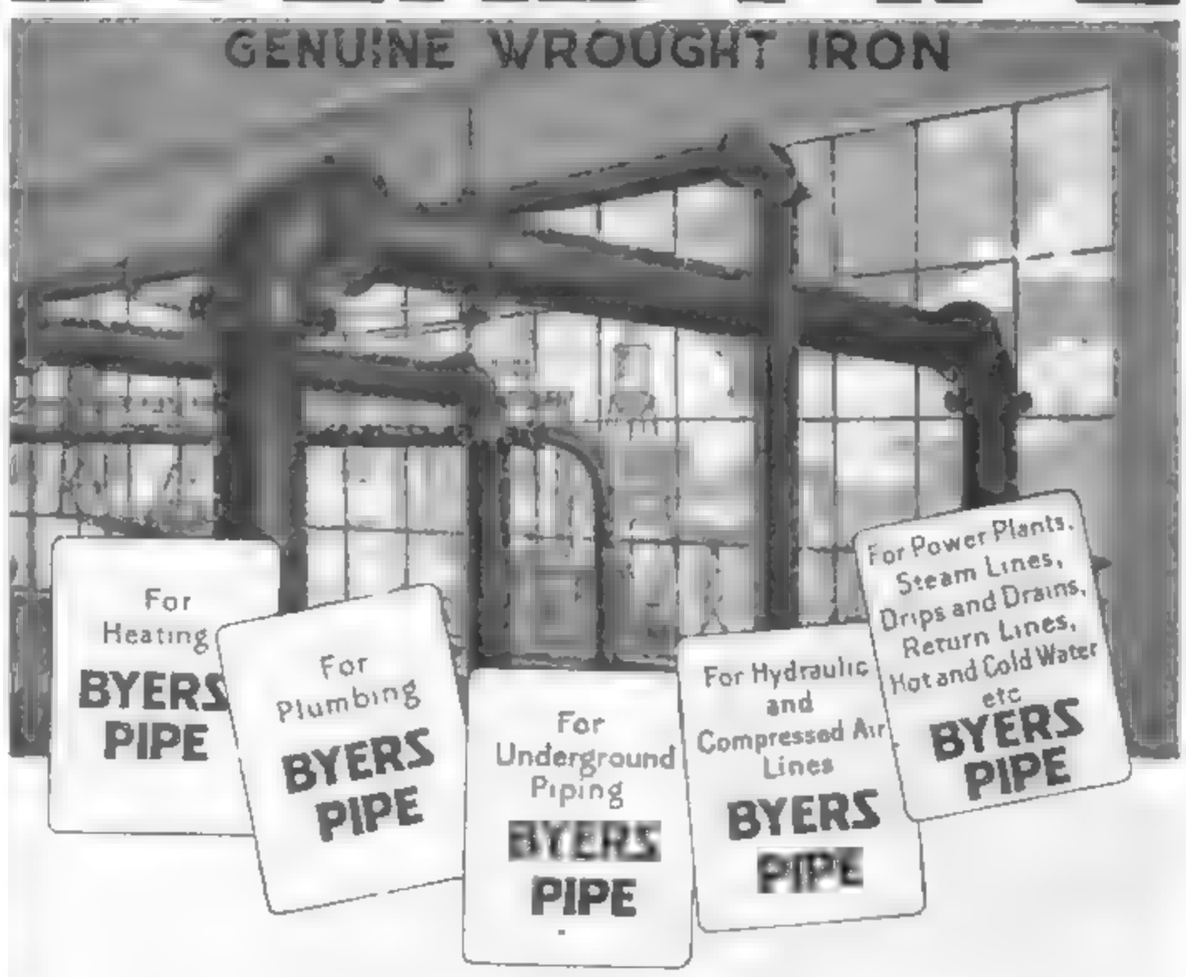
I was at a watering place in England during the past summer with John McHugh Stuart, who is always thinking up something. He thought up that I wanted a drink, and led the way to the bar of a hostelry labeled Ye Olde Ship Hotel. The bar being crowded, John McHugh Stuart brightly suggested that we cross a court to the taproom of "the hotel's new annex." Over the door of the new annex was a sign that read, "New Ship Hotel. Established 1576."

Einstein's stuff goes big in England. Time is merely relative. Yet the English are progressive. When I asked one day at Victoria Station about Sunday boat trains to Dover the booking man consulted his printed schedule and replied that the best train was marked to leave at eleven A.M.

"But come to the stytion a bit ahead of time," he added. "Quoite frequently the eleven o'clock tryne departs about a quarter before eleven."

And for once I had to admit that the up-and-doing Briton had put the rollers under us.

BYERS PIPE



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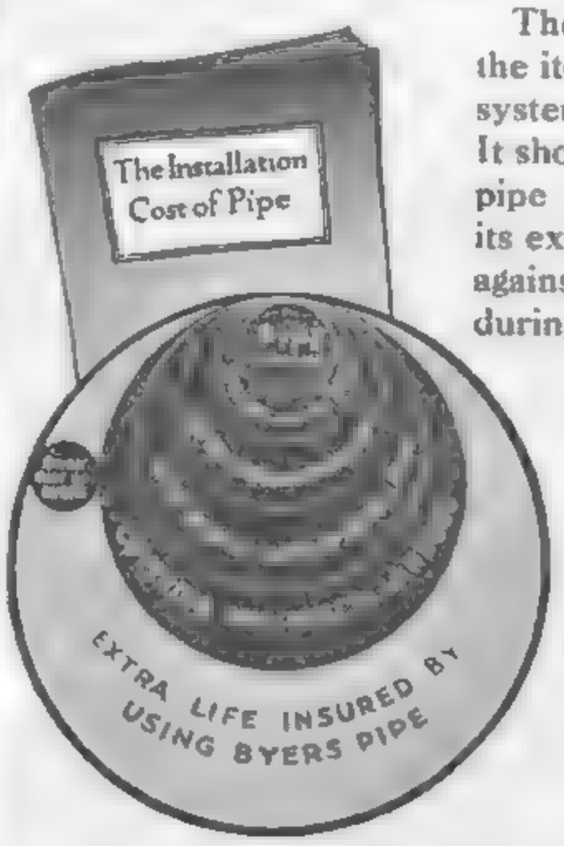
IN point of price, Byers is neither the highest nor the lowest priced pipe you can use. You can pay considerably more, often without gaining anything, for the durability of Byers pipe is such that in all but the most exceptional cases, it will last as long as the useful life of the system in which it is installed.

The useful life of the system is the important thing to consider. If you pay more to get pipe which will last much longer, your investment is obviously not a profitable one. If you pay less, and get pipe which will need replacement, your loss is considerable because the pipe cost is only a small and incidental part of the total replacement expense.



The diagram below, representing the items of cost in the average pipe system, illustrates the point forcibly. It shows why the extra cost of Byers pipe is insignificant compared with its extra life in service, which insures against heavy replacement expense during the useful life of the system.

Send for Byers Bulletin No. 38 "The Installation Cost of Pipe," containing analyses of main items of cost in a variety of piping installations, also notes on corrosive conditions in each.

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Liquid Tight

Paper Container

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3 Cheers—for Ice Cream

Let 'er go. 1—for flavor. 2—for refreshment and 3—for healthfulness. Get it in your favorite flavor. Smooth vanilla, rich chocolate or the full ripe flavor of luscious crushed berries or fruit. Carry a quart or two home regularly from the nearest confectionery or drug store. But ask them to pack it in a SEALRIGHT Liquid-Tight PAPER CONTAINER. Easier to carry—won't leak, drip or crush. Handiest for children, and grown-ups, too.

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THE BUBBLE'S SUBSTANCE

(Continued from Page 11

was the sheerest lining of gold leaf. Its recipient, touching the gold with a finger, thought the envelope was symbolical of what his white house would be like when Sheila came into it.

He read the short, breezy note from Sheila and moved a little in his chair, as if the pleasure it brought him made it difficult for him to remain still. Again he had the thought that he had been blessed with a plenitude of calm and sunlit waters upon which to sail the ship of his career. True, he knew there was a cloud hovering somewhere beyond the horizon of these waters, on the other side of their world, but it never yet had crept above this imaginary sky line, and Christopher Jopp had begun to believe that in all probability it never would. It was a dark and menacing cloud, he admitted, but today it seemed quite small and remote. He looked for minutes out over his delicately green lawns, his eyes resting finally upon the sparkling gold with which the sun appeared to be inlaying the liquid silver of the fountain's spray. Then he read Sheila's missive again.

"Dear, good old Chris," it began, and Christopher Jopp saw in his mind's eye the slim, straight, lovely girl who wrote it; her hair the color of grain before the harvest of a dry year, her eyes dark and blue, her firm cool flesh a delight to touch. He recalled her enthusiasm for life, her eager interest in each new fad or social whimsy, how she considered each one with the close attention and interest one finds in the true collector of art objects or postage stamps. He laughed to think of the time she bobbed her hair, how she was one of the first to experiment with that craze; and there came tumbling into his thoughts, too, the vision of a slim girl in a boy's bathing suit and oblivious of the glances of a startled beach crowd of several seasons before that morning. Christopher Jopp loved Sheila in many ways. Sometimes he mused about her as if he were a boy with a blowpipe and she an iridescent soap bubble he longed to shield from breezes that destroy such airy things; again he thought of her as the competent mistress-to-be of his home. He turned to her letter:

Dear, good old Chris: Good morning to you. I'm glad now that you will read this in the morning—it ought to reach you in the first mail. It seems like a propitious omen, or something, doesn't it?

But anyway, Chris, I should like to be married early in June, and the wedding must be a really stupendous affair—because mother believes it should be. I'm not so keen for the ceremonial ruffles myself, but mother can't get it out of her head that she missed something when she ran away and was married by a constable or some such person, and always says she was cheated. So I guess I'll have to make it up to her as best I can. She's an old-fashioned dear.

And afterward, Chris, let's go to Paris and such places for a while, and then come home here for the winter season. How's that? See you tonight at the house, and think I shall feel like a long ride in the car—that is, if the stars are out, and if you bring a chauffeur who doesn't have heart failure at the sight of a traffic cop. Yours,

SHEILA.

Christopher Jopp put the letter carefully in his inner coat pocket and hastily ran over the remaining envelopes. Some of them he opened to read their contents, and some he merely favored with a glance. Then he arose, took his hat and stick from his man, and walked through his soft-toned spacious residence to the side steps, where his car waited in the driveway. He had a sense of pervasive well-being as he passed through the house. There was but one thing more he desired, and he usually thought about it mornings as he strode through the quiet rooms—he hoped, some day, to hear children's voices in the serene commodious home. No doubt, he thought soberly, the gods would not withhold such a gift.

As he climbed into his car and settled comfortably back on its resilient easy cushions his gray eyes were bright, and his thoughts, inspired by his happiness, in turn pleased him. But, curiously, this mood brought its reaction with it, monumental good fortune makes the wise man remember that the night is as dark as the day is bright. Tentatively, in his own terms of abstract knowledge, he fell to thinking of the foundation of sand, of the cloud beyond the horizon, on the other side of the world. The foundation seemed firm enough to him, but, after all, he wished he had builded on a rock. That mood passed, too, however, as he neared the low, modern manufacturing buildings and entered the vast factory that had grown from old Henry Morgan's two-room machine shop. For here there was an air of business and bustle that always picked him up, so to speak, and, no matter how depressed he might feel, had power to drive worry and even physical indisposition away. He was one of those men who love work and affairs as an expert swimmer loves a fine open-water course. As he thrust open the glass door with the trim gilt letters he had not the slightest of misgivings. How could he know that the first grains of sand had slipped silently from under his edifice?

"Paris and such places," he mused, "and Sheila."

IV

AS HE swung through the vestibule that led into the large waiting room of walnutlike wood and glass and started past the telephone-exchange desk to his own private office he saw the visitor. Niger Merrell was sitting on one of the long hall seats beside the wall, reading a morning paper as nonchalantly as if he had been one of the salesmen who usually gathered on those benches mornings to await their turns to interview the company's purchasing agent.

Jopp started. He had not seen the visitor in seven years; he never had expected to set eyes on him again. Surprise made him hesitate only a few seconds, and then he masked his growing uneasiness and went over to greet the man.

"Well, Nig," he said, using the name he always had used in the old days, "where you from—the skies?"

Niger Merrell, a thin little man with a large nose and watery, pale blue eyes, his clothing, cheap in the beginning, now worn and shabby, his shoulders stooped, and his unpolished, gray-black shoes seemingly too large for him, put down the paper. It was apparent to Christopher Jopp that the man had been watching, waiting to see whether he would speak or ignore him.

A trace of cynical bitterness remained on his lined face as he asked: "Good Lord, Jopp, how did you do it? They tell me you own this place. What became of Morgan's son?"

"Mainly by good hard work, Nig," Christopher Jopp answered him, ignoring the second of his questions. "Come inside, will you?"

Niger smiled dryly. "Will I?" he murmured. "That's a funny way to put it."

Christopher Jopp led the way into the well-lighted, simply furnished office from which he directed the company. Walnutlike wood made up the lower half of its four walls, and their remainder was composed of great glass windows, three of which permitted him to look out into the street, and the rest to see into different parts and departments of the big factory without leaving his chair. His desk, long and flat-topped, stood in the center of the room. There was a chair some distance in front of it. Christopher Jopp put his hat and stick on a rack in a corner, motioned his guest to that chair, and sat down in his own behind the desk. Niger Merrell slipped into the one opposite.

"Pretty soft, Chris," he observed.

Christopher Jopp nodded.

"Nig," he said, "you know, of course, that there's an old warrant in the district attorney's office charging you with the murder of Henry Morgan, don't you?"

"But you know I didn't have anything to do with it," protested Niger Merrell savagely. "Mighty well, you know it. You worked with me. You and I were friends. You know I wouldn't have done it—not in a million years."

Christopher Jopp held up a hand, his manner suggesting only a quiet patience.

"Does it matter what I know? I did not see the act. I do not believe you did it, but what would I be for you? A character witness. I understand they've searched the country for you. They believe you did it. Henry Morgan's son is convinced you are guilty. He's been waiting, hoping that some day you'd be caught."

Niger Merrell snarled.

"I knew they suspected me!" he exclaimed. "That's why I ran away—but I didn't do it, Chris; honest. Someone shot him through the window as I stood there before him. That's the gospel truth. I turned, and the revolver came through after the bullet. I rushed to the window. There wasn't a soul in the yard. I went into the forward office to get help. I met Miller and Gilken running in, and they pounced on me. They had heard the shot."

The little man was trembling. He reached out his hands. He was abject. Christopher Jopp's still face held a subtle expression of pity. He remembered the days when he and Niger Merrell worked side by side in Henry Morgan's tiny shop. He arose, went around the desk and put a hand on the other's shoulder.

"Why did you come back? Money? You knew how things are. If young Morgan sees you, you'll be arrested in an hour."

A flash of fire came into Niger Merrell's irresolute, petulantly cynical face. He looked up. He made a sharp, impatient gesture.

"Aw, I got tired of having the thing chase me around!" he burst out. "I've been over the world. In Alaska, in China on the other side, a hundred places, and I'm tired. Always a stranger, never any friends. I couldn't stand it. I had to come home. I didn't kill him. I might as well have it over with."

"You mean you intend to stand trial?" Christopher Jopp looked anxious.

The little man groaned. Christopher went around and sat down in his chair. From the drawer of his desk he drew forth a check book. He wrote a check and tore it out. Then he looked up, thinned his lips and returned the book to its place.

"I'll give you five thousand dollars cash to get out," he said.

"Huh?" exclaimed Niger.

"Old times," smiled Christopher Jopp evenly. "I'm going to be married, Nig, and you'll be doing me a big favor. I don't want any scandal and bitter memories now—not if I can help it. I never did lose faith in you. I knew you too well. I always thought that it was probably old Riley who fired the shot through the window. I've often wondered whether he wasn't trying to get out of town that evening when he was killed in the railroad yards. Old man Morgan threw him out of the shop that morning, you remember. Will you go, Nig? Believe me, that would be best."

Niger Merrell got to his feet.

"Honest, Chris, I wouldn't blackmail you if I could," he declared, his voice husky. "I didn't come here for that. I always liked you; you were the only friend I could think would give me any kind of a deal. I'll go, Chris; I guess you're right. I'll get straight out. I suppose Morgan's son would be after me like a hound."

Christopher Jopp rang a bell, and a boy entered. He was dispatched to the bank with the check, and in a few minutes returned with five thousand dollars in cash. Christopher Jopp arose and held out his hand to Niger Merrell.

"Nig," he said, "it's lucky young Morgan was out of town this morning. He'll be back today, though, and you'd better hurry. Let me hear from you once in a while—for old time's sake."

Niger choked up like a schoolboy as he shook Jopp's hand, and as he stuffed the five thousand dollars into an inner pocket he muttered something about congratulations and wishing Jopp "lots of joy." When the door had closed behind him Christopher went over and stood by an outside window and watched his former comrade go down the factory walk to the street. With each step that separated them his heart seemed to beat more freely and normally, and when Niger disappeared he returned to his desk and sat down heavily. Through the glass windows he could see the whirling belts, shafts and machinery of the sprawling factory. He could see grimy overalled workmen; yet, because of the particularly careful construction of these walls of wood and glass, the factory sounds came to him as from a great distance, murmurous like the drone of summer bees.

Somehow the sound seemed to presage a storm gathering about him, and he shuddered. He tried to shake off the uncomfortable feeling by picking up some papers and attempting to concentrate on them. He saw the lines of print clearly enough, but his brain refused to make anything of them.

(Continued on Page 93)

THE BRAIN AT THE WHEEL

The brain at the wheel means control—not only steering but active management of a power plant.

The wise man knows that Texaco Motor Oil has an extremely Low Pour Test—which is the technical way of saying that it flows freely at temperatures much lower than zero.

He knows it will not only flow, but will flow immediately, and from the moment of starting will lubricate every moving part and keep the whole mechanism running sweet and quiet.

He knows that wear and tear—cold weather depreciation especially—are usually the fault of unsuitable oil.

He knows well enough that if he uses Texaco Motor Oil, and never once permits any other to be poured into his crank case, his car will perform and stand up in winter service just the same as in summer.

He knows Texaco Motor Oil is the same clean, full-bodied, golden-colored oil in all four grades—light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy, and he knows he is getting it when he sees it poured.

The wise man also runs his car on Texaco Gasoline, the Volatile Gas.

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THE merchant who offers you the Selz $Six is big enough to realize that less profit and lower price mean bigger sales and so a greater final gain.

He is a good man to patronize. For if he accepts a less than usual profit on the Selz $Six he is probably equally careful of your interests in every transaction. He is usually a leader in his community, for such qualities win leadership.

That is why the leading merchants in the greatest cities feature the Selz $Six.

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If your dealer lacks the Selz $Six, write Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

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MAKERS OF ALL-LEATHER SHOES, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE" LINE. FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS

CHICAGO : PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 90)

"Strange that Nig should come back today," he murmured.

His face held a blank expression, a look of confusion unusual with him; he dropped the papers on the desk, bent forward and brought a closed fist softly but firmly down on the smooth glass top. What if Nig, going dutifully to the railroad station to leave town again, should meet the returning Millard Morgan face to face? For a long time Christopher Jopp sat completely still. Why hadn't he thought to *take* Niger Merrell out of town?

He remembered unexpectedly and gratefully after a while that he must send Sheila some orchids. With a little burst of activity out of keeping with the easy task, he picked up his telephone and called the particular florist with whom he always placed such orders and who always gave them especial attention. But this attitude of activity was brief, and even as he talked in measured voice to the florist about orchids his interest in them waned and he began to think in his own terms of the sands stirring beneath his house, and a question framed itself in his mind. It organized itself, he imagined, somewhere deep in his consciousness and came marching relentlessly into the big place in his thoughts. What would he do if, at this late day, Nig was arrested and charged with murder? Hanging up the telephone receiver he sat stiffly with both hands gripping the instrument; he looked through the glass walls about him, and his face became ghostly pale. What would he do?

His thoughts went inevitably back to the day of the passing of old Henry Morgan, seven years before. There was, of course, a secret about that day which he alone knew, and which he had kept guarded always; a secret that was, in effect, the sand in the under structure of his house of life; a secret he had reviewed and studied so often in retrospect that it had become like a story he had learned by heart. It came back to him now without effort on his part, just poured upon him, one incident after another like those of a gripping play under the wide proscenium of a theater.

He was sitting again on the pile of car wheels in the yard of the old Henry Morgan Company at noon hour. Two other workmen, Jordan and Hemming, lounged near by, eating lunch. Christopher Jopp looked about the yard. He had been with the firm for several years, and the little plant had grown. Morgan was still alive and active, and his business now required and occupied the entire building wherein it had formerly needed but two rooms. He owned the lot on which the building stood, and had been using it as a yard. He utilized as a private office the room in the rear of the wooden structure, on the first floor above the basement, which extended across the full width of the building. There he planned and directed, able to see his yard through windows on either side and in the rear. It was, oddly enough, from this chance construction of old Morgan's office that Christopher Jopp got the idea of walls of glass for his own office in later years.

Christopher Jopp, there on the car wheels, was thinking. He had become a kind of right-hand man for his aged employer, a confidant of his business schemes. He knew that Morgan was on the threshold of a belated but splendid success; he knew that Morgan had invented the railroad appliance which afterward brought fame at least to the name of its inventor, and riches to Christopher Jopp, and with his keen understanding of mechanics, even then, he knew its value. Henry Morgan had shown the plans of his invention to no one but Christopher, whom he trusted implicitly. Jopp was aware, too, that Henry Morgan kept his precious drawings folded in the upper drawer of his desk in the office.

"Why couldn't I have thought of this simple scheme?" Christopher asked himself, and curiously without bitterness: "It will make the old man a fortune."

He regarded the two workmen, muscular, placid, thoughtless, apparently content. He was thirty-two years old; his dreams of progress had not been very well rewarded, save in the friendship and confidence of Henry Morgan. He hated the thought of going on through life like those two workmen; the very idea irked him.

"By heck," he decided suddenly, "I won't. I'm going somewhere else; I'm going to start over again where there's more opportunity, before it's too late."

He arose and started for the little outside shed that sheltered with its rough red boards the short stairway that led to Henry Morgan's office. He passed the two workmen. One of them spoke to him, and he turned and talked a few minutes. He could never remember what was said; it did not matter. He laughed with them, he recalled, and then went on, entered the storm shed and let the door close quietly behind him, and climbed the stairs.

There was a glass pane in the door at the head of the stairs, and as he laid his hand on the knob Christopher Jopp gazed through the small pane and paused. He did not wish to intrude if the old machinist was busy, and he saw that Henry Morgan, sitting at his desk, his back to the rear window, was talking with Niger Merrell, then a straw boss, as the workmen called him. Nig was standing before the desk, looking down. The door behind which Christopher Jopp stood opened into one of the forward corners of the room, and so, through its pane, Christopher could see Morgan's face, the desk before him, and Merrell's profile. He could also see beyond the two men, almost directly opposite Merrell's right hand, the side window. Behind Morgan was the rear window. Christopher Jopp saw, too, that lying on the desk before Morgan, under his resting, outstretched hand, was the folded plan of the new invention. Christopher realized, though he could not hear what was said, that Morgan and Merrell were arguing.

He must have stood there less than a minute, but the thing that happened came like a stroke of lightning. He heard the sharp report of a pistol or revolver. He saw Morgan leap upward and forward, gasping as if for breath, his hands clutching his clothing above his heart, and then saw him slump down in his chair, his head falling on the desk and his face turned toward the door behind which Jopp stood. All this happened so quickly that even Christopher, iron-nerved and methodical, was terribly startled. It was the most startling, terrible thing he ever had seen. He stood quite still, and there followed something far more inexplicable to him—even before any impulse to rush into the room could form in his mind.

Merrell stood a moment very like a statue, his face the color of aged parchment, his eyes dilated. And then, through the window opposite his right hand, a revolver was tossed. It glinted in the sun as it traveled its arched course and landed almost at Merrell's feet. Merrell started, stared down at it, and suddenly with a hoarse, partly smothered cry that reached Christopher Jopp as if it had been the snarl of a frightened animal, stooped and picked up the weapon.

Christopher Jopp realized that the revolver was Merrell's, the one he always kept in the top drawer of his high desk in the outer shop. Merrell ran to the window through which it had come, the revolver in his hand, and looked out. His face twisted with emotion, he turned, glanced wildly around, and then rushed from the room through the entrance into the forward part of the building, through the door in front of Morgan's desk and a little to one side. Morgan had not moved, and Christopher Jopp knew that the old machinist had gone.

It all happened between breaths almost, and Christopher Jopp was there in the little shed scarcely any time at all. But it was long enough. There came into his mind a strange, sudden impulse, born of the discontent that had welled up within him when he was sitting there on the car wheels a very few minutes before. When Merrell turned from the window Jopp drew back that he might not be seen. As Merrell rushed from the room he entered the office, took the few steps necessary to reach the desk, drew from under the hand of old Henry Morgan the folded paper of plans, and thrust it into his jumper. Even as the rattle of steps sounded in the forward part of the building he glided back through the door by which he had entered, and ran down the stairs and into the yard. Even as he stepped out of the shed he met the two workmen running toward the door. He beckoned them to hurry.

He said, "Old Morgan is dead—shot."

And ahead of them he ran back into the little office. On the instant, apparently, it had become crowded. Workmen from the forward rooms, men and boys from the street had jammed in. A big policeman was shouldering his way through the throng. Everyone was talking and questioning. Niger Merrell, the talk had it, had run through the building, revolver in hand. Smithson, a big ironworker who had been employed for some special work, had grappled with him, had succeeded in wrenching the revolver out of his hands, but Merrell himself had escaped. The office buzzed with excitement until the police hastily put everyone out of the room and restored order.

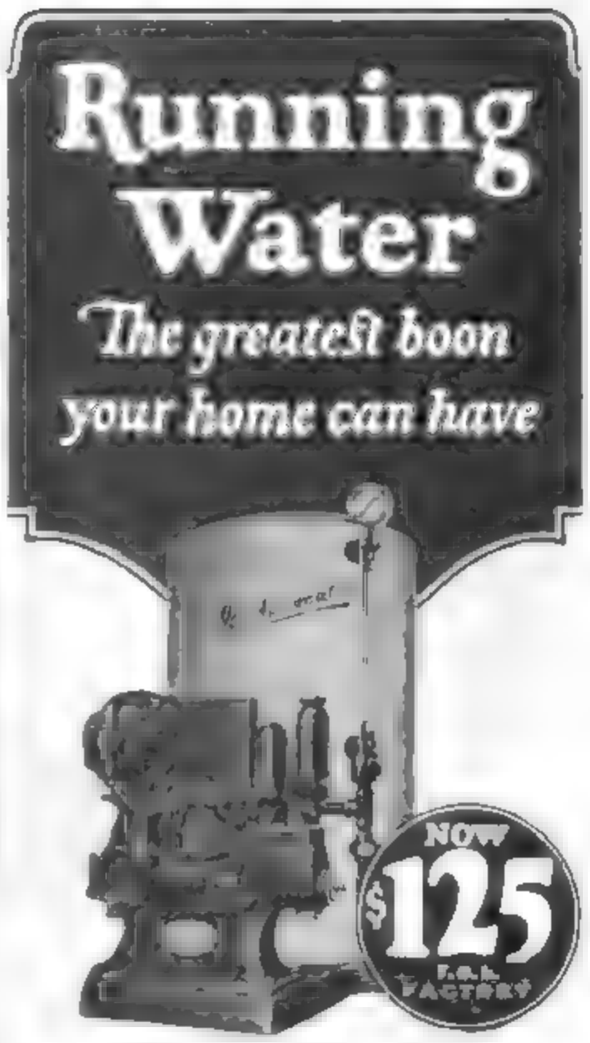
Christopher Jopp and others who were in the vicinity at the time of the shooting made statements for the police. Detectives went over the ground. They discovered that persons in the front offices of the old building had heard Merrell and old Morgan in loud argument just before the shot sounded. The police decided that Merrell was the one to be sought in the case, for with the exception of Merrell himself no one but Christopher Jopp saw or knew of Niger's gun coming through the window, and Jopp in his statement merely said that he was entering the storm shed when he heard the shot, and that after running up the stairs and seeing the stricken man at his desk he had run into the yard again and met the two workmen, Jordan and Hemming. When he returned to the office with these men, he said, the place was crowded. No trace of Merrell was found, and that night a roustabout known as old Riley, who had been lounging about the shop that morning, was killed in the railroad yards nearby.

Young Millard Morgan returned from college a few days later. He had been studying law. He knew nothing about the machine shop, and planned to sell it as soon as he learned that under his father's will the shop was left in his hands. Christopher bought it with seven hundred and fifty dollars he had in the bank and notes promising to pay several thousand dollars. Six months later Jopp brought out and patented as his own invention the railroad appliance described in the plans he took from beneath the still hand of his former employer. The development of the Henry Morgan manufacturing colossus from the little shop of the elder Morgan was the result. With infinite courage and skill and planning Christopher Jopp borrowed money and manufactured and sold the railroad appliance. For two or three years the bulk of his profits went back into the growing business until at last his facilities reached the maximum necessary to supply his market, but when that point was reached the market was world wide, and Christopher Jopp had made a large fortune.

Keen, clear-headed as he was, and endowed with a natural capacity for growth and an innate courtesy, he adjusted himself rather easily to his widening possibilities, and made friends everywhere. True, he did not win the friendship of Millard Morgan, though he tried to the limit of his powers. He strove to bring the boy into the company, but Millard declared a year or so after the railroad appliance was making money for Jopp that his father's former associate had taken unfair advantage of him when he bought the shop. Millard had the usual struggle that poor young lawyers have, and Jopp's success seemed to emphasize his own comparative poverty.

There came a day when he told Jopp all this and, when Jopp quietly denied it, went to other lawyers and soon began suit in the courts. He alleged fraud and conspiracy, and attempted to show that his father had invented the railroad appliance, and that Jopp had illegally secured and hidden the plans until after he had the business safely in his own hands. However, he could not prove there ever had been any such plans; nor could he produce in court a witness who had seen or heard of them. He could only assert that he remembered his father speaking of the device, but he had no one to substantiate his contention, and Jopp, who entered a blanket denial, won a complete victory.

Millard Morgan, after the action, scarcely ever spoke to Jopp, and openly showed his dislike for him; but Jopp, knowing what he did and being what he was, did not blame the boy. Instead, he offered the young man one day the legal business of the company, and the offer was hotly refused. For years Christopher Jopp wanted to compromise with Millard Morgan and was sorry for him, but he knew that such a course was impossible. The boy grew more and more choleric and embittered, and Jopp's heart ached to see how the attitude drove friends and business away from old Morgan's son. But Jopp knew that if he confessed to any degree of guilt in the matter of the appliance Millard Morgan would use the admission as a weapon against him. How well Millard wanted



End the drudgery and the danger to health caused by the back-breaking hand pumping and carrying of water in pails.

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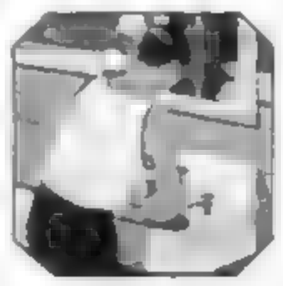

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Welsbach Heaters are the achievement of thirty years of study and experience. Hot intense cones of fire leap up in the glowers the moment the gas ignites. Instantly a glorious flood of sunlike warmth pours steadily out to you. There is no waiting for the air to be warmed, no odor, no wasted warmth. The metal reflector prevents absorption of heat by the back and sides and sends it all straight into the room.

Every feature of Welsbach Heaters, their beautiful appearance, the volume and quality of the warmth they give, their instantaneous, odorless, self-lighting service make them the final word in auxiliary heating comfort.

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Six heaters in a size and finish for every need constitute the Welsbach auxiliary heating service. They are priced east of the Miss sippi from $8 to $35. Ask your dealer or the Gas Company to show them to you

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revenge, how well and persistently he would use any weapon against Christopher Jopp, was written in the hate that Jopp always saw in his watchful eyes. It was only a few days before the morning of Niger Merrell's return that Jopp, passing the younger man, had the impression that Millard Morgan's eyes held a deeper hatred than ever before.

"And now Nig returns," Christopher found himself saying aloud a few minutes after he had ordered the orchids for Sheila; "he comes back after I had thought—after I had hoped, I guess—that he was dead."

For a few minutes longer the glass-walled room was as still as it was while his own story was running through his mind. Then he sat forward in his chair, shook himself and gathered up some papers on the desk. Well, he would go on with his affairs, hiding the thing as he always had done, and hoping, hoping for the best. He thought a second: There was that talk he had intended to give Harrington, the head of the molding department; he would do it at once. Harrington was a good workman and a fighter in the face of criticism. Harrington would give him an argument, and that would be a tonic, would pep old Christopher Jopp up again, as Jopp ruefully expressed the idea to himself. He turned and was nearly at the door when the telephone rang, and he went very slowly back to his desk and took down the receiver.

"Hello. . . . Oh, yes, chief. Good morning," he heard himself saying. . . . "You what? . . . Will I identify the prisoner—Niger Merrell? . . . Yes, I knew him. I'll drop in this afternoon. . . . What? Attracted attention by drawing large bills from his pocket in a railway station? Well, what —— . . . Certainly. . . . Odd? I should say it was! How did he say he came by the money? . . . Worked and saved! Oh! Simple story. Well, I'll be down. Good-by."

Christopher Jopp put the receiver on the hook very gently. He sat back in his chair, his clear gray eyes fixed in a thoughtful gaze upon the gold-topped inkwells on his desk. "Worked and saved!" His fingers beat a soft tattoo on the glass desk topping. He recalled telling Niger Merrell that he was to be married soon, that he wanted no scandal or difficulty just then. He had a picture in his thoughts of poor Nig, broken, shambling and shabby, standing bowed and sullen before the chief of police and the detectives—big, well-fed, hulking detectives. There always was something fine and true about Niger Merrell, like bits of gold in poor-grade ore. Christopher frowned and stirred impatiently. Surely there was good in the man—but what a useless sort of being he was, a failure, a cumberer of earth, who, clothed like a tramp and fleeing from the police, thought nothing of pulling handfuls of bills, probably, from his pockets in a railway station. Christopher Jopp shook his head and thinned his lips.

"Well," he said, "if they convict him I can't interfere. It would cost me—everything. And yet—yet—the poor miserable devil! Damn him, anyway! I alone can save him."

"ODD case—that Merrell affair," remarked the tall, thin old gentleman who occupied a chair beside Christopher Jopp near the north window of a certain club one early June afternoon as he tucked the newspaper he had been reading away beside him. "One would think that after seven years most of the persons necessary as witnesses would have drifted away, you know; but it seems the district attorney has had little trouble finding all whom he considered essential to the prosecution. I've been interested particularly in the case because I knew Mr. Morgan quite well."

Christopher Jopp kept his eyes directed through the broad window before them toward the sunlit street, which looked parched and dusty.

"Mr. Morgan and I were friends," he said slowly. "I worked with him and respected him. Do you think Merrell will be convicted? Have you followed the evidence?"

The old gentleman coughed discreetly, looked at Jopp, and bent forward preparatory to leaving.

"Oh, of course I could not say," he returned. "I've watched it casually, through the newspapers, you know, and I don't think I'm in a position to judge. However, I should say—I should give it as my opinion that no jury could acquit the man on the evidence. Even if his story of the tramp and the revolver being thrown through the window were less unusual—less, ah, romantic—I can't see that he has any valid testimony to support it."

"So it seems to me," Christopher Jopp murmured as the tall man turned and crossed the spacious, dark-hued room. "Indeed, so it seems to everyone."

Life for Christopher Jopp had grown at once singularly charming and terrible during the long trial of Niger Merrell for the murder of old Henry Morgan. It had seemed to him sometimes that he was like a worshiper at some pagan shrine who gained the good will of the gods through human sacrifice. His various enterprises seemed during the passing weeks to come miraculously to unprecedented fruition, and almost without exertion on his part. Preparations for his marriage went forth under Sheila's singing, merry direction; the love between them seemed to grow deeper and more beautiful as the wedding day drew near; a dozen times a day her voice came to him over his telephone to strike through his inevitable dark moods like sunshine through bleak black clouds. It was a peculiar irony for him that during the last week of the trial he was elected to membership in a club that long had stood in his mind as the hall-mark of achievement and personal worth. Christopher Jopp received the long-coveted card of notification, which he had honored in anticipation, with an acid laugh. And then, for the laugh, he rebuked himself sharply.

"Why shouldn't I be honored?" he asked himself, and he tried to believe that one false step in the chain whereby he had wrought his fortune ought not to matter. Consider the success of other men, he advised himself; there was not one of them but had made mistakes. But all this brought him no comfort.

During the weeks of the trial he discovered for the first time that he was not, as he had often assured himself, a man who could always rely on his intelligence in a crisis. He tried to reason clearly as he had in a thousand business battles, only to find himself suddenly hating, hoping, protesting, pitying, enduring sweeps of emotion. There were only a few instances wherein he was able to suppress such emotions and calmly weigh the materials of his choice.

At first he reasoned there was a chance Nig might escape conviction. He insured this possibility by engaging for Merrell a lawyer with whose name the phrase "one of the best criminal lawyers" was usually coupled. It would be foolish, he told himself, to fling away his fortune, his social and business places, his marriage to Sheila, his dreams, his pride, unless at least there was no alternative. So he let the arrangements for the wedding go on; and each new plan Sheila made, each gift he gave her stirred anew within him a wraithlike specter of apprehension that had become his constant and furtive companion.

As the trial went on and the weight of evidence piled up against Merrell, Christopher Jopp's heart sank. And when the lawyer whom Jopp had employed opened his case and outlined the story of old Riley, the tramp who was killed in the railway yards, and of the revolver that came sailing through the window to fall at Merrell's feet, Jopp saw how hopeless the whole thing was. A juror covertly laughed as the polished lawyer dealt gravely and impressively with these details of a story that was more like a fairy tale than a defense. Jopp never forgot that.

Unequivocally then he accepted the fact that Merrell, this shiftless, unstable, kind-hearted Merrell, would be convicted. How he hated Merrell! And so gradually he came to his Gethsemane. It would be easier, he thought once, were his name mentioned at the trial, if he were dragged into it and forced to fight in the open, man to man, against enemies. But no, not once was the name of Christopher Jopp cited. The district attorney had enough material without his testimony. No, he had to battle the thing through alone—alone in the midst of his world of riches, palatial residences, clubs, in an atmosphere of friendship and admiration and love—and orchids.

Came the afternoon when the district attorney closed his brilliant cross-examination of Niger Merrell, in which he managed to confuse utterly the returned and unfortunate wanderer, and to throw a cloak of ridicule around "this man's trumped-up, unsupported story of a revolver that flew

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

through a window like a homing pigeon, and of a poor and, as far as we know, a harmless tramp who cannot answer his detractors."

Late that night Christopher Jopp let himself into the sprawling, quiet factory of the Henry Morgan Manufacturing Company, and there seated himself in his chair in the glass-walled office. Dim lights here and there showed him black outlines of ugly machinery in different parts of the building. Once the watchman, passing on his rounds, nodded to him through the glass, and though it appeared as if Christopher's gray eyes were looking directly at the man their owner did not answer the nod or make a sign. The watchman recalled the incident many times the next day. Christopher Jopp sat there motionless until long into the morning. His face was gray and stern, and his clear eyes, shadowed now with purple, stared through the glass walls into the shadows.

He heard that night the comments he knew would be made in his clubs if he confessed in court that he had stolen the plans whereby he had built a commercial success that most men envied. He saw himself sitting in the witness chair while the enraged and surprised district attorney wrung from him the reason why he had kept the truth about Niger Merrell's relation to the killing of Henry Morgan hidden so long a time. He heard sermons of preachers who would moralize about him. He read imaginary newspaper scare heads against the dark shadows. He saw and heard the workmen of his factory talking and whispering as they stood by their machines the following day, many of them workmen who had known old Henry Morgan or had worked with Jopp in the old shop. He saw the smile on the face of Henry Morgan's son, who, he knew, would immediately take up again his fight to win from Christopher Jopp all that had grown out of the secret of the folded paper Jopp had taken from under the still hand of his father. Yet he did not stir in his chair.

And at last he came to consider the aspect of his situation he had wanted to consider most of all, and which he still had avoided; came to look into Sheila's eyes as he thought they would be after he had thrown everything away to save "that drifter, Niger Merrell." He almost worshiped Sheila, but he saw her as she was, a daughter of riches, gay, careless, shielded and lovely, a girl to whom society and its excitements were the breath of life, and who, if that breath were poisoned against her, would be poisoned too. Christopher Jopp's face was darker, harder, more ironic than it ever had been in his crisis when he thought how Sheila probably, and certainly her father and mother and all their sort of people, would feel, or profess to feel, concerning his confession that his fortune was founded in dishonor.

Ah, yes, he knew well enough how quickly they would turn away. A spasm of pain pinched his stark face and he hung his head. Dawn was coming through the glass walls when he left the factory and walked slowly, indecisively to his car. His foot on the step, he turned and looked back at the sprawling and yet somehow noble factory buildings now gilded against the failing shadows with the rising light of morning. He took a short step toward them, squared his shoulders, turned and climbed heavily into the waiting vehicle.

"What is that poor, foolish, useless Merrell to me? What is he to anyone?" he exclaimed hoarsely as he started the car. "Why should I save him? I would have to begin all over again with nothing—with less than nothing. I'm too old—it would be impossible. Lord, I don't think even Merrell would ask me to do it."

And this last thought clung in his mind. That was it, he told himself harshly; Merrell would be just about fool enough to sacrifice his life for Christopher Jopp. Why was it that the earth must be cumbered with such soft, unsuspicious, brainless failures? They were like the velvet, cloying weeds of the sea that twine about strong swimmers and down them. He hated Merrell.

But after reaching home he could not sleep. He tossed and tumbled in his great bed in his airy, beautiful chamber in the house on Lafayette Avenue, and at last arose and dressed. He came downstairs even earlier than usual, and stood in the wide drawing-room in the forward part of the house while he waited for breakfast. The warm light-tinted walls, against which the somber paintings and tapestries seemed in the early morning like strange windows into other lands and periods, seemed to him at once marvelously beautiful and oddly mournful. And it was here that he had so often stood and fancied happily the soft swish of the quick-moving Sheila's silken apparel, and the laughter of little children. He turned and strode hastily out upon the balustraded porch, his face bleak and stern in expression, his head up, and his hands—in his pockets—clenched until they hurt.

After breakfast he telephoned Sheila. Would she go with him for a morning sail in the Rainbow, the small sailing boat that he kept moored off the yacht-club pier, that he loved more than his fast motors or other men's steam yachts? He loved to sit in the stern of the little craft, tiller in hand, the white sails bellying before him in a stiff breeze, the sunlight glittering on the blue waves of the lake, and a chain of low-lying, purple-misted hills paralleling his course. Sheila agreed, and as he changed his clothing preparatory to driving to her home he could not have told to save his life whether he was running away from the mild, helpless man in the prisoner's dock at the courthouse or whether he knew that this was to be Sheila's and his last ride together.

"Sheila," he asked as the sailing boat bowled choppily along on the wind-roughened lake, the sunlight playing on the broken surface—"Sheila, would you marry me if I were penniless, more or less friendless, and for a time completely discredited?"

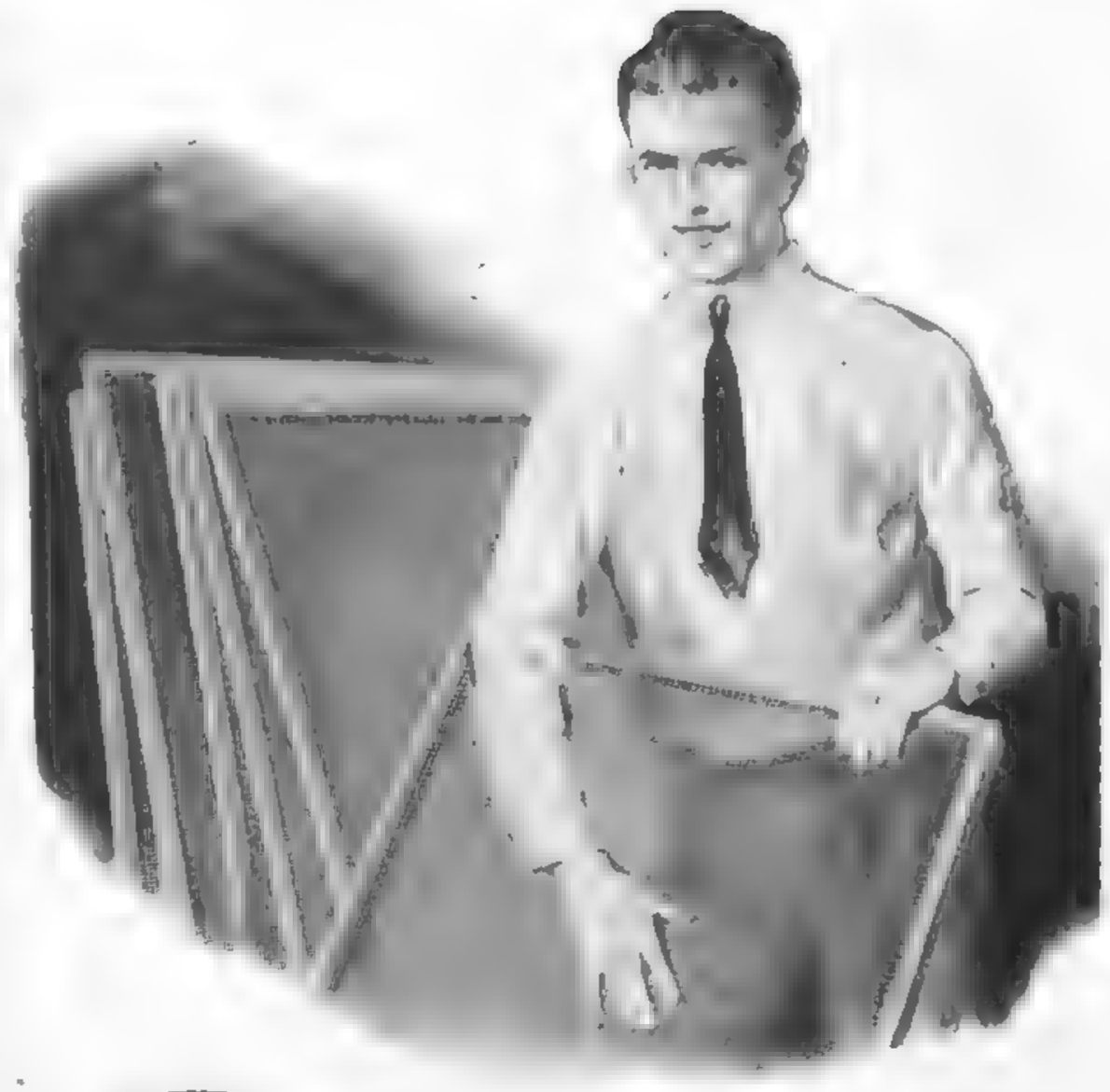
He was sitting with one arm over the tiller and the other along the edge of the cockpit behind her. Sheila, in bright silken jersey and white skirt, shoes and stockings, turned her breeze-tossed head of bright hair toward him. She looked up into his face, but she found no trace of the question's source there, for Christopher Jopp seemed as calm and quiet as was his habit. His eyes were squinted at the purple hills. She thought it was the sun that made the wrinkles at their corners appear more pronounced than usual. She chose to laugh. She playfully pulled his nearer ear.

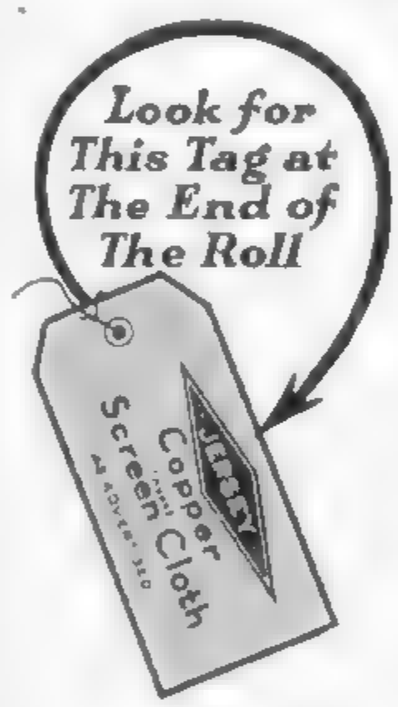
"I think the movies are a secret vice with you, Chris," she told him with mock seriousness, "and that you've been taking too much of them." She sat up suddenly, leaving his arm, exclaiming, "Why, Chris, that's a plot, as they say! Think of it beautiful bride, with her rooms full of laces and gowns and hats and everything, discovers the day before the marriage that her merchant prince is only a gilded Micawber, after all. Isn't it immense?"

She thought that the great manufacturer was secretly a scenario writer, and conjured up similar fancies that made Christopher Jopp laugh with her and for a moment almost forget his troubles. Her picture of the dominant baron of the business world surreptitiously sticking his secretly created movie plots into the mail and then waiting day after day to see whether or not they would come back with a rejection slip from some worried and probably penniless editor was done with a touch of merry genius. But as she talked he searched in her upturned blue eyes. Wonderful, bright, dancing eyes, he thought, child's eyes. Her fairy light hair brushed his face in the wind. She seemed to him again like an iridescent bubble that breezes of sadness would break.

Christopher Jopp bent with a little flare of impulsive tenderness and took her in his arms. And over her shining head he looked out to the hills. He knew that one more dream had been thrown into the scales against Niger Merrell. He had dreamed, foolishly, that this wisp of a girl, this very beautiful, delicate girl might be willing to breast the waves of criticism and scorn with him. Then, he had thought, he might have given up the pride and the riches the more readily; but now he dared not ask her. He knew: The bubble is glorious, but it cannot bear burdens. He felt very aged at thirty-nine, very sodden, in a way, and discouraged. No, there was no other way; he would have to take his medicine alone—if he took it.

They sailed in to the pier after a little, and Christopher rowed the girl back to the landing in the dinghy. She had a luncheon to attend, so he hurried her swiftly home in the automobile he had kept waiting. He bade her good-by at her home, promising many things through the mists that obscured his eyes as he looked up at her in the sunlight. She seemed for some reason suddenly far away and remote. Christopher Jopp didn't quite understand it himself.





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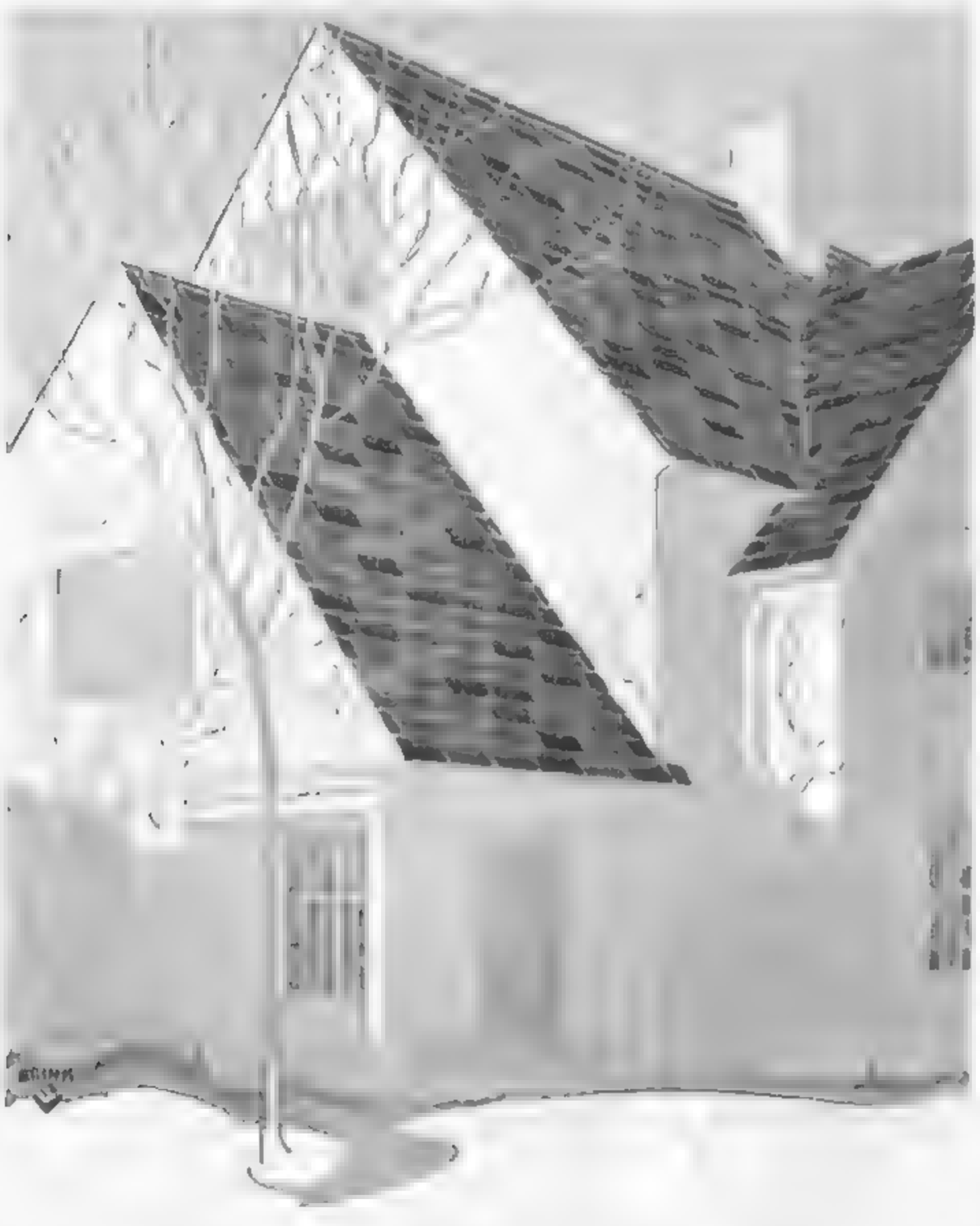

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But he thought irrelevantly of young Leland, that he would be an admirable comrade for Sheila, that he was a boy who had scarcely had time in his young life to make any serious mistakes. He kissed Sheila in such a way that she grasped the lapels of his coat and, in turn, searched his eyes.

"Tell me, Chris, is there really something wrong? Is there?"

Christopher Jopp managed a smile and looked steadily toward her. He said, "No, I think everything is all right—now."

She stood with her back against the dark door of her father's house, her clothing, her hair, her face like the tints of a painting against it, and he thought as he regarded her that he never anywhere had seen anything so beautiful, so gay and free, and he regretted the shadow that a few seconds before had dimmed the serenity of her frank eyes. And in a moment he was waving her good-by from the bend in the walk to the street.

VI

TO THE consternation of a crowded court room that afternoon, Christopher Jopp managed by pushing aside numerous spectators in the aisles at the back of the room to reach the lawyer he had employed to defend Niger Merrell, a minute or two before that gentleman would have risen to his feet to say "The defense rests, Your Honor."

This consternation found a sort of magnified focal point in the face of the lawyer as Jopp poured into his ears the salient points of what was an epochal newspaper story in that community, but he lost little time in speaking to the justice on the bench, and after a brief and animated conference between the court, the district attorney and the lawyer, Christopher Jopp took the witness stand.

With features calm and a voice quite steady he told the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The justice, who belonged to the same clubs as the witness, and who had known him as a social equal for a long time, grew visibly nervous, and the district attorney fumed and fretted and objected, and the reporters in the corner were galvanized into an energy that seemed to many watchers to be a frenzy. Their pencils appeared to fly.

The district attorney's cross-examination was a visitation of the fire and flood of verbal castigation and veiled invective. He believed Niger Merrell guilty, and anyway he had counted the case won.

"Do you realize, Mr. Jopp, that you have confessed under oath to grand larceny, to conspiracy to defraud, to defeat the ends of justice, to—to —— Well, do you?"

Christopher Jopp did.

"Why didn't you come forward at the time of this murder and tell the truth?" thundered the district attorney at the last.

Christopher Jopp hesitated. For a moment he looked over the rows of still, intent faces staring toward him. He saw the reporters with their pencils poised. He had a glimpse of the pale, astounded face of Niger Merrell, and of Millard Morgan, who seemed to have grown thinner, shabbier and more deeply embittered since he had seen him last, and in whose expression astonishment was being tempered with exultant, I-told-you-so satisfaction.

"I had stolen the drawings for the railroad appliance," he answered evenly. "I was not sure but what they would be missed by someone. I did not want anyone to know I had been in Mr. Morgan's office at that time."

"But you said in your direct testimony that you did not believe Mr. Morgan had shown the plans to anyone else?"

"That is what I believed, but I did not know."

"Then you admit being a common thief?" the prosecutor shouted.

"I object, Your Honor," cried the lawyer for the defense.

"You needn't," Christopher Jopp interrupted. "I admit it."

VII

IT WAS four o'clock when Jopp finally stood again outside the courthouse. He was under orders to report to Justice Morton, who heard the trial of Niger Merrell, the following morning. There had been a brief conference, and Christopher Jopp had agreed to sign over to Millard Morgan all rights in the Henry Morgan Manufacturing Company and its accumulated earnings on the condition that Millard refrain from efforts to have further punishment visited upon his father's former employe. There was nothing else for Jopp to do, for it is basic law of equity court that litigants must come into court with clean hands, and Jopp's hands, in this sense, had not been clean since the day of old Morgan's passing. Millard had but to bring suit now and collect what belonged to him. Jopp had left the formalities of settlement in the hands of the lawyers, and as soon as things were arranged, as he put it, he intended to leave the city forever.

He looked at his watch. He remembered that the last editions of the evening papers would be on the street a few minutes after five o'clock; then all the city, his friends and his enemies, would know. He had, then, nearly an hour before the hue and cry of big headlines would reach the residential district of Sheila's home. He had a sudden and wistful desire to see her a last time as an honorable and an honored man. He got into his car and gave the chauffeur an order. The car started, but the streets downtown were crammed with the late afternoon traffic, and his own machine was forced to crawl along in the slow stream. And he had less than an hour. He sat very quiet against the cushions, his watch in hand. He wondered anxiously if it wasn't getting dark much earlier than it normally should at that time of the year.

Hurrying up the first part of the curving flagged walk that led over the lawns to Sheila's door, Christopher Jopp looked again at his watch. He still had twenty minutes, and he felt grateful. But as he came around the curve, around a clump of boscage almost before the pillared porch, he stopped as if someone had struck him a blow on the chest. He would have turned and fled, but Sheila, her mother and brother, standing on the porch, had seen him, and for a minute or so he remained starkly still. He noticed her brother's long, powerful sport car beside the house, and in Sheila's hands a newspaper marked in great red letters, "Extra." And in the flaring crimson type of the banner at the top he distinguished his own name.

He started slowly toward these people. He never had thought of the speed of Sheila's brother or of the enterprise of newspaper extras.

He was conscious that the three on the porch were talking hurriedly, were arguing. He saw them start toward the door as if to escape him. Something seemed to clutch his heart and twist it; he stumbled. Then he perceived that Sheila's mother and brother were going into the house, but that the girl was advancing alone to meet him. He met her as the door closed behind the other two, at the foot of the steps. He looked up with a wordless and rather terrible humiliation.

Sheila shook the red-typed paper at him.

"Why, Chris Jopp," she cried, "you're the looniest old goof I know! Why didn't you tell me? You've gone and done the very greatest, finest, kindest thing ever heard of, and absolutely all on your own. Just look—these newspaper boys have made you a hero."

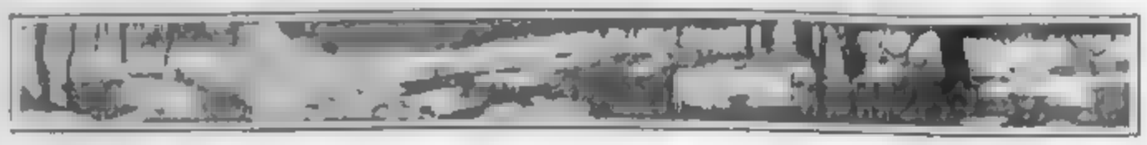
Christopher Jopp gazed at the printed page; but he couldn't read, for the print blurred immeasurably.

"You had your part in it," he protested huskily. "I found this morning that I never could marry you at the same time that I let an innocent man be sent to his death."

He glanced up at the closed door. Sheila saw the look.

"One too old and the other too young to understand," she exclaimed; and then, linking her arm with his: "Let's get married now, Chris. I've tried everything their sort of life has to offer, and I'm tired. Let's get busy and build a fortune of our own."

The man regarded her in wonder—like one who finds firm and solid substance in a bubble; and he felt younger and stronger and happier than he had at any time in all the years since he removed the folded paper from beneath the nerveless hand of the friend he could now remember for the first time with untroubled respect.



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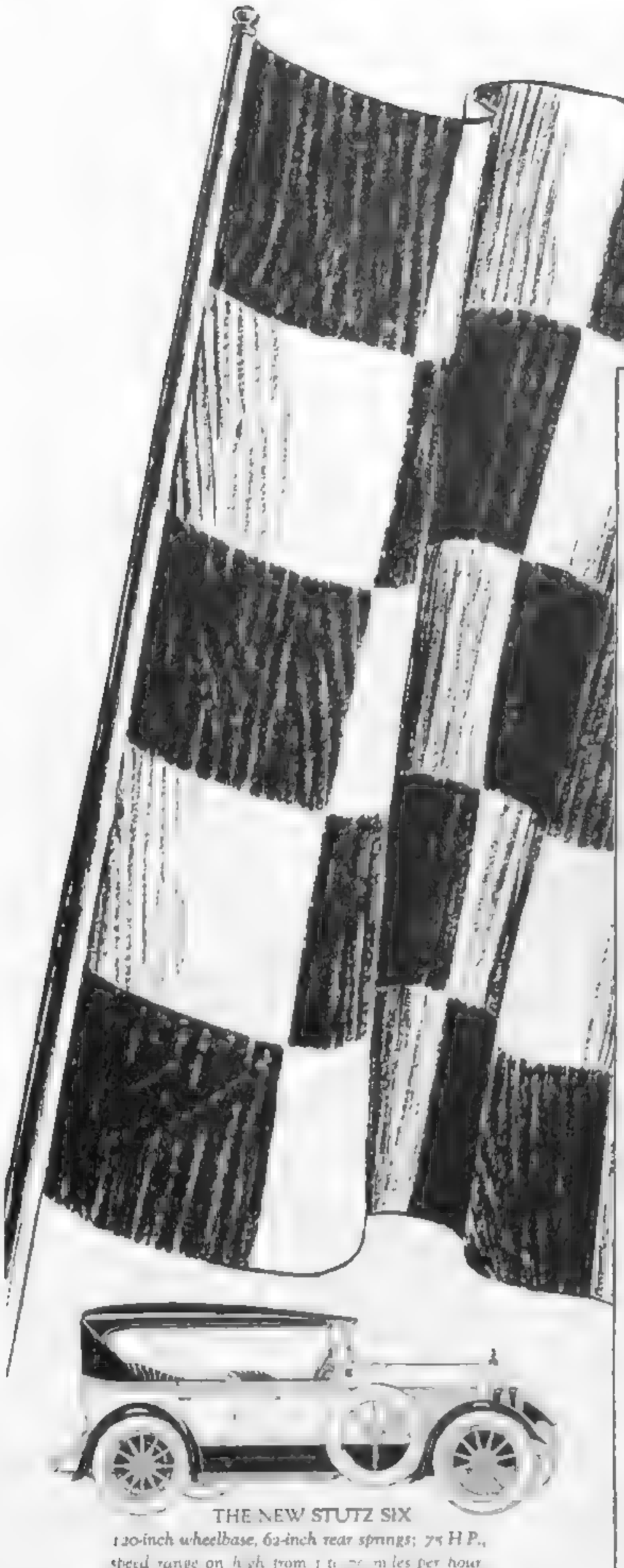

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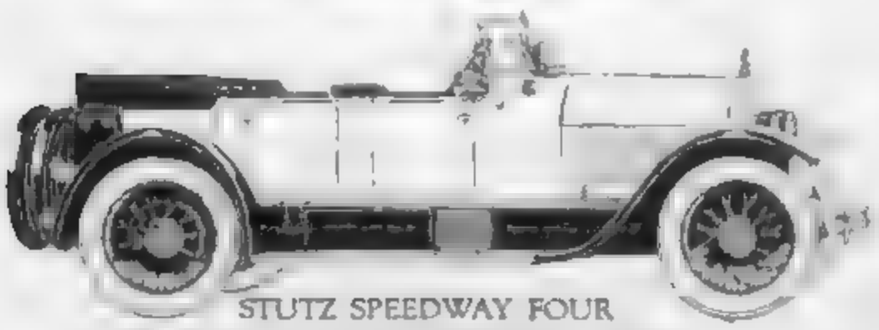

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INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U.S.A.

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PASCAL'S MILL

(Continued from Page 21)

For a moment, then, Rob hesitated. The window was a black hole; he could see nothing at all within the room, knew not what might be lurking there. The window was small; it was rather high from the ground. He would have to go in head first, wrigglingly, utterly helpless. The revolver, he remembered, was on the kitchen table, and he regretted not having brought it, but would not return for it now.

He had never in his life done a thing that required more resolution than to dive into this dark window. The sill was almost as high as his chest, and his shoulders were broad. He got his arms inside, his toes pawed at the weatherboards, thrusting his body upward. He got the sill under his waist, and groped in the darkness and felt nothing but the floor beneath him. He slid forward till his weight rested on his hands, and dragged his feet in after him. So he crouched for a moment, beneath the window, waiting and listening.

Nothing happened; he heard nothing, saw nothing. The window above him was only faintly lighter than the black darkness in the room itself. The room, Jude's room, was still as a tomb; had, he thought, the dampness of a tomb. He felt the presence of the furniture about him, like hostile spectators; the chairs, the table, the bed, unseen, seemed, nevertheless, to press and stifle him. He could hear his heart; could hear nothing else whatever.

Then, startling him, Dora called through the door, "What is it, Mr. Druce?"

Her voice brought him to himself. "Wait a minute," he replied, "till I strike a match."

He fumbled in his pocket, found that he had only half a dozen. The dampness of the night, his own slight wetting of the day before—had affected them. The first one failed, the head flying to bits when he flicked it with his thumb nail. He tried the second one on his trousers without success. The third, on the window sill, struck a drop of water and was ruined.

"What's the matter?" Dora called.

"My matches are wet."

"There are always matches on the table, in a little dish," she told him.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

The fourth match had fizzed, then burst into flame. He stood up, holding it cautiously cupped in his hands. The dark leaped back to crouch in the corners. The lighted match gave him a momentary glimpse of a figure, silhouetted against the darkness behind as though detached from earth itself. A figure that seemed to float upright in the air. Dark garments; the face unmistakably Jude's. The strips of plaster on a pale brow. But why should Jude be so silent, and why so high above the floor?

The explanation was revealed in the last flicker of the dying match. A length of rope, stretching upward above the figure's drooping head.

Then the match went out.

XV

ROB, in darkness again, thought the darkness choked him; his throat filled, he perceived suddenly that tears were in his eyes, that he was shaken by a profound pity for poor Judah Pascal, hanging by the neck there. He was no longer afraid. When Dora called another question from behind the closed door he sought to answer her reassuringly. But the tone of his voice must have told her all she needed to know, because she began to cry to him to open the door; began to cry out that he should slip back the bolts, and to beat upon the panels of the door with her fists. He thought abstractedly "I've got to fix him, first."

He groped forward, boldly enough now that he knew the worst there was to know, and found his way to the little table. Something brushed against his elbow ponderously. He moved aside, fumbled in the darkness for the matches, so made a light again, and touched his match to the wick of Jude's lamp. Dora still called to him, with dreary insistence, through the door.

He had read that hanged men were cut down. His pocketknife was sharp; he stroked the rope two or three times sharply, and caught Jude's black-clad body in his arms as the rope let go; caught it, and bore it tenderly, and laid it down upon the bed.

Then in the open window behind him Dora said steadily, "Mr. Druce! I'm all right now. Let me in, please."

He looked toward her over his shoulder. "I'll open the door," he promised.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

She Said Wistfully, "I'm Sorry. I Had to Do It. Uncle Jude Wanted It So"

"Yes. Quite a while," he replied. "You go around to the door; don't stand in the rain."

She stayed at the window a moment more; he heard her murmur, "Poor Uncle Jude!" There was so much pity in her voice that he wept again. He was fumbling with the knot; this grisly bit of rope must come away. His fingers shuddered at their task, but he held them to it. At last with his knife he cut one of the outer strands of the slip noose Jude had tied, and so freed the whole. He wadded the bit of rope and thrust it under the bed.

Dora called to him, "Please!"

As he crossed toward the door he saw the other end of rope still hanging from a great hook in one of the beams of the ceiling. He climbed on a chair, could not reach it; stepped up on the table and lifted it free. As he dropped to the floor he realized that Jude must have done just this, sometime in the night; must have climbed atop the table as he had just done; must have adjusted rope to hook; must have dropped off the table edge toward the floor. He threw the rope away from him, slatting against the wall and into a corner out of sight, and drew back the bolts that admitted the girl.

The door open, she had no eyes for him, but for that black figure on the white counterpane of the bed. She went slowly toward it, and Rob just behind her. Jude was dressed in a black suit of clothes—Rob had seen him wearing the trousers the night before—and in a stiff white shirt and collar with a small black tie. Some whim of the dead man had made him wish to appear well in this last moment of his life. He had, Rob now perceived, shaved; and seeing this, Rob remembered that sound he had heard the night before, like the honing of a razor. He remembered other sounds: The jarring thud which had wakened him from sleep, the faint and rhythmic creaking as of a rusty pendulum which had followed. It was vividly clear to him now; he was as able to picture what had passed in this room as though he himself had been here.

Dora was kneeling beside the bed, no longer lost in grief. She murmured, more than once, "Poor Uncle Jude! Poor Uncle Jude!" But he saw that her hysteria was past, and was relieved. She composed the dead man's hands at his sides; she straightened his head upon the pillow, tuggingly. Rob looked at Jude's face and saw that it was, by some miracle, free from all distortion; was rather calm and utterly at peace. And he thought again what power of will the man had had.

Dora, her small tasks done, had buried her face in her arms. Rob felt himself an intruder. He thought of withdrawing; his eyes roved to and fro. And it was in this moment that his glance fell on the door, which must lead, he knew, to the machinery room of the old mill. The room which Jude had visited the night before; that room into which, Jude had declared, he never ventured. The mystery—there was mystery now even blacker than before—must center in that room.

Rob felt this so strongly that he drew near the closed door almost without his volition. There was a bolt upon its inner side; he slipped back the bolt and it worked easily. The door still held; he perceived a key in the lock, and turned the key. Dora had not moved, paid him no heed at all. Save for the little sound of running water almost under his feet the house was very still. He pressed the door and it yielded, opened before him. Darkness here as elsewhere; a darkness in which the light from the lamp behind him revealed strange formless shapes. He was determined to enter; but he must have some light to show the way.

Dora had left one lamp in the kitchen; the one he had lighted on the table was the only light in this room. He was unwilling to move it for fear of disturbing her; would have tiptoed to the kitchen for the other had he not perceived, upon a shelf beside this door, a candle in a tin stand. The candle was half burned. Rob wondered if it had not been used before now as he now proposed to use it. He got a match from the table and lighted it and went boldly into the room which had been the heart of the old mill. He wondered whether to close the door behind him, and at last, with as little sound as possible, did so. Dora had not moved; seemed to hold vigil there beside the bed, upon her knees.

His back against the door, he held the candle high and looked about him. Dust everywhere, damp with mold till it was like putty; and sawdust, rotted long ago; and spider webs, draggled and torn. In the center of the place the long disused machinery of the industry. A dangling, rotted leather belt; a rusted saw; a jumble of levers and wheels which had for Rob no meaning whatever. Along the floor, half buried in sawdust and flaked with rust, two steel rails. He kicked at one of them, made sure what it was, and wondered at its use. Some complaisant section foreman on the railroad had permitted these rails to be taken, perhaps half a century before. They were of a weight and shape long since out of use, he knew. He followed them with his eye and saw where wheels rested on them, and decided that the tablelike structure in the middle of the room was really a sort of trolley that bore the logs to and fro along the saw. The machinery interested him, distracted his

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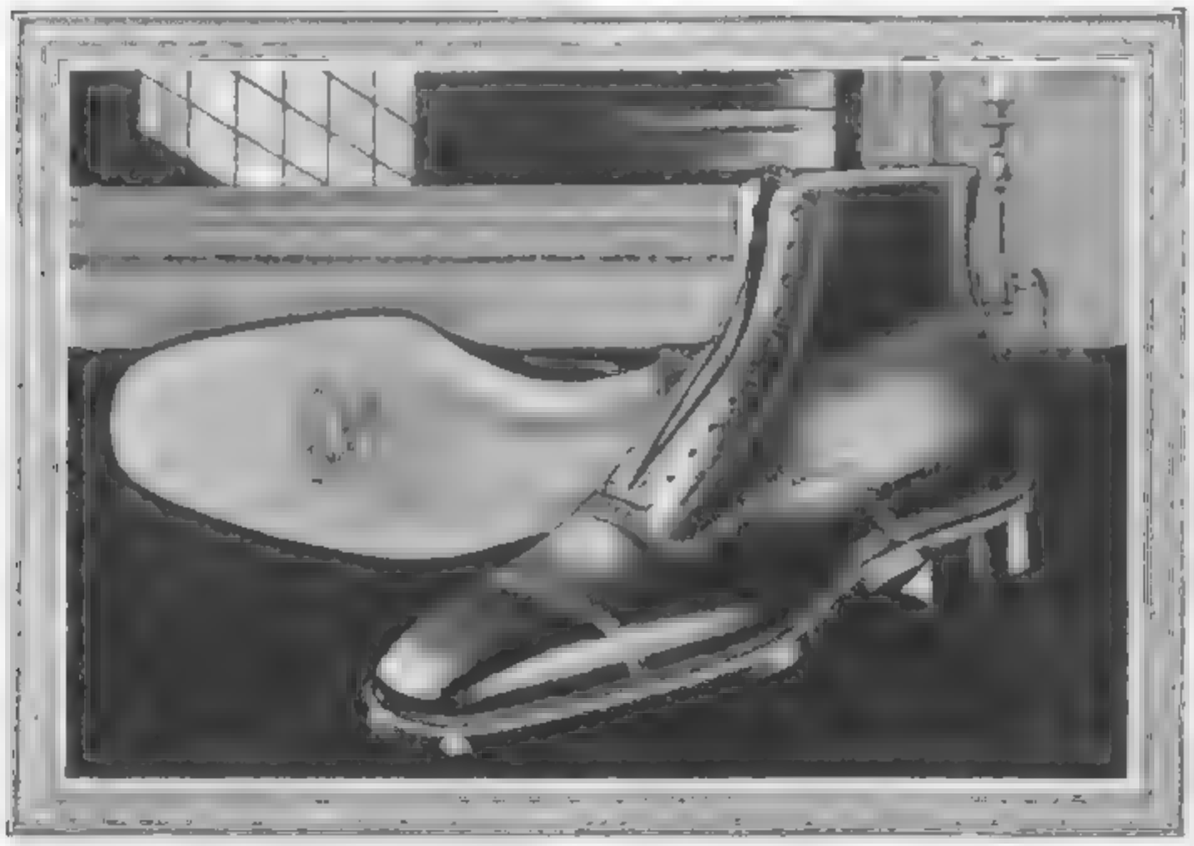

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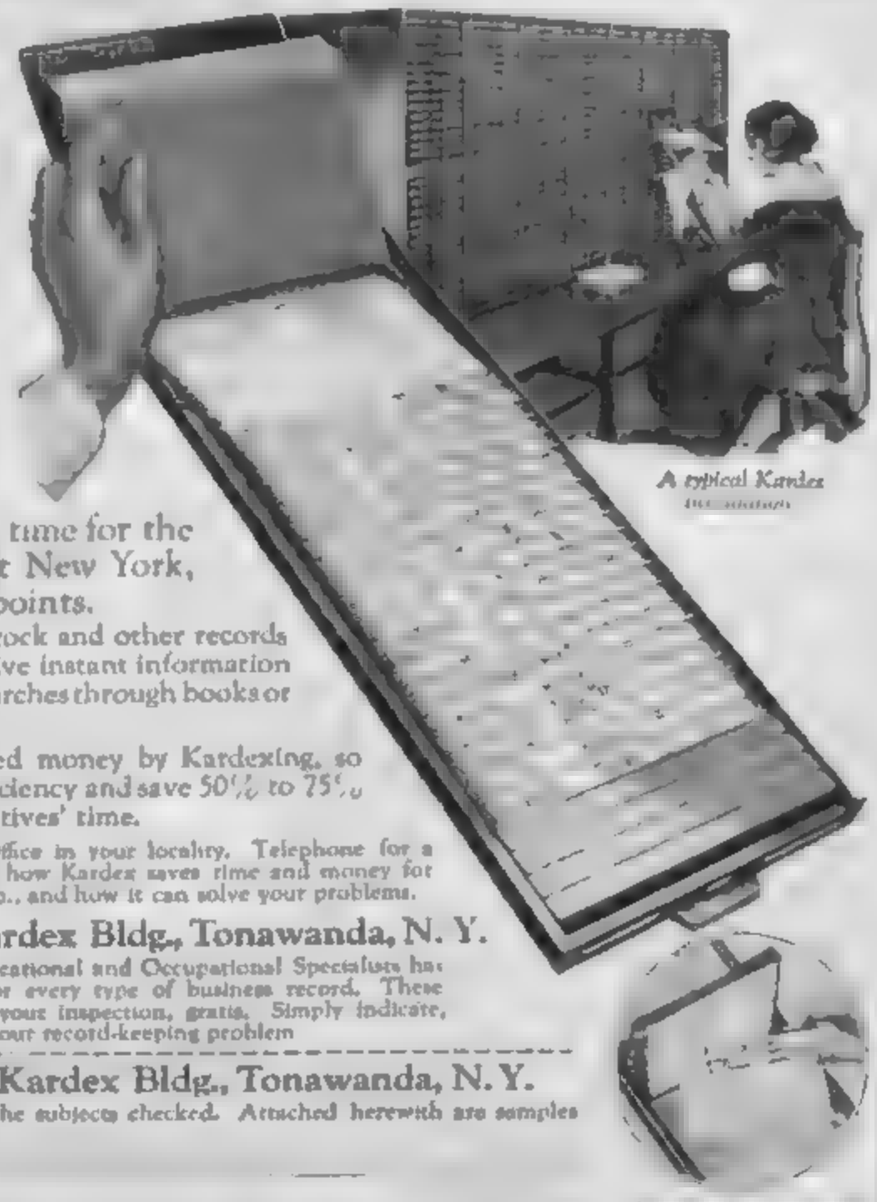

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attention. He moved to and fro, peering with his candle here and there, scraping away sawdust or cobwebs to see more clearly.

He had, in his interest, almost forgotten why he was in this ancient room when in his circuit he came upon a trapdoor, open in the floor, yawning like a pit for his incautious feet. He held the candle low and perceived that the door had only recently been thrown back; the marks where for years it had lain bedded in the sawdust which everywhere covered the floor were still plain. There were, in this sawdust, marks of shoes; someone—Jude, beyond question—had recently used this trap.

Stooping down and lowering his candle somewhat into the hole Rob saw that an old ladder led downward a few feet to a rocky floor over which water flowed in a thin film. The rungs of the ladder were hung with wet moss; the thing itself seemed decayed and uncertain. But the descent was short; he saw that even if the ladder broke he would be able to climb up again by catching the edges of the trapdoor and resting his feet securely against the rocky wall. So he decided to go down and see.

Needing both hands to make the descent he found it necessary to set down the candle. The sawdust that lay everywhere, though damp and moldy, was, nevertheless, inflammable; but the saucerlike base of the candlestick was broad. There was no danger of its overturning. He set it down on the edge of the trap, descended, facing the rocky wall, reached up for the candle and turned around to peer into the corners of this lower chamber of the mill.

It was, he saw, the pit in which was hung the shaft from the great millwheel. A huge timber, still sound, though it had rested in this moldy pit so many years, it occupied the space immediately before him. Three smaller wheels were fastened to it, wheels of varying sizes; and from these, Rob judged, belts must have carried the power, variously multiplied, to the saws above. The floor of this chamber was of rock; native rock. Water flowed across it in a thin film; trickled here and there over a small break in the ledge. The sound of running water, which had been in his ears since first he came to the old millhouse, originated here. Candle above his head, he looked about, revolted by the dampness, the mold, the moss, the frog that scrambled in a corner, the rat scurrying toward the old millwheel, the scent of death.

The scent of death; the dull, stale scent of death which is not yet putrefaction was in this moldy pit. When Rob realized this—there are some recognitions which are instinctive—he backed against the ladder that led upward to safety; and he held the candle high and looked around.

Off to his left the ledge on which the mill was built sloped upward; that corner was dry and free of the trickle of water. The place was higher than the floor elsewhere, and so nearer the roof—which was the floor of the machinery room. Upon this high ledge Rob saw, turned toward him, the soles of two shoes.

This was, for a moment, all that he could see. The shoes were almost at the height of his head, and they lay in positions not usual. He had never seen empty shoes so placed before. For each of these shoes rested on its heel, and one sagged far over to the right, and the other sagged even farther to the left. If these shoes were empty they were strangely placed; if they were occupied, then there was something shudderingly abject in their position.

He took a step that way, and perceived trousers above the shoes. Bending, pushing the candle ahead of him, bumping his head once as the timbers lowered above him, he went forward. He was no longer susceptible to surprise. It came as no shock to discover that a dead man lay here; it required no unholy prescience to be sure that this dead man must be Uncle Zone.

XVI

REACTION came when Rob was once more in the big room above, the trapdoor firmly closed. He did not perceive how much he had been shaken until he discovered the unnecessary vehemence with which he was stamping the trap shut. Then he quieted himself, leaned against the wall, relaxed, fought back to something like normal again. A train passed by; at the sound of its approach he felt like shrinking guiltily away, as though he had himself committed a crime and must hide. Its roar and the rattle and click of the trucks as the cars followed the engine made his ears throb, pounded at him, tortured him.

The silence that followed pulled at his nerves. This part of the millhouse, he perceived, was full of rats. He saw three. Their eyes glinted at his candle. From somewhere outside he heard a bird song; it must be near dawn. He peered through the cracks between the rough boarding against which he leaned and saw that a gray light had indeed poured down into the gorge. The morning was misty; the gray mist eddied and whirled about the old house. More birds began to sing; he heard the morning chorus of the frogs; one of the owls which seemed to haunt the valley hooted far away. Dora's ducks paddled down from their pen into the water. They were out of his vision; but he could hear them paddling, sluicing the water over their backs, guzzling the mud and slime from the bottom and straining it through their bills. The world, it seemed, went on as usual. Presently day would fully come. His candle was burning low; he had no wish to be left here in the dark, and so he went toward the door, and opened it, and faced the lamplight in Judah Pascal's room.

Dora stood by the table, the lamp before her illumining her face from below so that he saw the sweet line of her throat. Her eyes, somewhat shadowed, were dark and deep; he could not read them, but he saw that her lips were steady, and knew that she was composed again. She had drawn some white covering over her uncle's body on the bed.

At the sight of Rob she said softly: "Oh! I didn't know where you were."

He was unwilling to tell her what he had discovered.

"Yes—in here," he said falteringly. "Just looking around."

Her thoughts were elsewhere. She lifted from the table an envelope and extended it to him.

"This is for you," she said.

"For me?" he echoed, and thought how asinine he was to ask.

"Yes. Uncle Jude wrote you a letter, I guess." Her voice broke faintly. "I—he didn't leave any for me."

He took the letter from her hand; but he was so sorry for her in this grief of hers that he forgot to open it. "Probably this is meant for both of us," he said hopefully.

"Please open it," she bade. He perceived that beneath her calmness she was at the highest tension. He obeyed, found within the envelope half a dozen pages, scrawled over in a close, irregular and utterly illegible hand. He sat down beside the table with the lamp at his elbow and tried to read it. Dora watched him, unmoving.

After a moment he turned to the second page, to the third.

"I can't read it—hardly a word," he confessed. "He writes curiously."

"I can read it," she told him.

Rob hesitated. "I don't know ——" he said. "His writing to me—perhaps it would be better that you shouldn't."

Dora smiled faintly, sat down across from him. "Uncle Jude usually thought of me as a little girl," she said gently. "He sheltered me in every way that he could. He tried to keep dark things away from me. That is why he wrote to you and not to me. But—I am not a little girl. I am a woman. I am twenty-two years old; and because of the manner of my life I am really more mature than I have a right to be. Last night, this morning, I was frightened. There is nothing more to be afraid of now. But—what my Uncle Jude wrote to you last night before he died, it is right for me to read. Don't you think so?"

He said appealingly, "Dora, I don't know! Perhaps there are things here you shouldn't hear about."

"I am not a little child," she repeated steadily.

With no further protest he gave her the letter. "Will you read it aloud to me?" he asked. "Or—will that be too tough on you?"

"I'm not going to cry any more," she said, and smiled at him. She unfolded the pages of the letter and sorted them and in a steady, even voice, began to read:

My dear Mr. Druce: I must begin by an apology to you. You came to this lonely home of mine on a business mission; you were entitled to courteous entertainment, a peaceful day or two in this dark valley, and gentle memories when you went away. Because you have been robbed of these things, I offer you

(Continued on Page 105

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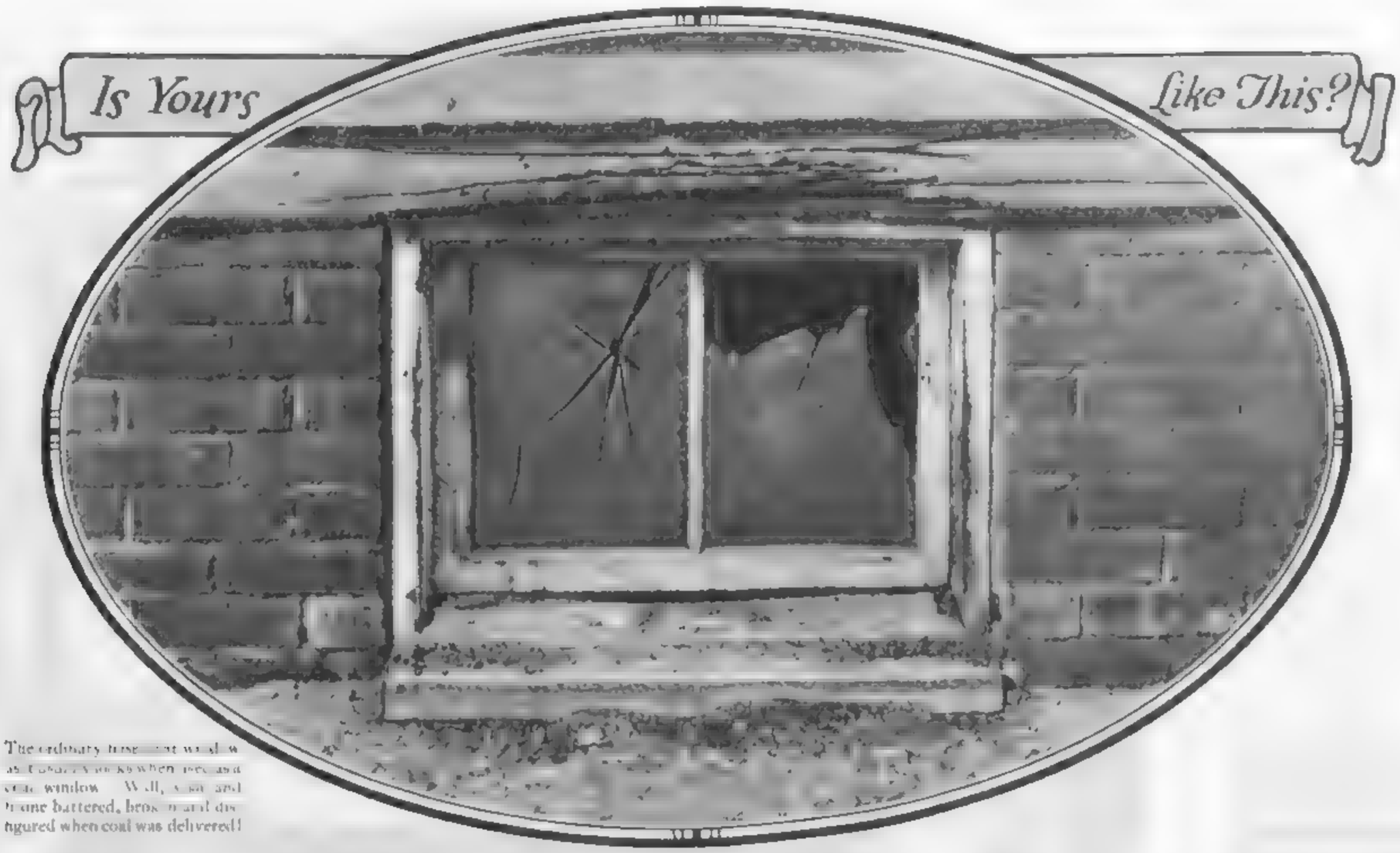

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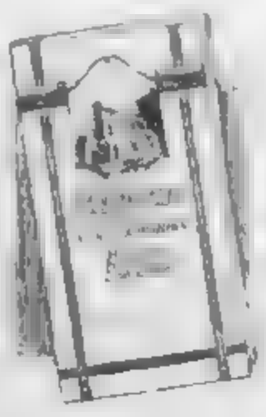

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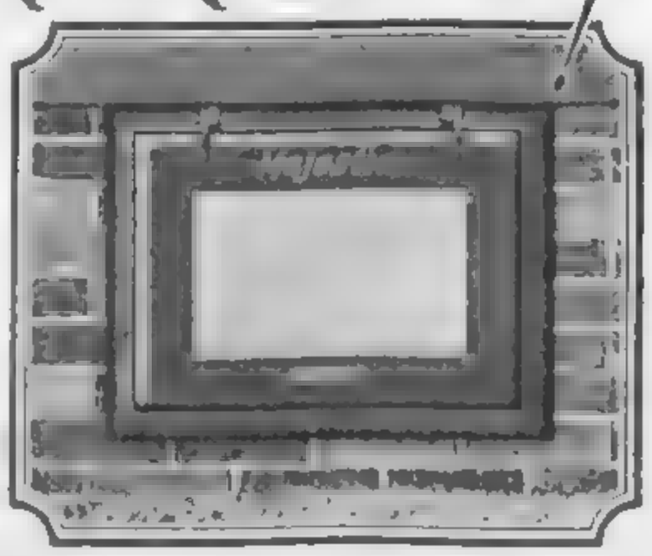

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(Continued from Page 102)

my regrets. It has happened that your coming coincided with the hour of my extremity. You know, before you beg in to read this, that I have killed myself. It is your coming which made it possible for me to do this. I look forward to death with no misgivings. Death will be a release from an unbearable torment of mind and soul. For this release I thank you.

You have made it possible for me to die, because you have made it possible for Dora to live without me. I have been, in the arrangement of her life, unwise; she has been cloistered; she knows nothing of the world outside this valley. Without me she would have been in pitiable case; with your father to care for her, and with your friendship to support her, she is as secure as I could wish her to be. I hope she will marry happily. I should be very glad to know that she would marry you. [Her voice did not falter, but Rob saw the slow color in her throat and cheek.] If not you, then a man of your type. You seem to me straightforward and kind and brave. But I had not meant to speak of this again. Enough that your coming offered me release.

It is necessary for me to die, because I have killed my brother, Zonas. His body is in the pit under the mill; it need not be disturbed. When you have read this letter, and done what I direct you to do, the chapter will be closed. Tell Dora if you think wise; she has a woman's heart, and a woman's courage to bear knowing even this, and yet love my memory. It was in some part on her account that we quarreled; yet she need not reproach herself with this, because we were always enemies. It sometimes happens that two brothers are by nature hostile one to another. It was so with us. He was younger than I, and I always hated him. Perhaps this feeling had its origin in the fact that my mother was overfond of him. I may have been jealous. I have always had to fight a ferocious capacity for jealousy and rage. Have fought it all my life; but a losing battle in the end.

Dora will tell you how Zone came here. He knew his coming distressed me, and he took some delight in taunting me. The owls which you saw me destroy were a part of one of his taunts. I hated him for that; and I used to play rancorously with the thought of killing him and feeding his flesh to the great birds. They are voracious; one of them will eat a woodchuck, whole, in a day. I thought they would devour a man's body in a very short time. The infamous picture stayed with me; I could not bring myself to put it away. Hoot Owl, he called me, jeering at the peculiarity of my eyes. Man is abnormally sensitive about such matters; and he chafed me raw.

Also, he was a debauched man. Dora will not have understood this; but it will be plain to you that I could not bear to have him near her. Yet he used to dandle her on his knee; and when he and I were alone he liked to jest obscenely. I held myself in check with some difficulty at these times. He was here for some weeks; weeks which tormented me unspeakably. And at length, one night—it seems years ago, but it cannot have been more than a day or two—he dared to make some pretext that would take her to his room. I discovered the matter, interfered; and in the end I thrashed him soundly. He swore then—the man was in his rages as venomous as I—that he would return, to kill me and destroy her. I knew this for an empty threat and had no fear of him. In the morning I made him get into the cart and we drove away toward town.

You found the stick with which I killed him; you know where the murder was done. He was himself again that morning. He jeered at me, turning his tongue to every mean device. I maintained silence as I could. As we topped that ledge of rock and started down the short descent on the other side he accused me of wishing to keep Dora for myself. It happened that the brake handle was in my hand; and in the instant of my fury I struck at him. Struck him down. He toppled forward on his face and rolled off the shaft to the ground. I thought him dead. I descended and found his skull crushed in. And I stood there, my rage still boiling, and fought to keep my hands off his dead body. Thought of the owls returned to me. I was half mad; I remembered my fancy - how I might be rid of his body. And so I carried him down the ledge to the edge of the water and hid him in the alders there. The stave lay on the ledge beside the cart; I shuddered at the touch of it, and threw it away, then forced myself to go on to town. Someone there asked after Zone; I said he had gone away.

All that day I boiled in a debauch of rage. The hatred of my brother which had always dwelt in me had full play. That night, after Dora was abed, I took the boat and rowed up the dead water to get him. And when I came to where he lay I found he was alive!

It is impossible that you can understand the shock of this discovery. The change was as abrupt as is the change of pattern in a kaleidoscope when you shake it violently. The elements were the same; their relations utterly different. As soon as I knew there was a chance he might live, I knew that I wished him to live. I knew remorse. I have been for many years devoted to the stern doctrines of the old church. Perhaps I have been wrong. But certainly these old dogmas had their will of me now. I began my atonement when I lifted my brother into the boat and brought him home here. Bore him into my room, labored all that night to fan the spark of life into flame. But toward dawn his pulse, faint as it had been, stopped altogether. I hid him, then, in the room where the old mill machinery is. The next night, I told myself, I would take the body into the woods and bury it. But when I went in to do this, I tell you there was life in the thing still. There was no pulse that I could find; the breast did not stir or lift. Yet there was the warmth of life still in my brother's body. He was a dead man who would not die. The agony of mind through which I had passed was driving me mad; I did not know what to do. At one moment I labored with him, wishing him to live. At the next I cursed him, wishing him to die. At dawn the man's mouth moved; he made an audible sound. I had an hour of abject panic. It was at this time I dragged him down into the pit and left him there. It is impossible for one who is sane to conceive the tempests of anguish which swept through me.

You came that day. Before I knew that you had come I went to feed the owls. They would not eat; they glared at me with yellow eyes, and clacked their bills, and I thought they accused me. I killed them; the killing seemed to bring some measure of peace to me.

Knowing this much, you will be able to understand the rest. You saw me destroy the boat, the staff, the cage that had sheltered the hideous birds. I expect you disposed of their bodies. That was kind; it saved me much. From the first, I saw in you release. During the evening I went to see my brother's body. He was now certainly dead.

Since Dora is secure, I need not live. She knows that I have loved her; she will know how to find some pity for me in her heart. I beg you to be kind to her.

After sealing this letter I shall bring hay from the barn and pile it here and there. It is my suggestion—my ardent wish—that you burn this old structure to the ground; that it be my funeral pile, and my brother's. His was a vagabond life; none need ever know his end. If your legal mind, your inbred respect for law makes you feel bound to inform the authorities, I yield to your desires.

But it is in faith that you will give me this last wish; that you will let my ashes mingle with those of this old house that has been my lifelong home, that I sign this letter.

Fire the house. Take Dora away. Think of me as kindly as you can.

About to die, I give you farewell.

JUDAH PASCAL.

Dora read, without a break, to the very end. When she was done, with steady hands she folded up the sheets again and put them in the envelope and handed the letter to Rob. He took it absently, stuffed it into his pocket. For a while thereafter neither of them spoke. Rob found himself sick with sorrow for the man upon the bed behind them, a man bound to his passions and torn apart by them at last, like one drawn on the rack. It was easy to blame Judah, easy to condemn him. But Rob was not so inclined.

The girl across the table said slowly, "I know he loved me."

Rob nodded. "Yes."

She looked at him, smiled a little wistfully. "He has made it—difficult for us to be friends."

The man hesitated, then answered honestly, "I don't think so."

She protested, faint scorn in her tones. "Don't think you must pretend!"

"I'm not pretending," he said slowly. "I'm not pretending that I—love you. I'd no more think of saying that than I would of asking you to love me. But I like you; I'd like to be friends with you. My father will be fond of you." He smiled a little, very gently. "There is no reason why we shouldn't come to love each other some day."

"If we did," she said softly, "I expect it would be very nice."

He reached across the table and they shook hands firmly. Then Rob rose, lifted the lamp.

"We'll both be better off," he suggested, "for a cup of coffee. I'll make a fire."

She followed him, faintly thoughtful, into the kitchen. It was gray dawn outside, but the lamps were still needed within. He found kindling and wood and began to fill the stove. Dora stood by the table, where the lamps were.

"Rob," she asked slowly, "are you going to do what he wanted?"

He looked around at her, a billet of wood in his hand. "Burn the house?"

"Yes."

He shook his head. "We've got to notify the authorities," he reminded her. "It will do no harm; may save much trouble in the end."

"Uncle Jude wanted it so," she urged.

"I know, Dora. But—he's gone. And he left it to my judgment."

"I think he's right," the girl insisted.

He lighted the kindling and replaced the covers on the stove. Almost at once the draft began to roar.

"I'm sorry," he said gently, softening his words with a smile, "but I couldn't do that."

She bowed her head a little, thinking, then faced him steadily and lifted the lamp in her hand.

"Please don't be angry," she begged, and threw the lamp into the nearest pile of hay.

The chimney cracked, the flame caught, the kerosene flared.

Rob, without a word, jumped to smother it out, catching up a bucket of water on his way. The quick smoke blinded him; he poured the water carefully, making every drop count. It seemed to him he might have won this skirmish; but behind him Dora moved, and when he looked he saw that she had lighted the other piles, had turned to face him. At her back flames leaped high, and he saw her peril and forgot all else.

"Look out!" he cried, and sprang toward her—almost too late.

Her skirts had caught; he beat them out, rolling them between his singed hands, splashing water upon them.

But the kitchen now was full of smoke and flame; they fled into the open air. Almost instantly, it seemed to Rob, the upper windows leaked smoke around every sash. The heat drove them back; they forgot each other, staring at the swift destruction. Then Dora remembered the livestock in the barn and ran that way.

The cows they drove into the lane that led to the pasture; opened a way of escape for the swine. The horse Rob led out through tie-up and lane, and brought the creature into the forest, making him fast to a tree. He returned to find Dora standing in the edge of the woods. He drew close to her; and she heard his coming, and said wistfully, "I'm sorry. I had to do it. Uncle Jude wanted it so."

He touched her shoulder. "It's all right, Dora," he said. "Best, probably."

There was no danger that the fire would spread; the forests had been drenched by rain during the night. By and by a freight train rolled downhill, and they saw the train crew leaning precariously to watch the conflagration. The roof of the old millhouse collapsed; embers and sparks and flame mounted loftily. The fire reached its height in a great roar, began thereafter to burn with a steady and relentless heat that seemed never to slacken.

A wall, crumbling in, brought them out of their apathy.

"Come," Rob suggested. "We might as well go."

She looked for a long time at the burning heap that for sixteen years had been her home; and when she turned to him he saw that her eyes were steady and serene. With a little gesture of confidence she took his hand.

"I am ready," she said quietly.

They entered the forest side by side, trudging silently along the winding cart track. And by and by Rob looked back and discovered that the woods had closed behind them. It was no longer possible to see even the pillar of smoke and fire that rose from what had been Pascal's Mill.

(THE END)

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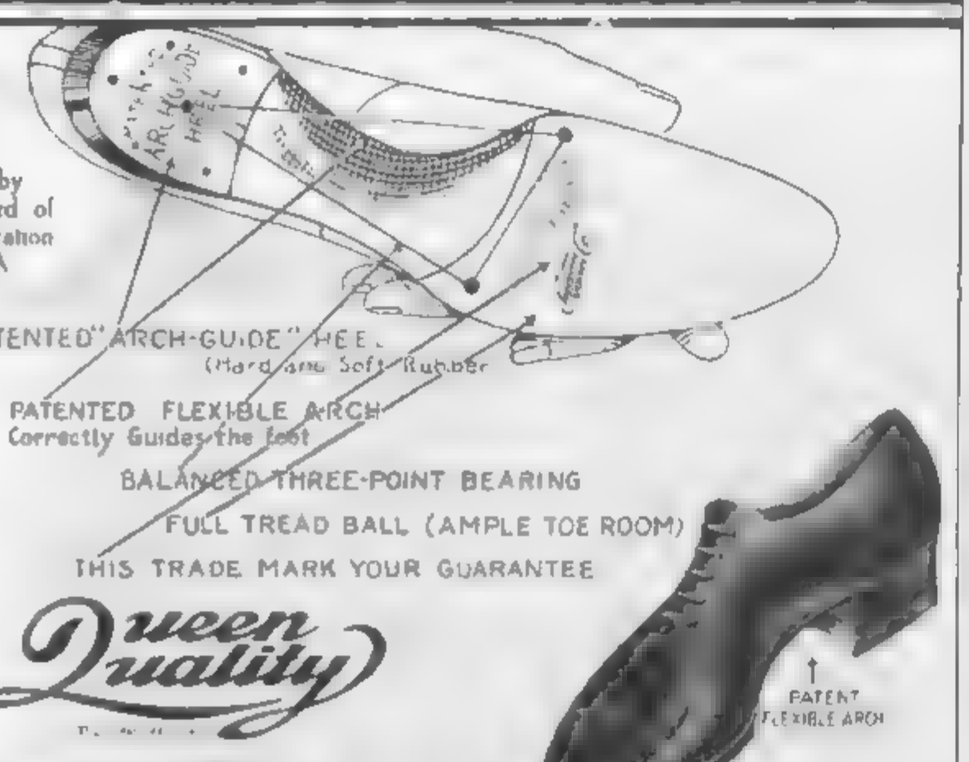

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

There follows a twenty-minute dialogue between them, from which you glean the following information: That there is no such word as "dress" in the vocabularies of Mr. Leo and Miss Ella—there are only "frocks" and "gowns"; that the answer to why it costs ten dollars to subtract fur from a model and seventy-five dollars to add it is "labor"; and that neither Miss Ella nor Mr. Leo can ever be happy again. Frightened, you capitulate.

"Well—I'll take it with the fur if I can have it right away," you say.

Loud ring the joy bells! "I know madame will be satisfied," says Mr. Leo.

"Moddom will never regret it," adds Miss Ella fervently. "Without that monkey fur—well, it just didn't look like moddom! Don't forget—Friday at 8:30, durrie."

Art and ideals are triumphant. Aye, there are New Yorkers who have souls which money cannot touch!

Mrs. Jabez Ellingsworth Dill

MRS. JABEZ ELLINGSWORTH DILL is a living refutation of the old charge that New Yorkers are provincial and have no interest in things outside their own city. As a matter of fact, there is very little going on in this old world in which Mrs. Jabez Ellingsworth Dill is not interested. At least four mornings a week one may meet her on her way to Carnegie Hall to attend a lecture at the League for Miscellaneous Misinformation, where the subjects discussed during the winter course range all the way from What is Your Elevator Boy Reading, and Why? by Prof. Brander Matthews, to Ireland—Well, What of It? by the Hon. James M. Beck.

Mrs. Dill does not read the daily papers she says they're so tiresome, and one can't believe them, anyway—but prefers to get her information first-hand from men who really know the truth. And, as Mrs. Dill argues conclusively, these men—who, by the way, are all gentlemen and invariably use the broad "a" or one of those fascinating foreign accents—these men must know, or how could they lecture in Carnegie Hall? Things that seem so complicated in the newspapers are made so simple! The truth about the Balkans, the truth about Russia, about the Soviet, about the reds and the whites, about Japan, and all told so convincingly! Sometimes it's just the least little bit confusing to Mrs. Dill. I've seen her go in to a lecture a pure white and come out a rabid red.

Only recently I met her on her way home from hearing that clever young Abdul Fez Bey on The Truth About Turkey, and it's not perfectly clear to me yet whether Mrs. Dill favors the Left Wing, the Right Wing or the Second Joint.

But this is not all. Every Friday morning at eleven Mrs. Dill attends Miss McGuffin's Current Events Class, which is held in the ballroom of the Ritzbilt. Miss McGuffin, in an hour and a half, conducts her students at a breath-taking pace through the past week in *Welt-Politik*, with brief pauses for cracks at the Administration, capital and labor, at the end of which time Mrs. Dill and her friends adjourn to the restaurant for chicken salad—with mayonnaise—and hot chocolate—with whipped cream—to take the blood from their heads. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Dill is interested in just about everything at home and abroad, not forgetting the people in the opposite apartment who never dream of pulling down their shades! —*Katharine Dayton.*

Short-Changed

FIVE or six years ago an old negro, popularly known as Tennessee, became involved in difficulties and appealed to a local merchant who had often befriended him.

The result of the appeal was that the merchant eventually loaned him two hundred dollars, taking his note for the amount, payable in six months. Year succeeded year, and Tennessee made promises about payment of his note, but that was the end of it.

Finally there came a good cotton crop, pickers received good pay and Tennessee had money. At the merchant's place of business he purchased a pink silk shirt, tendering a twenty-dollar bill in payment.

As the merchant started to hand over the change he hesitated.

"Tell you what I'll do, Tennessee," he said. "I'll keep this ten-dollar bill and give you your note for two hundred dollars."

Tennessee regarded him reproachfully.

"Aw, now lissen, Mr. Ed. You wouldn't do me thataway. You knows that note ain't worth no ten dollars."

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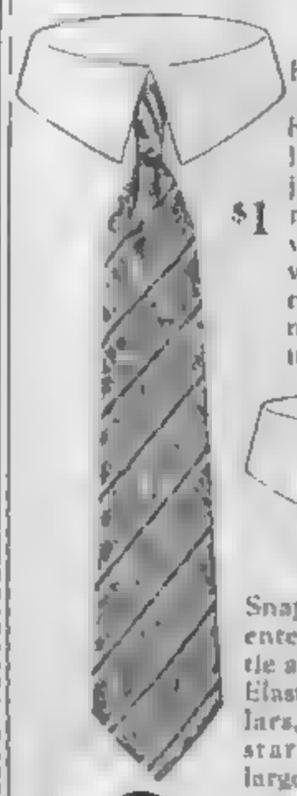

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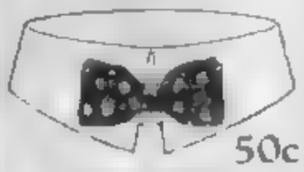

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AN AGRICULTURAL PROGRAM FOR AN INDUSTRIAL STATE

(Continued from Page 8)

situation nor the high freight rates that now prevail on our American railroads need concern him greatly. If he will adjust his production to the needs of this consuming population the high transportation costs may serve him as a protective tariff wall. For Michigan, like our Eastern industrial commonwealths, has now a net import of farm products. No one can come into this market to compete with its farmers unless he pays the prevailing freight rates. The great mass of our producers for the home market can reach the consumer over good roads with motor trucks. The automobile is one of the few things that can be bought more cheaply now than in the prewar period. In this manner the farmer avoids paying a wage for railway labor and a price for coal consumed which are twice as high as in the prewar period. The farmer who grows wheat finds the international market impoverished and has been forced to sell for a dollar a bushel or less. The grower of potatoes finds the national market overcrowded this year. But the growers of early tomatoes for the local market were receiving $2.50 a bushel when the grower of even early potatoes was receiving only thirty-five cents.

The product of Michigan's vineyards was five or six tons of grapes an acre. The price was sixty dollars a ton.

The hope for our Michigan farmer must lie, then, in the development of production for his home markets. Thus will he escape at once both the ruinous competition of an impoverished foreign market and the high freight rates that are necessary to cover the labor and fuel costs that have been saddled upon the railroads and to provide the investors who own these transportation systems with a paltry 5 per cent return.

The same situation prevails in many of our other states that have a mixed industrial and agricultural population. In the New England and Middle Atlantic States we find almost eleven persons in cities and towns for every one on the farms. Ohio has four; Illinois five; and Delaware and Maryland, including the District of Columbia, have three and one-third and five and three-quarters respectively. The Pacific States have four and a half. In the remaining states there are, on the average, only one and one-fifth townsfolk for each person on farms. Thirteen states have more people on farms than in cities and towns.

Adjustments Difficult

This situation is of such recent development—in the Great Lakes basin at least—that agriculture has only partly adjusted itself to the new conditions. Twenty years ago the population on farms and in urban communities in Michigan was almost evenly balanced. The towns had one and a quarter persons for every one on the farm. In 1910 the ratio had risen to one and three-quarters; and now it is three and a third. We have had an industrial revolution in the Middle West since 1900, and Michigan has enjoyed more than its share of it. The wages and salaries paid by manufacturers in the state have multiplied by ten during the last two decades. Twenty years ago the income of the total population of the cities and towns of the state amounted to less than $2000 for each farm; in 1910 it had become almost $4000; and today it is $11,000. Yet during these twenty years the acreage of a crop like strawberries has fallen by 20 per cent, when it should have doubled.

The manner in which the farming industry is organized always makes adjustment to a rapidly changing market situation a slow process. The number of people engaged in Michigan agriculture approximates 350,000. There are 196,000 farms. We have, therefore, less than two persons working to the farm. What shall be produced and what methods of production shall be employed depend upon the decision of almost 200,000 men, each one of whom is not only the manager of the farm but is ordinarily its principal laborer as well. It is inevitable that a man charged with the arduous work of the field should rarely possess either the knowledge of the market or the managerial sense of necessity for adjustment and change which characterizes industries like manufacture.

This difference in the organization of agriculture and other industries is one of the chief facts that underlie what is commonly known as the agricultural problem. It is the principal reason for the failure of agriculture to reduce its output in times of depression and falling prices. When curtailment of demand has reduced the price of manufactured products to the point where they no longer cover the cost of labor and materials and leave a profit, the manager ceases hiring labor and purchasing materials until the curtailment in the output of commodities has raised their price once more above cost, or until wages and material have fallen far enough to make production at a profit possible once more. But the farmer is at once capitalist, manager and laborer. He cannot dismiss himself without a net loss. He purchases few materials produced by others than himself. His farm is quite as much a tool which he utilizes to sell his labor as it is a capital investment which might yield its owner a living without working.

Diversity of Output

It is clear that the individual farmer cannot undertake any adequate analysis of the market situation which will keep him informed of the varying opportunities it affords. Our state contains cities that have grown from 13,000 people to more than 90,000 during the last twenty years. It is small wonder that production has not adjusted itself to the changed demand that this growth has brought. The cooperative-marketing organizations in the agricultural field have grown largely out of this necessity for adequate market analysis. They perform their most useful function in keeping that analysis up to date and in combining the producers into a compact organization such that the volume of output may be adjusted to needs. The Department of Agriculture and the extension division of agricultural colleges must assist in this task in all our industrial states.

The inflexibility of agricultural production which grows out of the nature of its organization has been supplemented by another set of forces which impeded the adjustment of production to markets. From 1915 on, the European demand for American food products carried the prices of cereals, meats and other animal products, such as condensed milk, to unheard-of heights. Even at these high prices Europe stood ready to take all we could supply. In an industry where the manager owned his plant and equipment and furnished more than half the labor, there was no necessity for adjusting production to the changed situation. War and war prices were a sedative which made him content to remain in old paths. Transportation costs, controlled as they were by public authorities, long lagged behind the general price level, as did the level of wages. Today agriculture in the Middle West faces a situation that gives little promise of increased prices for the commodities that enter the international market. Transportation rates are high, and relief must be attained by removing the farmer as far as possible from the international market.

The extent to which this can be done in any state depends upon one further factor—that of diversity of output. Fortunately Michigan is in an enviable position in this matter. It grows all the important cereals except rice, and all the forage crops. It is among the first few states in its output of small fruits. It produces in commercial quantities all the tree fruits except citrus fruits. It is one of the principal producers of both beans and sugar beets. It has a large production of dairy products, and is not unsuited to the production of meats. In such a state there is no need to despair because the foreign market is poor or because the cost of transporting agricultural products to market is burdensome. What is needed is a thorough analysis of the market possibilities and an adaptation of production to the local demand. To this end the Agricultural College and all the organized forces of agriculture within the state are directing their efforts. When the program has been carried out the industrial cities and towns of the state should be more abundantly supplied with food products of

a higher quality than they have ever enjoyed before. These should be furnished to them at prices that are reasonable and that will yet pay the farmer a profit far greater than he could make by producing for the foreign market. This is Michigan's program for taking her farmers off the international market.

The other source of relief for the farmer is to be found in his costs of production. These are, upon the whole, far larger than they need be in view of the advance which scientific agriculture has made and of the methods which our best farmers are practicing. An industry may prosper, even when prices are failing, provided it can reduce its costs. The automobile industry is a good example; it is selling its product at less than prewar prices, yet it is one of the most prosperous lines of business today.

Though it is impossible to prove absolutely that the prices of agricultural products will fall during the remainder of this decade, it would be the sheerest folly to base any agricultural program upon an assumption of rising prices. Even now prices of agricultural products are twice as high as they were during the '90's, and 60 per cent above the decade 1900–09. They are 38 per cent higher than they were in the five-year period 1910–14. The gross value of agricultural output in 1922 is 65 per cent higher than in the half-decade 1910–14. Though the prices of farm products may attain a level slightly higher than at present, there is no reason to expect any pronounced or constant rise during the remainder of this decade. Profits must be increased, if at all, through the reduction of costs.

Checking Up Hens and Cows

Fortunately this is quite within the bounds of possibility. To anyone unacquainted with the technic of scientific agriculture and with the practices of our best farmers, it is startling to learn the wide range of difference that prevails among the productive units with which the farmer carries on his business. An ordinary flock of one hundred hens normally contains thirty that lay no eggs whatever. A man trained in poultry can discover these by inspection. If these hens are segregated the seventy remaining ones will lay as many eggs as did the one hundred. The average production of such a flock will be about 600 dozen eggs a year. Obviously the mere elimination of the culls has increased the average production per hen from six dozen to almost nine; and it has decreased the cost of production by approximately one-third. Furthermore, your poultry expert will find ten hens out of the flock whose average egg production is around twelve dozen. If these ten hens are segregated and supplied with a cockerel of a high-producing strain the chicks from these eggs will not contain more than 10 to 15 per cent of culls. If this process of culling and selecting for breeding purposes is repeated during a period of three years the average production of the flock will increase from six dozen to more than ten dozen eggs, and the cost of production will be correspondingly reduced.

There are further important economic differences between the output of an ordinary flock of hens and of one that has gone through this process of evolution. A hen that lays only six or seven dozen eggs will produce most of them during the months from March to June inclusive. Even the crows lay eggs at this season of the year, and it is the period of overproduction and low prices. The hen whose production amounts to twelve dozen or more a year will produce a substantial portion of her output during the months from November to February. This is the season of the year when the demand for eggs must now be satisfied largely out of cold storage. Prices are high even for cold-storage eggs, and fresh-laid eggs bring a fancy price. The output of a hen that lays twelve dozen eggs will ordinarily sell upon the market for three times as much as that of the one that produces only six dozen.

Michigan has 10,000,000 hens, and they now produce 60,000,000 dozen eggs. It has on its Agricultural College faculty one of the ablest poultrymen in the world. There is no reason why a like number of hens should not be producing 100,000,000 dozen eggs by the end of three years. To accomplish this we must have a tremendous campaign of education which shall aim to reach practically all the 196,000 farmers in the state. This will cost $50,000 a year for the next three years; and the legislature will be asked to appropriate this amount within the next few months. Surely there can be no question about the wisdom of the expenditure, for if the program succeeds in accomplishing only half what is hoped for, it will increase the income of the farmers from this source alone by more than $6,000,000 a year.

At this point someone is sure to raise the objection that such a campaign of efficiency in production is self-destructive for the farmer because it will increase production to the point where the decline in price will offset the decrease in cost. Though this will benefit the consumer it does not necessarily help the poultryman; indeed his last state may be worse than his first. And this might be the case if this were a program for the whole United States; but we are formulating a program for only a single state. Besides this, the methods here outlined will probably be applied quite universally within the next decade. The road to success for any one state in such a situation is to enter upon the program first and to push it more vigorously than anyone else, for a general improvement in the methods of production is bound to lower prices. Profits can be maintained only if the reduction in costs proceeds as rapidly as the fall in prices. Time is of the essence in this situation, so that those who start earliest on a campaign for cost reduction will find that their profits are increased. Those who reduce costs only when they are forced to do so by competition will suffer a decline in profits.

The situation in the dairy industry illustrates well the possibilities of reduction in costs. The State of Michigan has 800,000 dairy cows two years old and over. They produce 3600 pounds of milk, on the average. The total output for the state, therefore, is somewhat under 3,000,000,000 pounds. This average of 3600 pounds is made up of cows that give 20,000 pounds of milk a year, and of others that give 16,000 and 12,000 respectively. There are large herds in the state that average 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of milk a cow. No man is considered a successful commercial dairyman unless his output averages 6000 pounds an animal. And yet it must be quite obvious that if there are many cows which produce 6000 pounds of milk or more, at least half of all the cows in the state must yield less than 3000 pounds, in order to bring the average down to 3600. These cows that give so low a yield are being fed and cared for at a loss. Much could be accomplished to increase production and decrease cost through better feeding; but no phenomenal decrease in the cost of milk can be attained until 400,000 scrub cows that are now grafting upon the farmers' time and effort are eliminated and replaced by animals of superior breeding.

Raising the Average of the Herd

To accomplish this is undoubtedly a slow process, for it involves testing all our dairy herds with a view to discovering the unfit individuals. Two hundred thousand cows are so poor that they can be eliminated simply by inspection. If we can induce our farmers to sell these for beef during the next year or two, and to practice better feeding, we shall probably produce as much milk with the 600,000 cows remaining as we are now getting from the larger number.

But the great improvement must come from superior selection and breeding. It is nothing more nor less than a problem in eugenics. These grafters, or scrub cows, are what they are very largely because they are the offspring of scrub sires. Fortunately, monogamy does not prevail in the dairy industry, so that it is possible to attack the problem more simply through the sire. There are at present 24,000 dairy bulls in the state. Of these, 16,000, or two-thirds, are scrubs that are not fit to be the fathers of dairy cows. If they can be eliminated within the next year or two and replaced by pure-bred dairy sires of good breeding, an immense step will have been taken toward a reduction in the cost of producing dairy products in the future. The Agricultural College, through its extension department and the county agents of the state, has for some time past been planning a state-wide series of bull funerals for these scrub sires. The plan is to have these animals brought to the market and sold for sausage meat, and to leave in each community at least one pure-bred sire of good lineage. Thereafter there must be an intensive campaign for the elimination of scrub cows and for

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better feeding. Such a campaign should increase the net profits of the dairy business by $15,000,000 a year during the next two years, and by twice that amount in four years.

The crux of these programs for the lowering of production costs is the fact that the efficiency of the individual productive unit varies so widely. This is a stubborn physical fact, the economic implications of which are of tremendous import. The productive capacity of hens varies from 300 eggs down to zero. Even the ordinary flock will vary from 180 eggs to zero.

This variation is by no means confined to the animal kingdom. It holds for seed quite as truly. The necessity for selection there is just as great and the possible results are just as striking as in the animal kingdom. The situation prevails even as between different crops. There are more than 1,500,000 acres on old and established farms in the State of Michigan which do not produce crops worth ten dollars an acre, but which should produce annually thirty dollars' worth of alfalfa. Besides producing a profitable forage crop these old and run-down soils would be renovated and restored. At present there are only 350,000 acres of alfalfa in the state. We must have an aggressive program directed to the sowing of 400,000 acres a year for the next four years. Michigan can raise alfalfa profitably at a price that is no greater than the cost of freight and handling charges from the points where its supply is now grown to the point of consumption within the state.

No doubt the reader has questioned before this why it is necessary to formulate programs and legislate public money to put into effect practices that are so obviously to the benefit of the individual farmer. If the question is one of defending the use of public money for the promotion of more economical production of agricultural products the answer must be that an abundant food supply at a cheap price is a matter of public interest for which it is quite legitimate to spend the public revenue. It must always be in the public interest, too, that the production of the necessities that go to make up the standard of living, whether food, clothing or shelter, shall be effected with the minimum of toil and labor.

If the problem is not that of defense, but of explaining why the farmer has neglected to do of his own initiative what is so obviously to his own self-interest the answer will be found in the nature of the organization that prevails in the agricultural industry. The average manufacturing establishment in Michigan employs more than sixty men. Its output is sufficient to enable it to pay for all the materials it uses, and to leave $150,000 for the payment of salaries, wages, taxes and interest, and to provide for depreciation. What remains constitutes profits. The organization of the farming industry is very different. There are only 350,000 people engaged on our 196,000 farms; and this number includes the farmers themselves. Their average annual sale of products does not, at this time, exceed $2500 a farm.

Expert Guidance Needed

It is clear that most of the manufacturing establishments have enough at stake and command an income that enables them to employ managers and professional men who shall keep the processes of the establishment abreast of the discoveries made by science pertaining to the line of manufacture in which the concerns are engaged. As long as we have research laboratories and technical schools we shall have a continually advancing body of knowledge and a supply of professional men who stand ready to sell their services to those who desire the latest advances of science incorporated in the art of manufacture. Ordinary commercial motives move the individuals concerned to avail themselves of the services of these men.

But in agriculture, where the farmer is not only the manager of the establishment but constitutes its chief laborer as well, and where the gross money income is less than $2500, it is apparent that the individual farmer will not hire the services of scientists and other professional experts. Something can be done in this direction by cooperation, but for the most part ordinary commercial processes, under the urge of self-interest, will not insure that the advances made by scientific agriculture are incorporated in the every-day processes of farming. If they are to be so incorporated this must be accomplished in pursuance of public policy and at public expense. Our agricultural colleges and experiment stations are not only institutions of research and learning; they, through their extension departments and the county agents, must render to the agricultural industry a professional service comparable with that which the manufacturer hires upon the market. No industry organized on the small scale that prevails in agriculture will keep pace with the rapid progress of our modern world unless this public service is rendered it.

In the past the knowledge of the scientist and the practice of the best farmers have been incorporated into the industry all too slowly. The reason has been that the various institutions charged with this duty have used almost exclusively the methods of education. They have printed bulletins and sent them to those who wrote in concerning their problems. If no bulletin answering the inquiry was available the technical expert in whose field the problem lay wrote to the farmer. If the problem was new and of sufficient interest, field men were sent out to conduct research on the spot. In this manner only a very small number of the managers and operators of our farms have been reached. The average farm still lags far behind the best practice, and has availed itself to a disappointing degree of the best that is known about agricultural production.

Coöperative Effort

Of late the Department of Agriculture and the colleges have supplemented these methods of education by the methods of publicity and propaganda. Michigan expects to rely upon these methods to a large extent in carrying through its program for taking the farmers off the international market, and for reducing their costs of production. They must have skilled assistance in analyzing their local markets, which have grown so rapidly and become so complex that the average farmer can afford neither the time nor the money for their analysis. They must have continuous and effective agricultural research, and they must have a profession of adequately trained agricultural specialists. But beyond this they must be made conscious of the possibilities that await the man who will readjust his production to the new demand that has grown up at his door. He must be made to realize the wastefulness of his productive methods and the possibility of reducing his costs and increasing his product by the practice of better ones. To accomplish this the farmers must be organized into groups along the lines of their common interest. Each of these groups must set up for itself definite ends for realization.

It is just at this point that the coöperative spirit which has been so greatly in evidence during the past few years will find its chief field of activity and usefulness. People must be made conscious of this program, of its value, and of the importance of the methods through which it will be realized. They will be brought to this state of self-consciousness by coöperative endeavor and discussion. Such a program of publicity and propaganda will be expensive, measured by the standards of the past; but it should return twentyfold every dollar spent. In our endeavor to help the farmer we have poured water into the sand in driblets, as it were. We can never create a river in that way.

Political action plays small part in this program. It may just as well be frankly stated that those who have evolved it have but slight confidence in most of the political action that is being proposed for the benefit of the farmer. The spirit of coöperation and of interest in agriculture which led people to political action, and which culminated in the formation of the farm bloc, is significant. It has brought about social cohesion among the group and has stimulated an interest in agriculture that will lead to fruitful activity. Every great intellectual movement must have as its motive power a reservoir of emotional heat. Considered from this point of view our political activity has been of great benefit. Considered from the point of view of any practical legislative suggestions now before the public the results are bound to be disappointing. We in Michigan shall pin our faith primarily to a program that proposes to take our agriculture off the international market, and that looks to the reduction of costs as one of the chief roads to the maintenance of profits.

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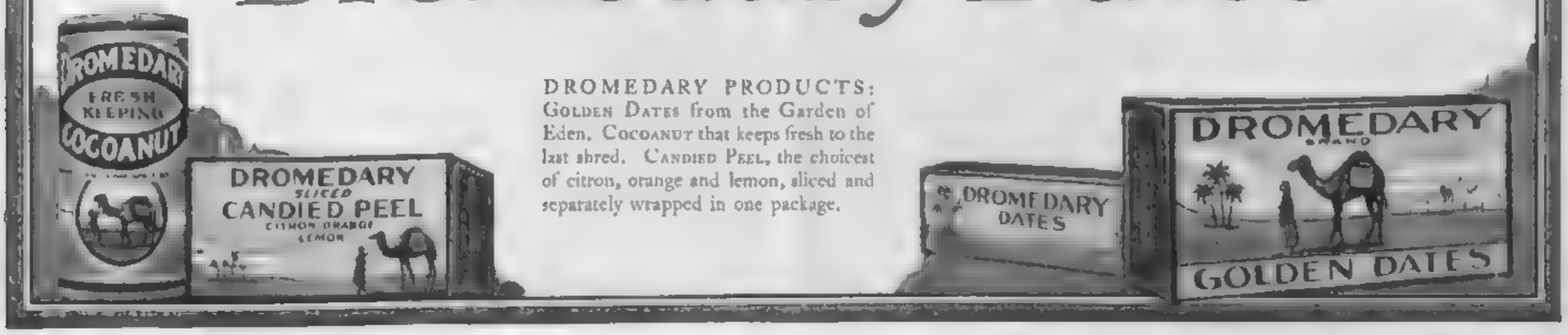

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A NATION UNDER RECEIVERSHIP

(Continued from Page 23)

Under these circumstances, recognizing the inevitable destination of the trend of events, the Austrian Government appealed to the League of Nations to arrange for a receivership for the Austrian State. With the collaboration of large European powers this receivership is now being organized, and unless the project is rejected through unforeseen political contingencies a definite operation of the Austrian State by a receiver seems assured.

The principles of the operation of this receivership are as follows:

1. The existing foreign debts of the state relinquish priority to a new debt to be created under the receivership.

2. A new loan to Austria of approximately £27,000,000. Of this sum £6,000,000 are to be employed to extinguish existing foreign loans for which relinquishment of priority of payment could not be arranged. The balance is to be employed to cover the estimated difference between revenue and the expenditure of the state over a period of two years.

3. This loan enjoys two guaranties. The loan has a direct lien on the revenues produced from customs and the monopoly on tobacco. The timber of the crown lands and the salt mines are also subject to seizure. In fact, custom receipts and tobacco tax can repay the loan. The second guaranty is secured through the indorsement of the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and other countries, who guarantee the repayment of the loan in case of default by Austria. Obviously the first guarantee is economical; the second, political.

4. The loan thus arranged and secured is to be floated in the banking market of the world.

5. In order to make sure that the difference between revenue and expenditure of the state shall not exceed the estimated sum the government of Austria is obligated to introduce and make effective certain reforms, including measures for increase of revenue and decrease of expenditure.

6. In order to make the organization of the state effective under the new conditions a commissioner general, to be selected from a neutral state and appointed by the League of Nations, is to be installed in Vienna, with power to enforce the arrangements entered into. A committee of representatives of the guaranteeing countries, stationed in Geneva, is to exercise a general supervision in the guarantors' interests.

7. Tax reforms shall be carried into effect.

8. A new bank of issue is to be created with private capital, independent of the government. This bank of issue shall emit a new currency at an agreed parity. The issue of the present Austrian paper crowns shall cease. In this manner inflation shall be checked and the return to a gold basis initiated. The Austrian Parliament has granted to the government full powers to carry out the necessary measures without further recourse to parliament. The capital of the bank of issue shall be drawn partly from private sources, partly from the old Austro-Hungarian Bank.

9. Austria gives pledge to remain independent during the term of the receivership.

Political Features

Clearly the entire arrangement corresponds to a receivership for an insolvent property, installed for the purpose of reorganization back to solvency.

A number of political and economic features deserve attention. The political aspects are perhaps the most immediately important. This receivership was resisted by two groups in Austria. Pan-Germanists see in the project the definite deferment or possibly the complete extinguishment of hope of union with Germany. Receivership represents an affront to the pride of the aristocratic class. Much more important is the opposition of the Socialists. They profess to see in the receivership a serfdom of the working class of Austria, subjection of the proletariat to capitalists of foreign countries.

Though the attitude of the Social Democrats is clear, their actions are not united. The Socialists have not the votes in the Austrian Parliament to reject the project. The more radical left wing is in favor of opposing the projected loan by all means. The moderate men in the party realize the political danger of their situation. If, despite the opposition of the Socialists, the affairs of the state under the international loan should be a success, the Socialist Party would be heavily discredited. The opportunistic policy includes the holding of prominent meetings of protest, making formal speeches of opposition in parliament and refraining from voting. In particular, the constitutionality of parts of the scheme are under attack. It may be necessary for the party to save its face by insisting on the sacrifice of a cabinet member or two, as the condition of passivity in opposition.

A small wing of the party desires to filibuster. But obstructive methods cannot succeed, except in the event that certain clauses in the agreement, particularly the one conferring blanket authority on the cabinet during the next two years, may call for a two-thirds vote. All in all, the present situation forms the most hazardous position occupied by the Socialist Party since the Armistice, because they have little to gain and everything to lose. The small achievement of the Socialists remaining as the "fruits of the revolution"—a job for everyone on his own specifications, at a paper wage that is largely illusory—is at stake. This, rather than the merits of the question, determines the political actions of the Socialists. The counterproposals of the Socialist Party are a sham. But it is interesting to observe that these counterproposals are of a strictly capitalistic nature, founded on domestic rather than foreign capital. Having contributed to the bringing of Austria to her present pass, the Socialists appeal to their native capitalists to save the state with such resources as remain after three years of socialistic expropriation. The Socialists have really not tried to defeat the project, the opposition was largely a political gesture.

The Position of Britain

The feelings of the Pan-Germanists are clearly in evidence, but their actions will not be in apparent harmony with their convictions. The projected loan is repugnant to all Pan-Germanists. A small extreme right wing desires to oppose the loan, even to the extent of filibustering, feeling that by placing themselves once on record as agreeing to separation from Germany any future union will be effectively stopped. The majority of Pan-Germanists, however, have supported the Prime Minister and the project. Their reasoning is that a promise not to attempt to join Germany for two years means nothing for the more distant future; and that the prospect of ultimate union with Germany will be advanced by the restitution of Austria to be expected under the operation of the international loan. Thus, though Pan-Germanic opinion in Germany is violently opposed to the project, Pan-Germanic expression in Austria is favorable and is a bulwark of strength to the Prime Minister. Socialists as well as Pan-Germanists favor union with Germany.

Romanist opinion in general favors the project. Seipel, the Prime Minister, is himself a prelate. He has political vision. Though most of the Pan-Germanists happen to be Catholics, Catholic opinion must be separated from nationalistic opinion.

On the outside the political aspects are no less important. The receivership accords fully with the political position of France and Italy with respect to permanent dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Political Great Britain, however, has lost much of her faith in an independent Austria. Political opinion in Great Britain looks further into the future, in the economic sense, than is the case in France and Italy. It is generally understood that British financiers, in the Treasury and in the City, were opposed to a British guaranty of the loan. Lord Balfour and Sir William Goode, through whose efforts British adoption of the plan was largely secured, are regarded in British financial circles as sentimentalists rather than economists. Whatever may have been the judgment of British financiers, when the project of receivership had been brought to the point where France, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia were willing to guarantee their share if Great Britain did hers, a refusal on the part of Great Britain would have placed her people in the position of condemning Austria to economic chaos. Great Britain was maneuvered into this untenable position, and it was partly through this maneuver that the assent of the government was obtained. The success of the reorganization of Austria will be a feather in the cap of the League of Nations—which needs a feather—and this fact was unquestionably of influence in Geneva.

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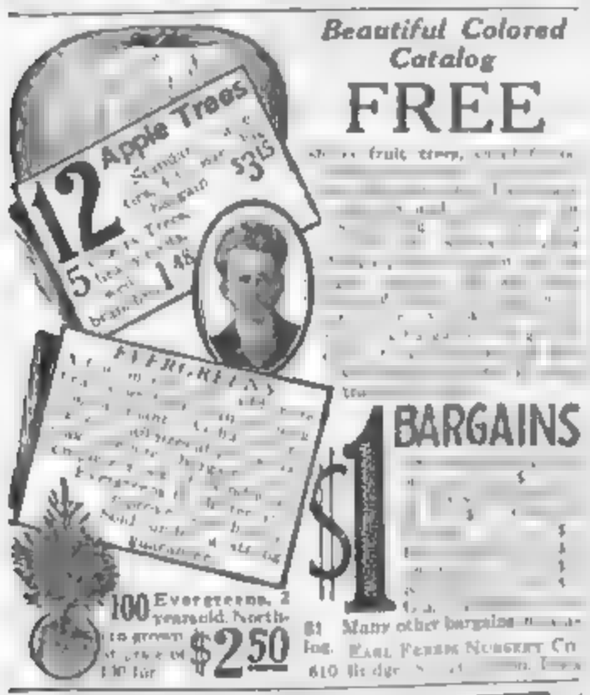
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If the receivership is to be a success, two things are essential:

A sound fiscal program must be carried out during the next two years.

The earning power of Austria must be increased.

With respect to the carrying out of the fiscal program it is clear that great difficulties are certain to be encountered. In order to increase state revenue it will be necessary to increase the sales price of goods sold under government monopoly and to increase the rates of public services. All these spell increase in the cost of living. It will require very expert planning to find the point of maximum returns—to avoid bringing the charges to such a point as to result in repression of consumption. Just how much increase can be undertaken, as judged by augmented returns, will be a procedure of trial and error. In particular, increases in taxes and charges are to be employed with caution and discretion, since the earning power of Austria's industries must be augmented. The provinces will need to carry relatively more civil servants, the state less. The number of courts must be reduced, also schools; and school fees must be increased.

In the direction of increase of revenue a great deal could be accomplished by a strong government, using the type of political authority so sorely needed in Austria. The proposed commissioner general will be a strong government and unquestionably can increase the revenue materially. It will be necessary to raise the sales price of tobacco.. A heavy tax will need to be imposed on alcoholic beverages, which are at present almost untaxed. Austria has been guilty of an appalling waste in this direction. A large quantity of grain needed for human food has been employed in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, at a loss of probably one-half of the calories contained therein. Alcoholism has been rampant, due to the fact that with continued depreciation of the currency there is no incentive for saving; and since the wage of every day must be spent on consumption, a large amount of this has been in the direction of alcohol.

If the manufacture of alcoholic beverages were restricted and a heavy tax placed against this, the gain to the state in foodstuffs and in revenue would be large.

Railway Rates

Tax reform must include the levying of heavy taxes on land. At present the peasant in Austria, like his brother in France, pays practically no tax. Certain classes of dwellings also pay little tax. House rents in Austrian cities have been held to absurd levels by socialistic housing commissions. Many owners of apartment houses find their rents insufficient to cover the cost of current for lighting the halls and operating the elevators. Rents must be greatly increased and a part taken as tax.

In other directions taxes are excessive. Since the object of taxation is to secure revenue the tax reform will have to be considered from the point of view of diminishing returns, and the first few months may be more rich in experience than in revenue. There is, however, no doubt that the revenue of the state may be materially increased through effective and judicious taxation.

With respect to notable increase in state revenue by increase of railway rates opinions are greatly at variance. Railway rates in Czecho-Slovakia are much higher than in Austria, for both freight and passenger; but it seems agreed that the rates in Czecho-Slovakia are so high as to act deterrently on traffic. Certainly foreigners pay too low passenger rates in Austria, and luxury goods are transported at ridiculously low rates. Increase in rates on grain and coal would be reflected in the prices of foodstuffs and manufactured goods. When all is said and done, however, a railway management that has only two eyes, one on effective internal administration and the other on maximum income returns, will be able to effect an increase in revenue to the state.

Telephone, telegraph and post office must be consolidated, reorganized and the rates increased. Now a source of deficit, these services must be made a source of revenue.

In the direction of radical reduction of expenditure the problem is possibly even more difficult. In Austria, as everywhere in Europe, socialism has eventuated in top-heavy and inefficient bureaucracy. All government offices, the railways, telegraph, telephone and public-service institutions of all kinds, are overmanned, the result of padding of the pay rolls, partly for reasons of socialistic policy and partly to provide employment. The pruning knife will have to be used on the appointment lists. It is estimated that between 80,000 and 100,000 employes will need to be discharged. Obviously this cannot be accomplished at a stroke, unless other employment is immediately available, without reducing the families of these men to hunger. Such a volume of sudden unemployment might easily result in revolution.

At this point enters the most difficult situation in the internal program. Though the Socialists had not the votes in parliament to enable them to reject the proposal of receivership, political authority in the state is so low as to make one doubt whether the enactments can be actually enforced. It is one thing for the parliament to pass a pledge to reduce public expenditure to a certain point; it is another thing for the constituted authorities to put this pledge into execution in opposition to possibly a half of the population of the city of Vienna. Not only is the threat of revolution to be apprehended but in a thousand ways the methods of sabotage can be applied to the fiscal regulations. If the antagonistic people of Austria are willing to go to extreme lengths in the practical nullification of the projects of reduction of expenditure and increase of revenue they may be able to nullify the economic guaranty. In other words, it may be made impossible for the state to hold the deficit between revenue and expenditure, for which the loan is designed, to the denominated figure. It may be made impossible for the proceeds of the specified sources of revenue, employed as a lien, to equal the amount to be required. Thus in the final analysis opposition may make payment of the loan by Austria impossible, and transfer the obligation to the guarantors.

Masked Opposition

The problem of reduction of expenditure revolves largely about abbreviation of the pay rolls. "A place for everyone and everyone his own master" has been the slogan in Austria. Wage has been based on the index number, which has been glorified on the pay side of the ledger. But there has been no index number to guide the output of the workmen or their number. Supposedly, between a quarter and a third of the civil servants and those employed in public services must be discharged in order to meet the views of the experts of the League of Nations. Most of these are not trained to enter agriculture or manufacture, and could not be readily absorbed in these occupations, even if work were available. It may be necessary for unemployment doles to be extended in order to alleviate social unrest.

Under the circumstances the number and quality of guaranteeing states becomes important. American investors will not esteem highly the guaranty of the Austrian loan by a state that is not able to pay her existing foreign loans. In the final analysis the most stable guarantors become full guarantors, and this despite any limitations that may be applied.

The motive for the system of guaranty adopted is political. A guaranty by surrounding states was desired, not for financial reasons but in order to line these countries up in favor of the proposition. In other words, this was done to prevent the surrounding states from working against the success of the operation of receivership.

The meaning of the political attempt to secure the favorable coöperation of the neighbors of Austria lies in the fact that her future depends upon her earnings in the neighboring states. During the years of receivership Austria must enlarge her means of international payment; her industries must be developed so that she imports more raw material, and exports a continuously increasing percentage as finished products.

Austria must also recover her earnings through service. The services in trade, banking, insurance and transportation that were before the war important sources of income for citizens of the present Austria must be recovered, at least in part. Now in each of the Succession States are the individuals and interests who have taken over these functions. These individuals and interests naturally do not desire to relinquish them, in order that they be returned to Austria. Therefore considerable masked opposition is to be expected from the surrounding states, when Austria endeavors

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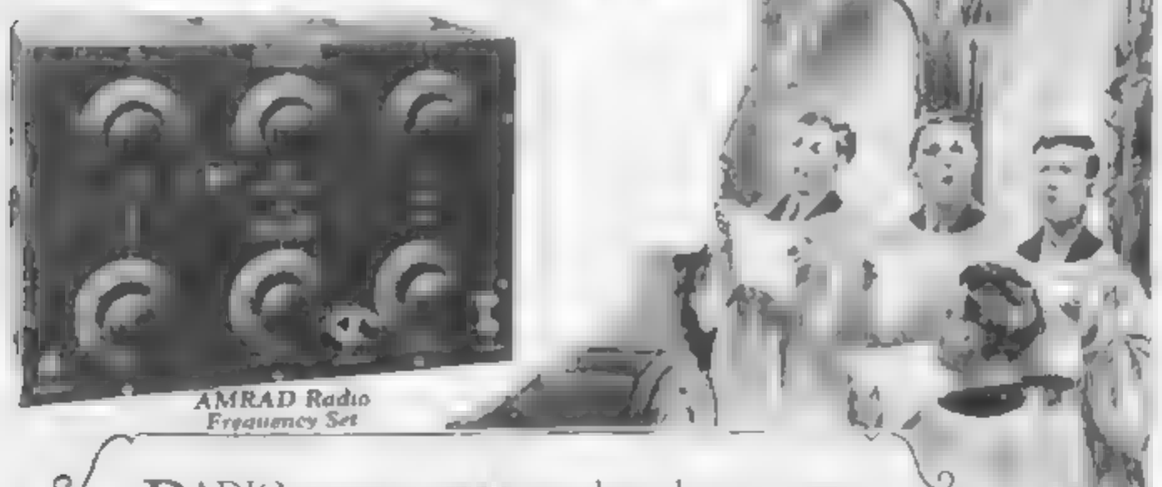

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to recover the sources of revenue in services contributed to society in the other countries of Europe. If these invisible resources are not to be regained, then the population of Austria must be reduced to the level of self-support by agriculture and manufacture. Such enlargement of manufacture within a few years is not to be anticipated, because this depends on extensive hydroelectric development, which cannot be quickly accomplished. Therefore during the next decade the crux of restoration of Austria lies in the recovery of her earning in foreign lands.

The guaranty by the surrounding states of a receivership for Austria under the League of Nations is the first step in the direction of a Danubian trade federation, in fact, if not in name. If the future development of Central Europe is determined by economic conditions the restoration of Austria becomes a definite program. If political considerations and nationalistic rivalries are permitted to determine the future trend of events, then the economic reconstruction of the present Austria with the present population remains doubtful.

It is scarcely to be expected that the arrangements for Austria can be completed before the first of March. Following acceptance of the project by Austria, the parliaments of the guarantor states must act. Great Britain has already enacted the necessary legislation. In the meantime the country is subsisting on credits secured in the hope of the impending receivership. Austria will then have two years in which to set her house in order. During those two years she must again teach her people to think in terms of savings instead of borrowings, enlarge industrial output and augment her invisible resources.

Increase in agricultural outturn will not be easy. Nature has imposed difficulties on the agriculture of the country. These have been accentuated by socialistic legislation. The socialized workday for agricultural laborers cannot be successful until new strains of domesticated animals are evolved which perform their physiological functions in a corresponding manner. The hired man on an Austrian farm is paid not by the work he does but by the number of children he has. Prices of artificial fertilizers are high, work animals are scarce and farm machinery has deteriorated. Nevertheless the peasant may be expected to accomplish something for his country, barring climatic calamities.

Increased output of industrial products, to be reflected in augmented exports, cannot be achieved on the present eight-hour workday. It will be necessary in Austria to work eight hours in the name of socialism and two hours more in the name of reconstruction of the fatherland. It will be necessary during the socialized eight-hour period to work with increased intensity. Centralization in management must be restored. The entire mentality of the working class must be transferred from complacency to intensity, from spending to saving. Austrians ceased to save when the crown ceased to be worth saving. Once the currency is again stabilized, thrift must become the chief virtue of society. The fall of the mark has made the reconstruction of Austria more difficult. Stabilization of the crown will for a time make prices high and create unemployment.

The recovery of invisible resources will depend partly on the enterprise of the Austrians and partly on the benevolence of the Succession States. The middle class of Austria has seriously deteriorated during the past four years. Nevertheless, sufficient initiative remains to promise a recovery of invisible resources if the external circumstances are favorable.

The receivership of Austria under the League of Nations will be watched with great interest the world over. Such a procedure is practically what a section of France and Great Britain profess to desire for Germany. What if Austria has not made herself self-sufficient at the end of two years? What next? If she has made substantial progress, another loan might be forthcoming. Otherwise, again retrogression. The mayor of Rotterdam, Zimmermann, has been selected as commissioner general. He has an excellent record, and carries into the task the well wishes of the world.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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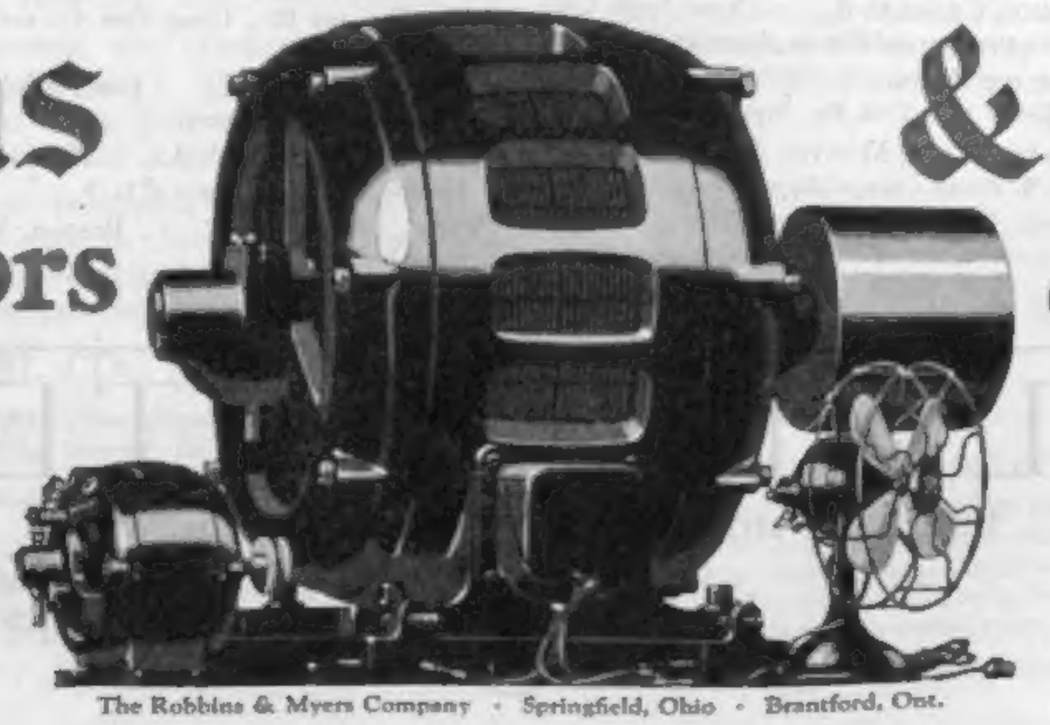

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Fountain Owners—For additional information relative to this machine see advertisement elsewhere in this weekly.

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